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HOTDOG

JULY 2000

DE NIRO

The man, the myth,
the method
and the madness

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SCANDALS
STARLETS AND
CAR CHASES



Gangster No 1

Travolta's new movie

Hollywood's Dr Death

Sean Penn

Legend of Caddyshack

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JOLIE**

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she's got an Oscar
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CONTENTS

FEATURES

29 Hello nasty

Malcolm McDowell gets heavy in *Gangster No 1*: the new bloody brilliant British crime movie

35 Nice film, we'll take it

The Brazilian Exorcist, Turkish Star Wars, and a Filipino Bionic Boy! Welcome to a world of weird movies

40 Top Ten Psychos

A who's who of the big-screen's ten craziest killers

52 Battlefield Earth

Travolta's controversial new movie: is it harmless science fiction or recruitment for Scientology fact?

56 Caddyshack

Keep off the grass: it was 20 years ago today that the finest golf movie ever made teed off

62 Robert De Niro

Everything you ever wanted to know about Robert De Niro, but were too busy enjoying all his films to ask

83 Final Cut

Hollywood's Dr Death: we dig up the truth about *Coroner To The Stars*, Thomas Noguchi

90 Angelina Jolie

The Oscar-winning beauty reveals her deepest, darkest secrets

96 M:I-2

The car, the bike, the sunglasses: you too can look like Tom Cruise in *Mission: Impossible 2* (only taller)

9-23 THE BAD & THE BEAUTIFUL

11



The Hollywood madam's little black book; 'big' Jack Carter; Dr Dre vs Jedi Lucas; Estevez & Sheen go porn crazy; De Niro on set; Lock, Stock screen test; car chase map; buying *Withnail*; plus all this month's movie news

SHORTS



26 Linda Fiorentino
80 Coming Attractions
88 Sean Penn
114 Jim Shelley's Saturday Night Special

REVIEWS

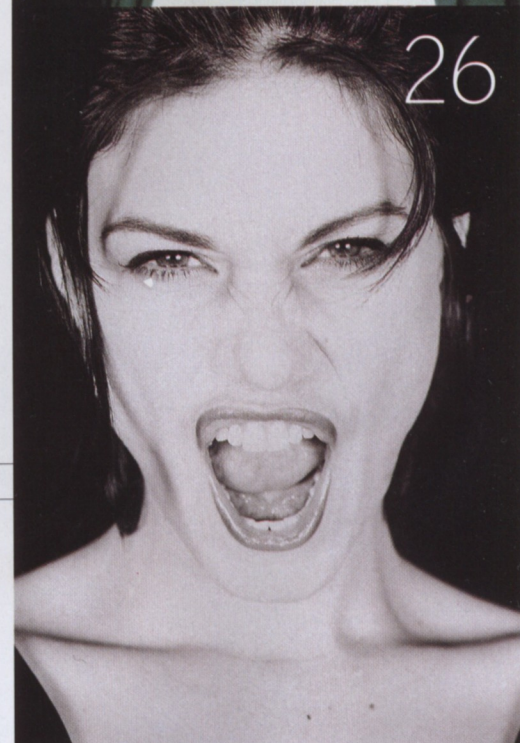
98 New movies
106 DVD
116 Video
118 Technology – how to buy a DVD
124 Books

HOTDOG QUIZ

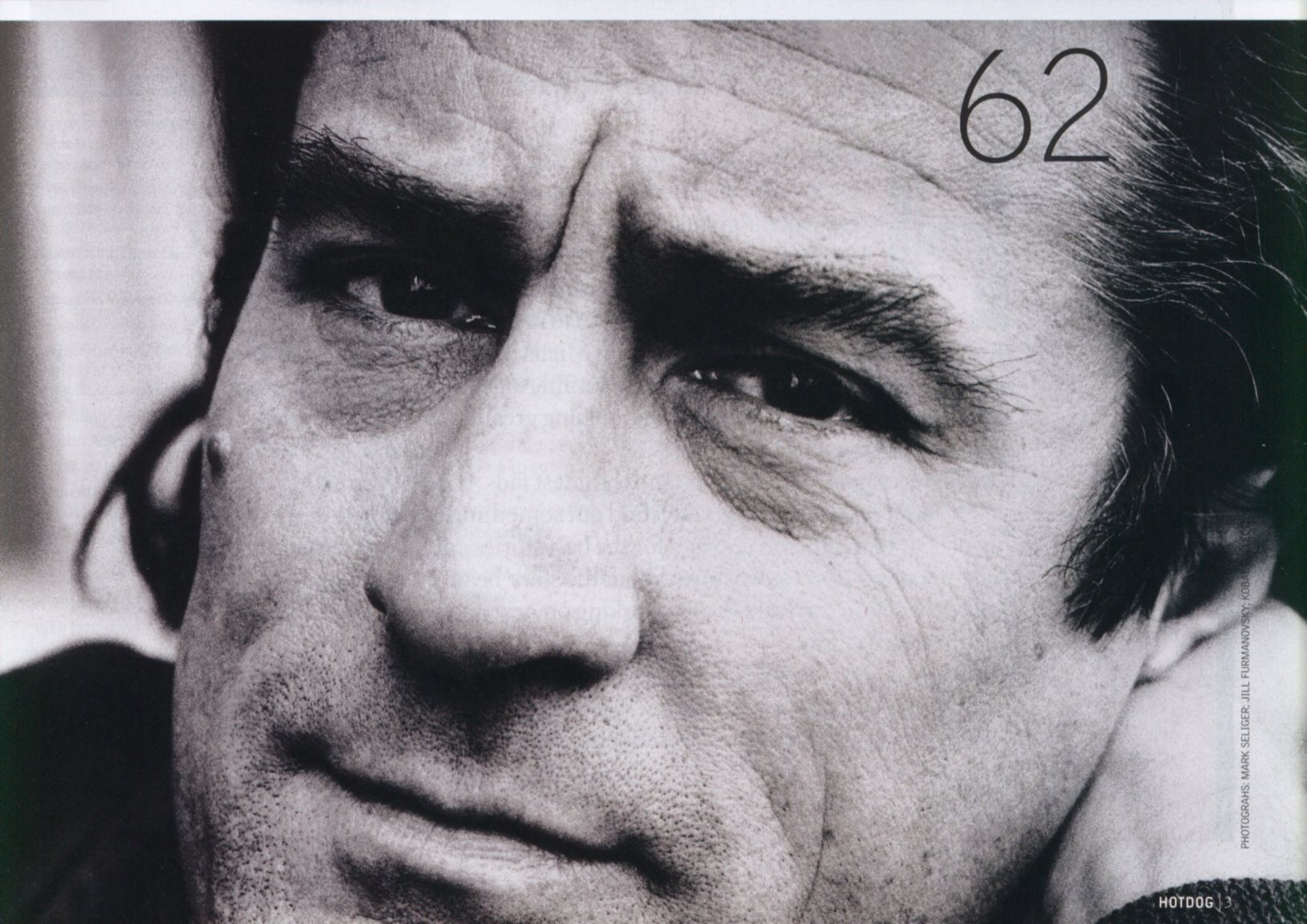
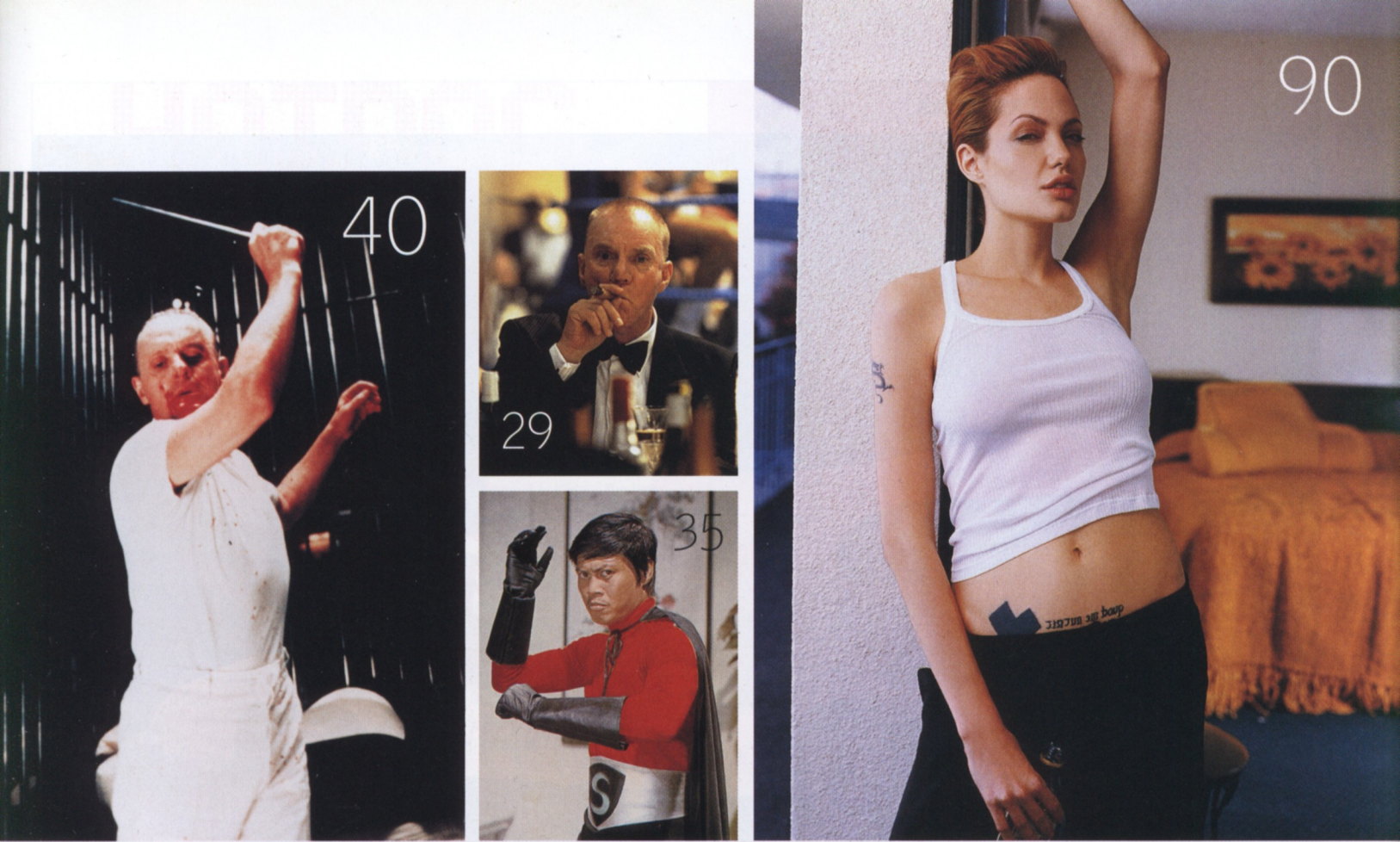
127 Win a Pioneer DVD

BACK PAGE

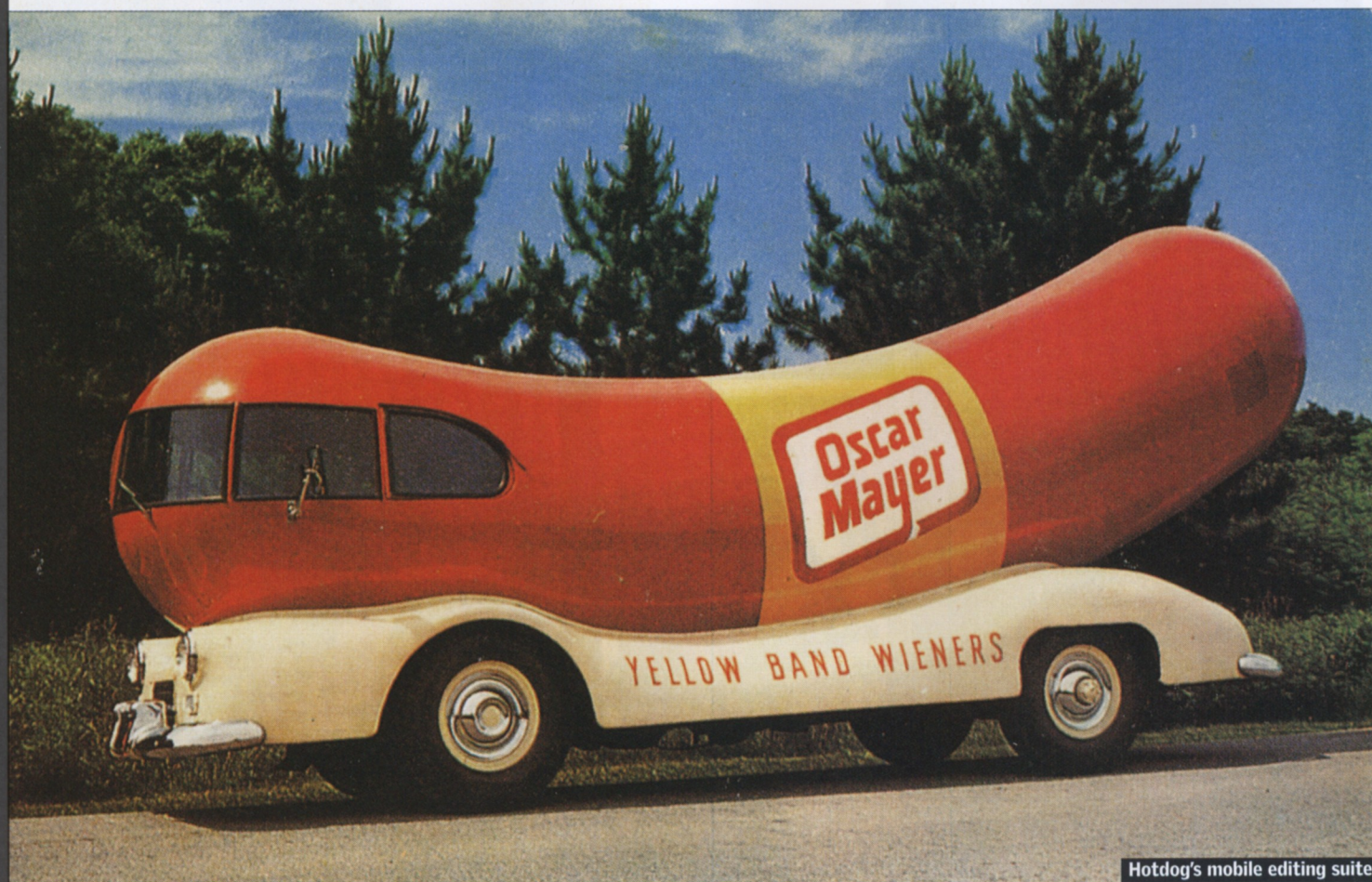
128 The Final Countdown



98-125 REVIEWS
All the new cinema, DVD, video and book releases that matter
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PHOTOGRAPHS: MARK SELIGER, JILL FURMANOVSKY, KOBAL



Hotdog's mobile editing suite

Here it is. The movie magazine you've been waiting for. Hotdog isn't about every movie released this month, it's about all the great movies ever released: whether it's *The Matrix* or *Apocalypse Now*, *Dirty Harry* or *LA Confidential*. Hotdog is about your favourite line from *GoodFellas*, the first 'X' film you snuck in to see, and Russell Crowe drenched in gore in *Gladiator*. It's about Michael Caine with a sharp suit and a shooter, and crazy, mixed-up, beautiful Angelina Jolie. Hotdog is about sex, glamour and the thrill of watching great films – whether it's in a packed cinema or at home on DVD.

Our features ignore studio hype and the latest fads. If a film is great, you'll find it in Hotdog. And you'll find out something new about it; we'll dig deeper than other magazines for the best stories and sharpest images. In Hotdog you won't learn much about the stars' beauty treatments, but you will find out what they're working on next and maybe what their favourite film is, too.

Hotdog is about movies, the people that make them and the fans who love them. It's about facts not fluff.

Hotdog is a movie magazine with added relish.

Ben Olins
Editor

HOTDOG

YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING TOO MANY MOVIES

JULY | 2000

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CONTRIBUTORS



JEREMY DYSON

Writes about Mr Wint and Mr Kidd – the two strangest Bond baddies ever – on page 23

Favourite film The Godfather

Favourite De Niro film

The Godfather Part II

Local cinema The Screen On The Green, Islington, London

Also starring in The League Of Gentlemen; and his first collection of short stories, Never Trust A Rabbit (Duckworth) is out in June



GUY PEEELLAERT

Did the Taxi Driver cover painting (1976)

Favourite film

Les Enfants Du Paradis

Favourite De Niro film Raging Bull

Local cinema All the cinemas around the Bastille

Also starring in A forthcoming exhibition of his work in Paris, Los Angeles and New York



JIM SHELLEY

Writes about war movies on page 114.

Favourite film

King Of New York

Favourite De Niro film The Deer Hunter

Local cinema The Electric, Portobello Road, London

Also starring in The Guardian Guide; The Mirror; Night & Day



BOB STRAUSS

Interviewed Linda Fiorentino (on page 26) and Sean Penn (88)

Favourite film

2001: A Space Odyssey

Favourite De Niro film Taxi Driver

Local cinema NuWilshire, Santa Monica, California

Also starring in Los Angeles Daily News; The Guardian; and a popular Japanese video magazine "whose name I've never actually figured out"

Front cover

Travis Bickle by Guy Peellaert
Angelina Jolie by Mark Seliger

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Hey Travis!

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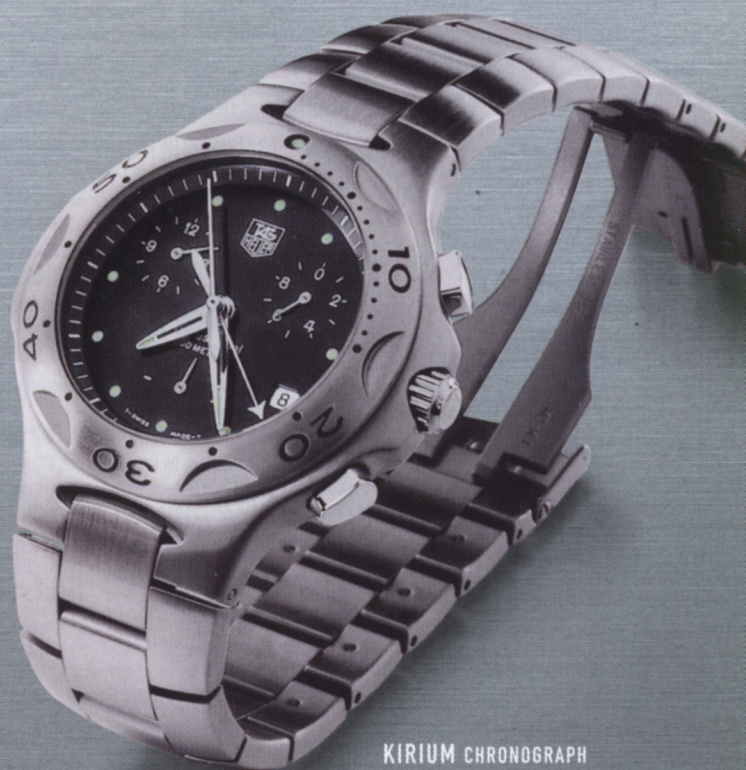


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WINNER SIR AIN

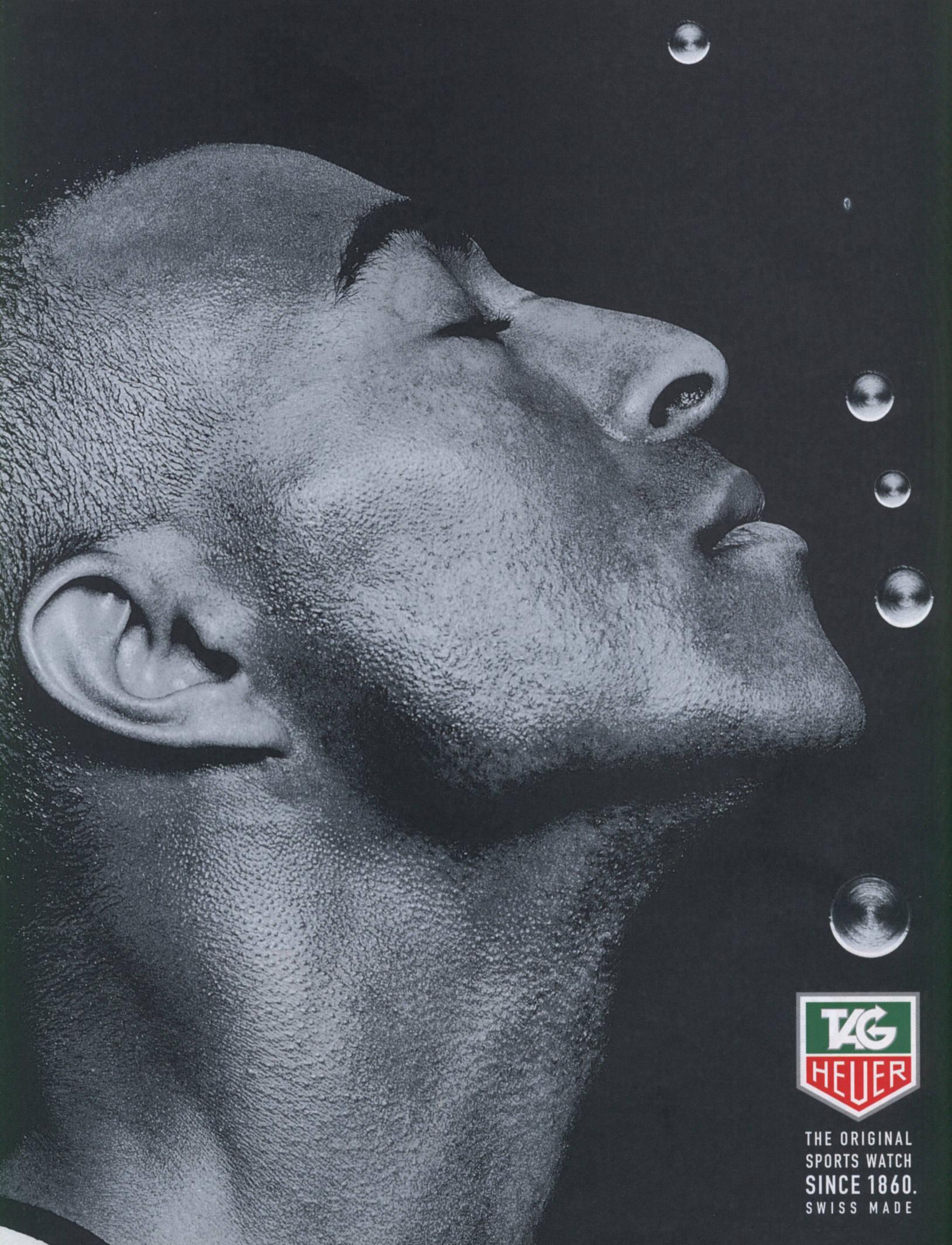
WHEN I FIRST STARTED COMPETING I WAS CONVINCED EVERYONE WHO BEAT ME MUST BE ON DRUGS.
THEN WHEN I STARTED WINNING, I REALISED ALL ALONG IT WAS ME, I JUST HADN'T BEEN GOOD ENOUGH. IT IS POSSIBLE TO BE NATURAL AND WIN.

COLIN JACKSON
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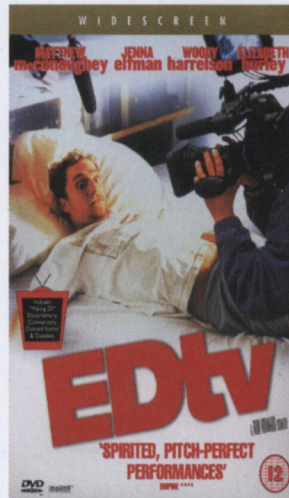
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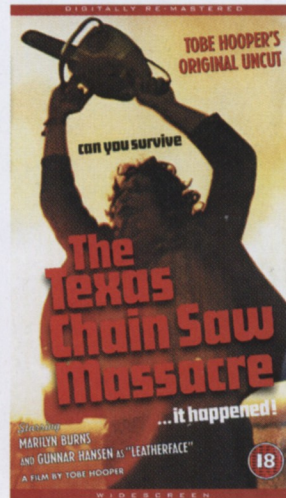


THE ORIGINAL
SPORTS WATCH
SINCE 1860.
SWISS MADE

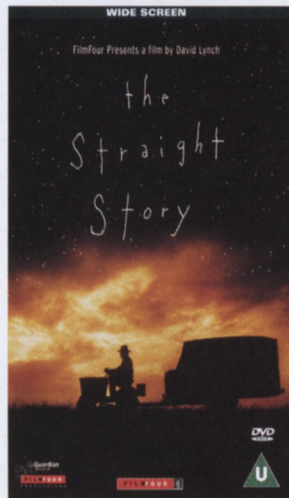
new films



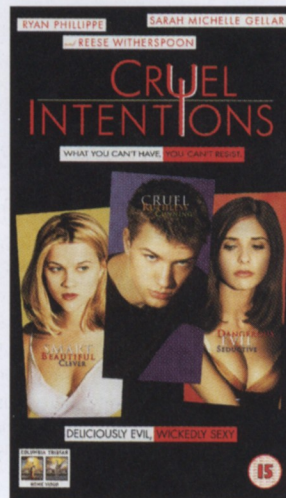
Ed TV
Available on DVD
Released 22 May



The Texas Chain Saw Massacre
Available on DVD and VHS
Released 22 May



The Straight Story
Available on DVD
Released 22 May



Cruel Intentions
Available on DVD and VHS
Released 22 May



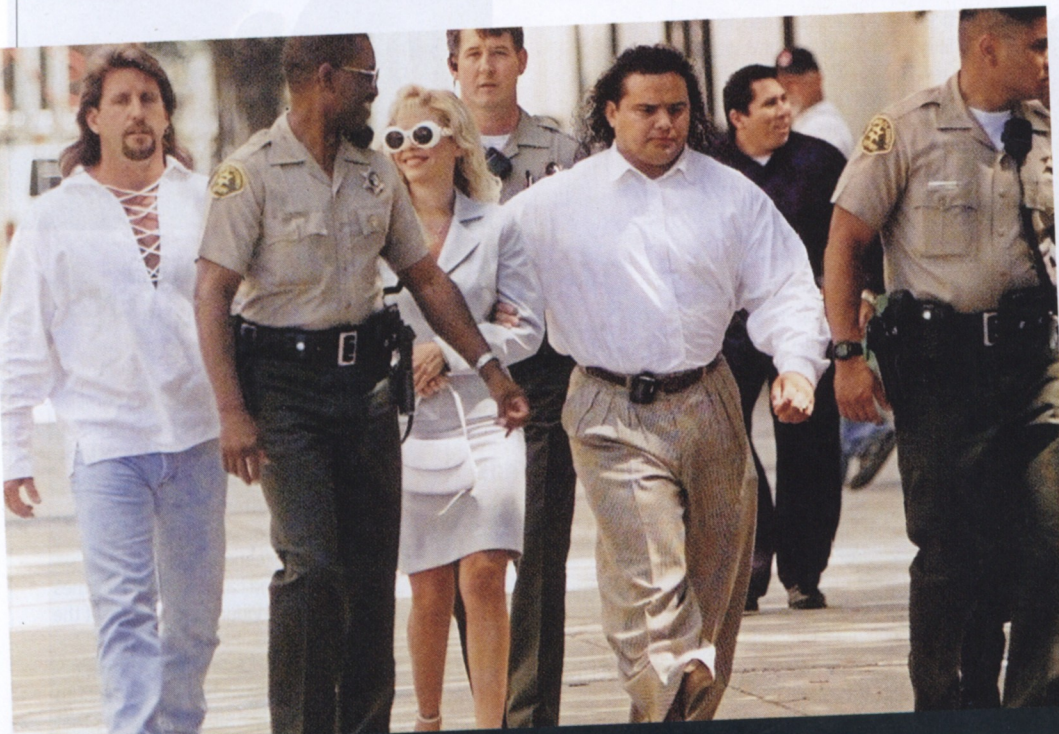
may contain unseen footage

Virgin

megastores

DANGEROUSLY ENTERTAINING

HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST GOSSIP – VICE GIRLS, DR DRE vs GEORGE LUCAS, ROAD MOVIE MAP, LE SCREAM KILLER AND BUYING WITHNAIL



'No, officer, I'm supposed to charge you'

NEW HOLLYWOOD MADAM 'TO NAME NAMES'

Movie stars and LAPD agents are facing red-faced, bare-arsed exposure if 'Babydol' reveals all



Hollywood is bracing itself for the first Madam-to-the-stars trial of the century. This time around, however, rubbernecks may be in for some real dirt. Where the 1994 Heidi Fleiss case fell short on revelations (Fleiss refused to name her famous clientele, and only Charlie Sheen testified – on video – to paying thousands of dollars for the services of Heidi's girls), the trial of Jody Diane "Babydol" Gibson, 42, threatens to be an altogether more vicious affair.

The Babydol trial has become enmeshed in the far bigger ongoing corruption trial of the Los Angeles Police Department (Babydol is alleged to have serviced some top drawer law enforcement agents), but the scope for Tinseltown scandal should not be lost in the smog. Filling the gap left when Fleiss received her 37-month sentence in 1997, Babydol, a modern girl, used the Internet to build up her client base. Her former website for the California Dreamin' Modelling Agency (check out her current legal site at www.babydol.com: you can buy a fake tattoo for \$4.95!) employed the user-friendly format of pictures of her scantily-clad girls next to a contact number. Once the operation was up and running, Babydol removed the number and relied on word of mouth. According

Apparently, Babydol's memoirs include an 'action hero with a penchant for Catholic schoolgirls'



What a mug: the Babydol ad campaign makes the most of her nefarious notoriety



to the LAPD: "The girl didn't even have to advertise, her operation was so tight."

Operating out of the remote Laguna Lodge motel in Palo Verde, Gibson would make bimonthly 500-mile round trips into Los Angeles to pick up her 40 per cent commission and recruit new talent. With rates ranging from \$500 to \$3,000 a visit, Babydol soon put all thoughts of an acting career on hold and got minted. Now, after a ten-month investigation into her activities, she has been hit with 12 pimping and pandering charges, and faces 20 years inside if convicted.

Gibson was the victim of a classic undercover sting: when a female officer asked her for work she was told it would involve sex (occasionally with clients who had quirks – one liked to scrawl the word "whore" across his ladies' bodies), but that she could earn £650 a night. Babydol was later charged when undercover bods were filmed cavorting with her lingerie-clad girls.

Not that the charges hanging over Ms Gibson's head have dampened her spirit: she has released a single (an up-tempo Latin-tinted number called "Love Is Better"), goes to glitzy restaurant openings, has been interviewed by John Lydon on VH1 and, as her website proudly proclaims, she has "brains and beauty, and is the trendsetting female artist of the moment".

Gibson's background is anything but vice-ridden. Her mother, Tobe Gibson, runs a legitimate talent agency which once had Tom Cruise on its books. Babydol herself always wanted to be a pop star – she claims to have jammed once "in a London club" with Echo And The Bunnymen – but drifted into acting, appearing in one cheap 1988 slasher film, *Evil Laugh*.

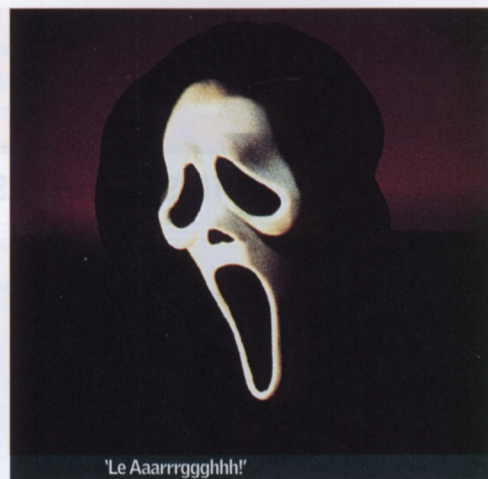
What has Hollywood sweating is Gibson's memoir, apparently completed and chock-full of big names, including a "superstar action hero with a penchant for Catholic schoolgirls", and a Beverly Hills vice officer who protected her because they were having an affair. "We were having sex all over the Beverly Hills Police Department," Gibson has admitted.

While *Hotdog* may be eagerly awaiting the list of usual suspects, down in sleepy Palo Verde they can't see what all the fuss is about. Ted Stortz, owner of the Laguna Lounge observed: "Drink's legal. Gambling's legal. But just because somebody got laid they want to put this lady away for 27 years. It's all just pompous." Quite. **Ben Raworth** Don't pay for it! Win a Babydol mug, page 127



JACK JUNIOR

He's a little man and he's in good shape, and no self-respecting *Get Carter* fan should be without him. That's the 30cm high Jack Carter model we found at a shop in London's Covent Garden. Neil Palmer at the Cinema Store told us: "We mainly do books, posters and toys, but the figurines are a nice little sideline." Carter's not the only explosive character you can pull out of your screen and put on your shelf: they also have *A Clockwork Orange*'s Alex, Tony Montana from *Scarface*, Blade, Dracula and Frankenstein. Strangely, there's no sign of Mary Poppins. The models retail £50 unpainted or £100 finished. James Brown
Check out the Carter model at:
www.the-cinema-store.com
Alternatively call for details,
tel: 020-7379 7838.
Or write to: Cinema Store,
Upper St Martins Lane,
London WC2H 9EJ



'Le Aaarrggghhh!'

SCREAM SERIES BLAMED FOR TEEN'S KNIFE ATTACK

The ancient "movie violence" warhorse has been given another run around the paddock following a carving knife attack by a 16-year-old French youth on his parents shortly after he had watched *Scream 3*. This so-called "copy-chat" attack saw the teenager dress up in *Scream* mask and cape, while gendarmes later discovered videos and posters of the Wes Craven films liberally plastered around his room. Clearly *mère* and *père* were not virgins, which made their victim status more likely – although reports that they had slipped away from a party and were "making out" in a deserted part of the house when the attack took place are, as yet, unconfirmed.

The French connection to movie violence was established back in 1994 following the release of *Natural Born Killers* when Florence Rey went on a crime spree with her boyfriend Audry Maupin which left four people dead. Maupin himself was shot dead by police, while Rey was sentenced to life. Another French couple, Véronique Herbert and Sebastien Painsavoine lured a 16-year-old to his death with the promise of sex before fatally stabbing him. During their trial it emerged that Herbert had intended to kill several of her classmates, one of whom had been unwise enough to take her seat. In both cases, the defendants cited Oliver Stone's movie as a factor.

Ever since a German woman in the 17th Century was discovered drowned with a copy of Goethe's *The Sorrow Of Young Werther* (all about suicide) in her pocket, imitative violence has kept pundits busy. Recently Michael Medved, John Grisham and Mary Whitehouse argued for cinema's power to corrupt with Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, the *Child's Play* series and *Fight Club* namechecked. Opponents of this view will only concede that cinema has a limited effect on real-life violence. Theirs is a concise, two word argument. It runs: Charlton Heston. **John Naughton**

DR DRE TO FEEL FULL POWER OF THE FORCE

A disturbance in the force for easy-going billionaire George Lucas who is suing former NWA member Dr Dre for allegedly lifting Lucasfilm property – namely the THX Deep Note, the sound which accompanies the logo of the surround-sound system often heard in cinemas prior to credits rolling. The sample allegedly opens Dre's new album, *Chronic 2001*, and permission to use it had already been refused by Lucasfilm, who describe it somewhat immodestly as: "A tapestry of sound textures comprised partially of synthesised cello sound which swarm spatially, crescendo and then finally converge into a major chord."

Dre – in a legal spitroast – is also involved in another lawsuit, with the music file-sharing programme Napster over alleged copyright violation ("I don't like people stealing my music"), but might be encouraged to learn of an incident early in Lucas' career, related in Kim Masters' recent book on Disney mogul, Michael Eisner, *The Keys To The Kingdom*.

The sample is 'a tapestry of sound textures which swarm spatially, crescendo and then finally converge into a major chord'

Eisner was responsible for the hit TV show *Happy Days* which, because it featured Ron Howard and was set in smalltown Fifties USA, was widely perceived to have ripped off Lucas' *American Graffiti*. But it emerges that Lucas had asked Paramount executive Tom Miller if he could see a pilot for *Happy Days* because he was interested in casting Ron Howard. Lucas saw the pilot, cast Ron Howard and shot the movie. Miller later saw him on a TV chat show being asked about how he felt about the *Happy Days* "imitation".

According to Miller: "Lucas said, 'What are you going to do?' And I thought, 'You know the real story.'"

At the time of going to press Dre and Lucas were locked in litigious embrace, seemingly unable to reach the kind of arrangement which allowed Pearl & Dean to lend Goldbug their mighty signature tune – "Pah-pah pah-pah pah-pah pah-pah pah-pah-pah. Pah-pah pah-pah pah-pah-pah-pah!" – for their mighty version of *Whole Lotta Love*. Let's hope a similarly sensible compromise can be agreed. JN



CAREER GRAPH

PATRICK SWAYZE



ON SET

RUN, ROBERT, RUN

De Niro put through his paces as New York cop in a race to keep the city clean

With five films due for release this year, The Greatest Actor Of His Generation™ is rapidly turning into The Hardest Working Man In Show Business. In *Fifteen Minutes* he's making one of his rare forays onto the right side of the law as local hero Eddie Fleming, a New York City homicide detective. Teaming up with a hotshot arson detective (Edward Burns), he's on the trail of two Eastern European thrill-killers whose thirst

'Hey Bob,
where's your
taxi now?'

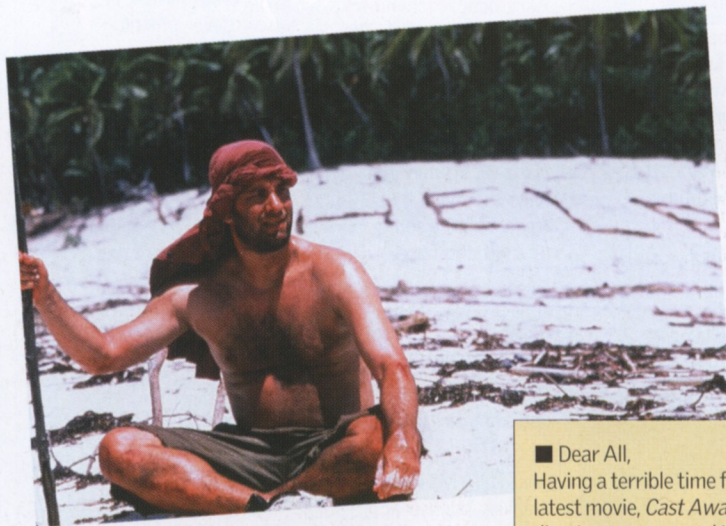


for blood is matched only by their lust for fame – in other words, they've come to America for their *Fifteen Minutes*. Co-starring Kelsey Grammer (TV's *Frasier*) and written and directed by John Herzfeld, whose previous credits include the so-so Tarantino knock-off *Two Days In The Valley*, *Fifteen Minutes* probably won't be a rival to *GoodFellas*, but then again what is? **AH** *Fifteen Minutes* is out next year

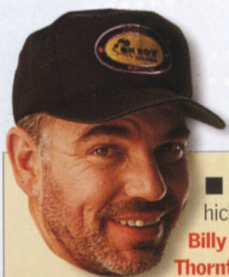


MOVIE NEWS, VIEWS AND GOSSIP

Billy Bob Thornton's complicated career, Tom Hanks is Cast Away and Britney Spears gets all dirty



■ Dear All,
Having a terrible time filming my latest movie, *Cast Away*. The director says we need to re-shoot bits because I look so miserable. Well, what does he expect? I'm only getting paid \$20m.
Love,
Tom Hanks

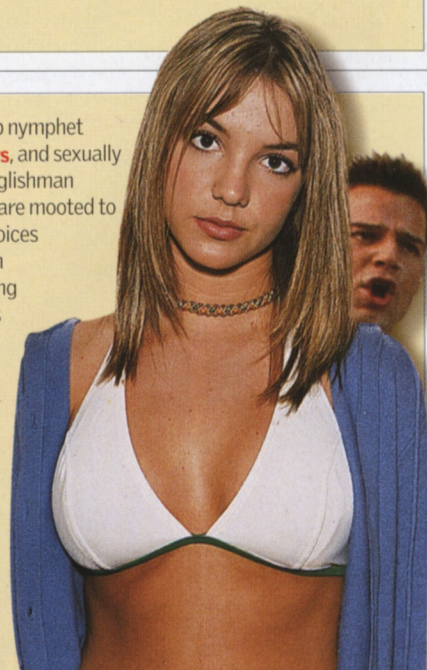


■ Hollywood hick du jour
Billy Bob Thornton's
chaotic private life

is spilling over onto the screen. Already signed up to work with **Frances McDormand** in the **Coen Brothers'** latest project (working title, *The Barber Project*), Thornton is also directing *All The Pretty Horses* (an adaptation of Cormac McCarthy's bestselling modern western, to star **Matt Damon**) and *Daddy And Them*, which Thornton also scripted. Complications may well ensue: Thornton recently broke off his year-long engagement to **Laura Dern**, and is rumoured to be engaged to **Angelina Jolie** (who played his wife in *Pushing Tin*). Unfortunately, **Bruce Dern**, Laura's dad, is in *Horses*, and Laura and her mum (Diane Ladd) are in *Daddy*. The experience may put the kibosh on any plans Thornton might have for a collaboration with Jolie's dad, Jon Voight.

■ **Jonathan Rhys-Meyers'** dismal performance in BBC TV's *Gormenghast* hasn't done his career any discernable harm. He is lined up to star in two films, shooting during the summer. In *Prozac Nation* he stars opposite **Christina Ricci**, and in *Conspiracy Of Weeds* he stars with **Rachael Leigh Cook**. Shooting is in Vancouver and Toronto respectively, so young Jonathan will be shuffling between the two sets.

■ Jailbait pop nymphet **Britney Spears**, and sexually charged Spanglishman **Ricky Martin** are mooted to be the first choices for the leads in the forthcoming remake (that's *remake*) of the 1987 hit *Dirty Dancing*. One man's dream cast is another man's nightmare...



And do you have one on the back for dancing?

COMING SOON...

■ Much-hyped Fox 2000 thriller *Phone Booth* (set entirely in said booth – a man who answers the phone is told he will be shot if he hangs up) is being connected to **Joel Schumacher**.

■ **Ice Cube** and **Courtney Love** (who's pulling down an absurd seven-figure fee) are to star in **John Carpenter's** *Ghosts Of Mars*, set 174 years in the future.

■ **Steven Seagal** is back! The portly, pony-tailed beefcake has been signed to star in the **Joel Silver** vehicle *Exit Wounds* – that's if the lardy get can shed 30lbs of blubber.



Keith finds his drumsticks

■ Director **Brad Silberling** is developing *Who's Next*, the biopic of **Keith Moon**. **Pete Townshend**, **John Entwistle** and **Roger Daltrey** have all given their blessings to the project. *Rushmore* star **Jason Schwartzman** – who is also drummer for the Geffen-signed band Phantom Planet – has expressed a desire to play the part.

■ Oscar-winner **Kevin Spacey** has signed on to play the lead in the screen version of the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *The Shipping News*.

■ Tiresome old hippie pontificator **Ken Kesey** has been beaver away with longtime pal **Ken Babbs** on what is ominously dubbed as the "first instalment" of a movie about their famous acid-fuelled bus-trip/freak-out across the United States in 1964.

■ **Sean Penn** is to star as a paranoid salesman stalking the president in *The Assassination Of Richard M Nixon*.

■ **John Cusack**, following his role in *High Fidelity*, has taken the lead in a remake of **Alexander Mackendrick's** 1958 Broadway flick *The Sweet Smell Of Success*.

■ **Keanu Reeves** goes ghetto-fabulous in the inner-city baseball pic *Hardball*, in which he plays the coach "just trying to bring some pride" to the 'hood.

■ **Mike Myers** is first choice to play Shaggy in the screen version of cartoon classic *Scooby-Doo*, for which he also had a hand in the script.

■ **Gary Oldman** is in line to play Mason Verger (hapless, skinned victim of Hannibal Lecter) in the forthcoming *Hannibal*. Shooting should begin at the end of the summer. He'll probably be joined by the too-long AWOL **Ray Liotta**, who is in line to play awful FBI man Paul Krendler.

■ Can see you **Jennifer Lopez** as a grizzled old copper? Well, that's her role in *Angel Eyes*, now shooting in Montreal.

■ **Cameron Diaz** is said to be keen to play the lead in the "Untitled Nancy Pimental Picture", an offbeat comedy penned by *South Park's* **Trey Parker** and **Matt Stone**.

■ The who-will-be-*Spiderman* saga continues. The latest round of potential web-slingers for **Sam Raimi's** flick include **Ewan McGregor**, **Heath Ledger**, **Wes Bentley** and **Tobey Maguire**.



KK's acid bus: fancy a trip?

■ Calorie-counting **John Travolta** has signed on to play "the world's most dangerous spy" in the **Skip Woods**-scripted *Swordfish*. Woods is also onboard to write and direct the remake of 1976 sci-fi flick *Logan's Run*. A *Rollerball* remake is also in development.

■ **Nick Nolte** shags **Neve Campbell** shocker! Nolte has put his own money into *Investigating Sex*, an indie film focusing on the scientific study of sex.

■ **Mike Beavis And Butt-head Judge** is scripting a remake of *The Incredible Mister Limpet*, about a "man who magically becomes a fish and helps the US navy spot Nazi submarines". **Jim Carrey** is umming and ahing about taking the lead.

■ **Clive Hellraiser Barker** has sold his next four novels – as yet unwritten – to Disney for \$8m.

■ Tri-Mark have paid a six-figure fee for a first-time script. Alex Rio's *Untitled Low Budget Thriller That Will Scare The Shit Out Of You* hopes to do exactly what it says on the label.

■ *John Q*, the new **Nick Cassavetes** film, will star **Denzel Washington** as a man who refuses to leave the emergency ward when his uninsured son is refused an operation.

■ The **Farrelly Brothers** have acquired the comedy pitch *Checkered Past* from screenwriters **David Connaughton** and **John Trozak** – it's about a man with amnesia who arrives in a new town, establishes himself as a model citizen but turns out to be exactly the opposite.

■ *Jason X*, the latest *Friday 13th* movie (we knew it'd be back, and we're ecstatic!) is shooting in Toronto. The hockey mask-wearing homicidal maniac is thrown into the future (in some bullshit cryogenics scenario) where he hacks people up. **BR**

CUMING SOON...

CHARLIE AND EMILIO'S XXX-CELLENT ADVENTURE

Sheen and Estevez star in the rise and fall of porno filmmakers, the Mitchell Brothers

There comes a point, two years into an advanced drink and drug binge, where your coke-addled brain convinces you to jack in your day job and start directing porno films. *Hotdog* favourites Charlie Sheen and brother Emilio Estevez have carried the concept further by directing and starring in *Rated X*, the true-life story of two brothers who rose to the top of the US porno industry by bringing decent production values into their live theatres and movies.

The Mitchell Brothers (Artie and Jim, not Grant and Phil) were considered nice guys in an industry where there's so much back-stabbing you don't know whether you're coming or going. Forgive the puns. Their O'Farrell Theatre in the Tenderloin district of San Francisco featured murals of whales, and was described as "politically correct" by American news commentators. (*Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas* author, Hunter S Thompson, spent a year there working as a night manager to gather material for an as yet unpublished novel – oh yes, see opening sentence of article.) Their debut hit, *Behind The Green Door* (1973), starred former Ivory Soap model Marilyn Chambers, and became the first porno blockbuster, grossing \$25 million. The guys were known for showing respect to the women who worked for them. "We used to have a lot of backyard barbecues," Chambers reminisced in *People* magazine, though whether this is a reference to the social scene or a camera angle no one's sure.

As you'd expect, *Rated X* follows in the footsteps of *The People Vs Larry Flynt* and *Boogie Nights* in using the hard-core porn industry as subject matter for mainstream entertainment. In Charlie Sheen, the audience know they're watching an expert at work. These pictures show that, like *Boogie Nights*, there's clearly a cheese factor in the costumes. It may be a while before *Rated X* appears over here, but a *Hotdogs* special correspondent phoned in this report from the Sundance Film Festival.

"Charlie and Emilio get a chance to go totally mental. They take loads of drugs, shoot guns, fight each other a lot and generally behave like Al Pacino in *Scarface*."

We don't want to give too much away about what happens in the movie, but let's put it this way – one was sent down for murder and the other one's dead.

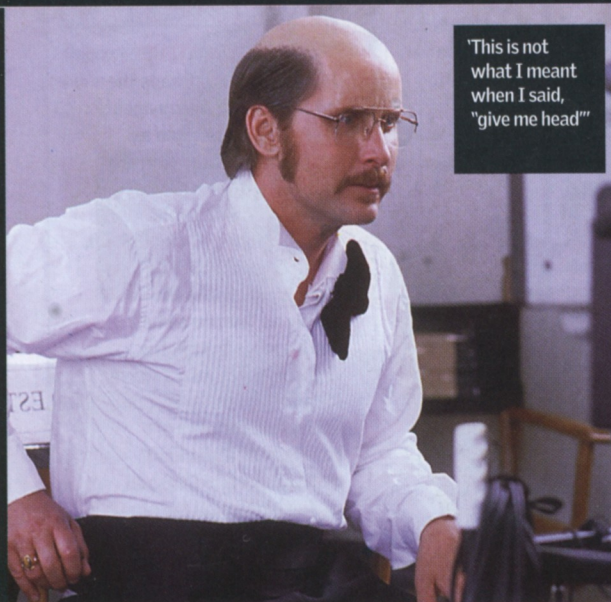
James Brown

'Charlie and Emilio go mental. They take drugs, shoot guns, fight each other and act like Al Pacino in Scarface'

'Tell me again, Charlie - why did we decide to make this movie?'



'This is not what I meant when I said, "give me head"'



Marilyn Chambers was feared when given free range with the clapperboard

'No, we're not Ben and Jerry, but we do produce a creamy product - with no chunks'



MONEY



'Actually, the tie-and-shirt set was a gift from Stevie Wonder'

STARS FLEECE IN INVESTMENT SCANDAL

Cash-heavy celebs have always been targeted by conmen, but arch-fraudster Dana Giacchetto has pushed the envelope with his recent 'wholesale looting'

At last. Alanis Morissette has something she can really moan about. The droning songstress is one of a long list of celebrities—along with Leonardo DiCaprio, Ben Affleck, Matt Damon, Courteney Cox Arquette and, um, the band Phish—who, it is alleged, have been well and truly fleeced by money "manager", Dana Giacchetto. The 37-year-old New Yorker, who is head of investment company The Cassandra (that'll be the Greek goddess whose prophecies of doom were always ignored) Group, is accused of "diverting" up to \$20m from his clients' accounts.

Giacchetto ran his business from a swanky loft in New York's SoHo, an address it now seems he could ill afford. Prosecutors allege that he took the money to fund his "lavish lifestyle", pure and simple. But now, it seems, fate has caught up with the free-spending *bon vivant*. He faces not only federal securities charges, but a slew of civil lawsuits. His assets have now been frozen—what's left of them, that is.

Prosecutors claim that Giacchetto stole from clients to pay for his apartment, as well as hotels, travel, dining and entertainment. The illegal withdrawals have been traced all the way back to June, 1997. Giacchetto is also accused of using money belonging to his clients to make unauthorised donations to various charities, such as \$90,000 to the New

York Arts Academy and, cheekily, \$5,000 to the New York Police Scholarship Fund.

Giacchetto was no mug when it came to building up his client base. As far back as 1997, he was in serious financial trouble and, for at least the last three years, he "sought to attract clients from the arts and entertainment industry, many of whom lacked financial sophistication".

Giacchetto reassured clients with a brochure claiming a policy of "Conservative Investment Strategy", all the while "knowingly or recklessly" depositing more than \$20m of their money in bank accounts which he then used to pay his own expenses. US Attorney Mary Jo White said the case demonstrated that "no one is immune from any kind of scheme, securities or otherwise". Quite. Although, those who don't notice huge sums missing from their accounts are presumably more vulnerable than the rest of us.

If convicted, Giacchetto could face ten years in prison

and a \$1m fine, or twice the gross gain or loss from the crime.

As for his next move, Giacchetto's lawyer has urged fans to "stay tuned". BR

Giacchetto 'sought to attract clients from the entertainment industry, many of whom lacked financial sophistication'

Ben and Matt... sticking together in times of trouble



Leonardo DiCaprio addresses his leaky pocket problem

SINKING FUNDS

STING STUNG

OK, so Sting's movie career may not, strictly speaking, qualify him as an actor, but the Tantric popster did play very loose with his finances. In 1997, he famously didn't notice when his long-term financial manager pinched £6m from one of his accounts. Keith Moore was eventually convicted on eight counts of fraud, and sentenced to six years. Sting subsequently recovered most of his cash, commenting after the trial, "I'm generous, but I'm not that generous."



BAD DAD

When Justice David Saxe awarded former child star Macaulay Culkin control over his fortune in March 1997, it ended a humdinger of a Hollywood family spat. Warring parents Kit Culkin and Patricia Brentrup had managed to reduce the family to "near penury" with their escalating feud, despite a £12m fortune gathering dust in Macaulay's current account. Kit (referred to as "Stinky" by his seven offspring) was once voted the fifth most powerful man in Hollywood. Macaulay, meanwhile, has grown up, dyed his hair and got married. He will, at best, be remembered as an 80lb novelty item.



AGENT PROVOCATEUR

Jack Gordon is perhaps the epitome of the sleazy agent, memorably described as having a "spinachy skin tone and a mop of suspiciously black hair": think John Wayne Bobbitt, Divine Brown, Heidi Fleiss. Ex-wife LaToya Jackson describes him simply as "human slime", and his job is to milk the 15 minutes his "stars" have, for all their worth. He once sold naked pictures of a girlfriend to a jazz mag, paid the girl \$25,000 and pocketed the real fee of \$125,000. His first job was in a fairground, guessing people's ages. A dying breed. BR

SCREEN
TESTNICK
MORANJASON
FLEMYNG

Go on then, what's it like being an actor?

This month: the Cardsharp and the Fat Man from Lock Stock go head-to-head. Interviews: Dan Cadan

What's the best advice you've been given about acting?

Has to be from John Wayne: 'Talk low, talk slow and never where suede shoes'

If you see something you like, steal it

What's the worst pitch you've ever heard?

'The Dog From Beethoven' (ha-ha)

In a lift in LA. 'It's a sort of multimedia piece. A third on the Internet, a third on billboards, and the final third in the cinema'

Have you ever made an Oscar acceptance speech in front of the mirror?

No, but I have conducted an entire Wogan interview

No, but sometimes I flush the toilet and pretend it's applause

What's the most showbiz thing you've ever done?

Share a vol-au-vent with Hugh Hefner on his yacht in Cannes

I once got my people to talk to their people

Have you ever become over-excited while filming a sex scene?

Yes. I once got a real hard on while filming a sex scene with Sienna (his young lady)

Yes, but it was soon quenched by the sight of an overweight boom operator discreetly eating a sausage sandwich while I was trying to make love

If you really had to, with another guy, who would it be?

Dan Cadan ('Thank you Nicholas. May I call you Nicholas?' - Dan)

I would love to take Buzz Lightyear to infinity and beyond

In a fight between Jason Flemyng and Nick Moran, who would win?

It would never happen, but I don't fancy his chances

Me, because Nick's a lover not a fighter

What's the most desperate thing you've done to get a part?



'And so I dressed her in my mother's wallpaper'

Stick pins into effigies of other actors

For a film called Hollow Reed, the director was unsure whether I had the violence in me. So I met him in a bar, having arranged for a mate to bump into me. He did, I turned around, screamed at him, then turned back to the shocked director and apologised

SNOW JOB

'Michael Douglas and Robert Downey Jr made a film in my street and all I got was fake snow'

The winter of 1999 was an extraordinarily mild one in Pittsburgh. Good news for those of us who don't care for shoveling snow; bad news for *Wonder Boys*, the Michael Douglas and Robert Downey Jr movie set over one desperately wintry weekend in the Steel City. "Reality" costs nothing but more money in Hollywood, so the intrepid crew brought in fantastic weather-making apparatus and parked it on my street.

First they nailed a white tarp over the grass. A massive machine then spewed shredded paper inches deep over the yard. A man in a face mask topped off the shrubs with a fine white powder. A burly Teamster followed behind, artfully placing one or two dead leaves atop the "snow".

Late at night, the "snow storm" began in earnest. Giant fans whirled on and more shredded paper was tossed in their airstream. Six guys lined the perimeter waving lit sticks that spewed ash.

Frankly, it was very impressive - it really did look like a typical Pittsburgh February. But as shooting delayed and spring bloomed, it was whispered about town that *Wonder Boys* had spent over \$1m on snow.

The shooting commenced. Forty-five minutes passed between takes, as wranglers freshened up "snow" disturbed by actors. Then, near midnight, the horrible occurred. It began to snow. A solid, steady fall that quickly accumulated. Breaks between takes now stretched

to over an hour, as the entire crew pitched in to carefully remove the real snow from the steps, branches, porch railing, car hoods, beer cans and actors so that only the preferred level of fake snow was left. I finally went to bed understanding why movies cost so damn much, and awoke to the unreal activity of shoveling real and fake



'Turned out expensive again, hasn't it?'

Shooting was delayed, and it was whispered that Wonder Boys had spent over \$1m on snow

snow off my front steps.

While the film ultimately received mixed reviews, critics did rave about the snow - "a frigid Pittsburgh as an ethereal winter wonderland" (Mr Showbiz); "the winterscapes in this film are breathtakingly beautiful" (James Berardinelli). David Ansen of *Newsweek* was less impressed. "How whimsical can winter in Pittsburgh be?" he grumbled. Very, I say, but then not everyone has seen a million dollars' worth of fake snow befuddled by the Real McCoy. **Al Hoff** *Wonder Boys* is out on general release in October

THE RULES

You're living in a teen movie? Watch out for these clichés

① Know your peer group, (and their reason for living)
The Jock (to bully); The Geek

(to be bullied); Rebellious Youth (to be tamed); The Rich Bitch (to come unstuck) and Her Sidekick (to come good); The Virgin Hero (to get the girl/boy); The Bimbo (to reveal breasts)
Revenge Of The Nerds (1984)
Breakfast Club (1985)
Can't Buy Me Love (1987)
Heathers (1988)

② Do not judge a girl as plain simply because she is wearing thick-rimmed glasses and/or little make-up
She is a beauty and will blossom in true ugly duckling-fashion over the vacation/at the prom
Carrie (1976)
The Sure Thing (1985)
She's All That (1999)

③ Avoid the most popular girl in school
She is evil and relishes playing her classmates off one another.
Clueless (1995)
She's All That (1999)

④ Note that the nastiness of a person's character is directly proportional to the

amount of money they have
Heathers (1988)
Dead Man's Curve (1999)

⑤ Be aware that any party will involve any/all of the following
Beer-swilling toga-wearers; trashing of furniture; bad American dancing; surprise →



Tom Walker got over 300 comments on his track; lots of them good.



Nitro Child & Parker won upload of the month and got a pro-sampler.



Kevin Walton uploaded his film and had it downloaded over 450 times.



Sinead Williams used our online studio to mix a track for the first time ever.

Over to you

There's a new site on the net dedicated to your creativity. It's started with film and music, but eventually will extend to lots of other areas. Right now, you can use the tools BT gives you at the site to upload your music tracks and short films onto the net, where everyone can get to them. Go to getoutthere.bt.com. You might be recognised as a genius, you might not. But you never know until you try.

getoutthere.bt.com **BT** 

SATISFACTION (NOT) GUARANTEED

Welcome to the magnificent multiplex big-screen, super-surround THX digital sound, multimillion pound sensational cinema experience

(THE MANAGEMENT ACCEPTS NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR DULL PLOTS, POOR CASTING AND NON-ESSENTIAL NUDITY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

Congratulations! You've just purchased a cinema ticket which we trust will give you hours of satisfaction and a lifetime of happy memories*. This warranty guarantees and indemnifies you, henceforward referred to as "the mug punter", against any potential shortfall in entertainment and enjoyment. While the cinema management has made every effort to ensure your satisfaction and trusts you will be delighted with your purchase, certain provisos, clauses, caveats and exemptions will apply.

A failure to find Jude Law, Sean Pertwee and Jonny Lee Miller the least bit convincing as scary gangsters on account of their combined inability to knock the skin off a rice pudding or gain egress from a paper bag by pugilistic means, does not, of itself, negate the cinematic impact of the delightful comic romp that is *Love Honour And Obey* and is not, by any means – no way, no how, come on now, go home – adequate grounds for a refund.

The makers of *Fight Club* disclaim any similar liability for failing to cast a more convincing street-livin', trash-talkin', heroin-shootin' tough cookie than Home Counties girl, Helena Bonham Carter. Patrons are requested to take note that she was smoking a cigarette and her mascara was a bit smudged. And everything.

The management accepts no responsibility for any audience member who follows Robin Williams' advice in *Patch Adams* that "laughter is the best medicine", fails to pick up prescription and transforms trivial illness into life-threatening condition. Patrons are reminded that all characters portrayed by Mr Williams would, in real life, be intensely irritating and that child-like enthusiasm in an adult's body generally results in criminal prosecution.

The fact that *The Blair Witch Project* is at no point – not even the bit at the end in the house – "scary" does not infringe its right to be classed as a "horror" film.



**The fact that
The Blair
Witch Project
is at no point
'scary' – not
even the bit at
the end in the
house – does
not infringe
its right
to be called
a 'horror' film**

Any person under the age of 22 or anyone wishing to be thought of as "young", has the right to insist that it is the most terrifying experience of their "young" lives. Everyone is reminded to keep telling yourself it's only a film with a huge marketing budget.

The management reserve the right to prosecute any audience member who knowingly reveals the ending to *The Sixth Sense* (see Regina v Bloke Who Shouted Out, "She's got a knob" in *The Crying Game*). Patrons are asked to refrain from saying, "Yeah, I got it straight away, oh it was so obvious. Who is Keyser Soze by the way?"

While watching any film made by Mel Brooks you have the right to remain silent.

The Association Of School Caretakers would like us to point out that anyone wishing to clean floors must have an IQ of 170, be a mathematical genius and possess fabulous cheekbones. This represents a change in previous recruitment policy which positively discriminated in favour of over-fifties with false teeth, poorly fitting wigs and a stack of *Razzles* in the boiler room.

Any female patrons concerned about the relevance of nudity to the demands of the script are referred to Erika Eleniak jumping out of the cake in *Under Siege* and performing a striptease to an audience of one before getting rather confused. And crying a bit. This is the benchmark for essential nakedness and is no way gratuitous.

Upon leaving the auditorium we trust you will find your car intact and in the place where you left it. However, the management accepts no responsibility if this is not the case – particularly if you were unwise enough not to take up the business proposition to look after it from the job-seeking scum in the knock-off Tommy Hilfiger gear.

Thank you. **John Naughton**

*Does not include *The Exorcist*

PERFECT PITCH

The recent conviction of Kenneth Noye for a road rage killing sounds to us like a movie waiting to happen...



PROLOGUE: It's night. Rainy. Young couple, Bobby Soontobewed (Philip S Hoffman) and Kelly Feisty (Meg Ryan) are driving back from New York City when, "goofing around", chomping bagels, singing along to the B-52s "Love Shack", they accidentally cut up pissed-off mobster, Frankie "Brinks-Mat" Bullentini (played by James Gandolfini). Bobby gets out to argue, but is gunned down. Kelly calls for help, screaming into her cellular...

CUT TO PRESENT: Kelly wants justice, but she's prime suspect and nobody believes her except for the New York DA, Conrad (David Caruso). She jumps bail and travels the world looking for the killer, finally cornering him in Cuba. Wearing a great disguise, she seduces Frankie (hating every minute of it, naturally) and lures him back to the US where he gets 999 years: his plea of self-defence is destroyed when Kelly puts the image of a cream cheese bagel (symbolic of the M25 Orbital) against that of a .357 Magnum. Kelly falls for Conrad. She puts the past behind her and is able to "enjoy bagels again".

**She puts the
past behind
her and is able
to 'enjoy
bagels again'**

THE SELL: It's a film about road rage. It's a film about justice. It's a film with some nice location shots in somewhere like Cuba.
TAGLINE: Noye – that's what I call justice!

THE RULES

➔ arrival of parents/cops
Animal House (1978)
House Party (1990)
Dazed And Confused (1993)

⑥ Your perfect love match is always right under your nose
Disregard any mishaps and

misunderstandings that keep you apart. You'll click in the end
Sixteen Candles (1985)
The Sure Thing (1985)
The Breakfast Club (1985)

⑦ Prepare for monosyllabic mutterings of two incredibly chilled/stoned/thick skateboarders/surfers

Yeah dude. And, like, they say stuff really slowly. You know?
Bill And Ted's Excellent Adventure (1988)
American Pie (1999)

⑧ Attach yourself to the beautiful foreign exchange student/new girl in town
She will give it up regardless

of how ugly/inept you are
There's Something About Mary (1998)
American Pie (1999)

⑨ Under no circumstances borrow your parent's car
the more expensive it is the more likely you are to crash
Risky Business (1983)

Sixteen Candles (1985)
Ferris Bueller's Day Off (1986)

⑩ Relax
The deadline for happy endings is prom night/end of term
Grease (1978)
Pretty In Pink (1985)
Sixteen Candles (1985)
American Pie (1999)

Picture this. Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper are cruising along on their Harleys when suddenly they're faced with the murderous truck from *Duel*. A couple of days down the road, they run into, huh-huh, Beavis and Butt-head doing America. Coool. Then, in New Mexico, they meet Thelma and Louise in their cliff-bound Thunderbird...



The Getaway

Beavis And Butt-head Do America

Easy Rider

Smokey And The Bandit

Race With The Devil

PHOTOGRAPHS: KOBAL COLLECTION



The Straight Story

It's only 300 miles from Laurens, Iowa, to Mount Zion, Wisconsin, but it took old-timer Richard Farnsworth six weeks on his John Deere lawn mower



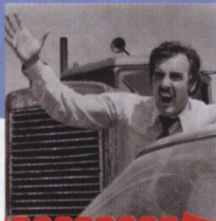
Thelma And Louise

Two bored women quit small-town Arkansas in a 1966 Ford Thunderbird, heading straight for Mexico – but they run right out of road in Oklahoma



Something Wild

Dull businessman Jeff Daniels meets wild Melanie Griffith who takes him on the trip of a lifetime. Unfortunately, her jailbird husband is in hot pursuit



Duel

Driving through California in his Plymouth Valiant, a salesman tries to overtake a Mack truck... in retrospect, not a good idea – the trucker then tries to kill him



The Blues Brothers

John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd's mission from God takes them on a tour of Chicago in the Bluesmobile, resulting in a trail of wasted cop cars



Bullitt

Tough cop Steve McQueen is guarding a Mafia informant but, when the mafioso is shot, McQueen starts chasing everybody, including the assassins



SET PIECES

How to buy your way into Hollywood history... Though *Withnail And I* memorabilia is rare, there is no end of original props available from other movies. Ideally, equip yourself with Internet access and a wallet the depth of the Mariana Trench. Then start here: www.movieprop.com, which has a host of links to related retail and auction sites. These are some of the items you might come across...

For the ostentatious pyromaniac: an 8ft-long rocket from *The Rock* (not a real rocket, obviously), stencilled, "VX POISON GAS M55 155MM BOLT ROCKET". Only £10,000. For the breast aesthete: Jane Russell's red silk bustier worn in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (£6,500). For the budding minion:

a costume worn by one of Dr Evil's volcano workers in *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* (already reserved).

For the weirdo:

a lifesize cast of Alfred Hitchcock's head (at the time of writing, in auction at £15). One site

was selling off Julia Roberts' ID card from *Flatliners*

(£1,000); another had one the gorilla costumes from *Beneath The Planet Of The Apes* (bids start at £350).

There is cheaper stuff

too: a *Breakfast Club* shooting script for £15; and prop money from the Wonder Bucks theme park in *Beverly Hills Cop 3*

for £3.50. Failing that, TV fans might like Lynda Carter's *Wonder Woman* outfit. "Call for price." **NG Websites worth checking:** www.movie-memorabilia.net; www.ebay.com and

www.mcwonline.com



'I DEMAND THE SIGN FROM WITHNAIL AND I'

A rotten, old bit of wood, a worn T-shirt and a display stand. All this can be yours...

For many of us, *Withnail And I* isn't just a film, it's a way of life that we aspire to but aren't quite brave enough to throw ourselves into. Still, at least we can own a piece of it. Imagine, as you're reading this, that the original Crow Crag Farm sign is above you and a little to your right... I am.

It happened in February. Richard E Grant had organised a charity screening of *Withnail And I* in London's Leicester Square, followed by an auction of ephemera and props. Lot nine was the sign, described in the catalogue by writer/director Bruce Robinson as: "An ancient length of fucked wood, approx 3ft x 9ins, with genuine duck shit attached." Some catalogue-type had added: "This sign is not seen in the film. It was, however, on the set during shooting." But so what? Merely voicing the words "Crow Crag" is to conjure up an image of grey and green desolation, of bald chickens and a fear of nature. And anyway, it's clearly mentioned in Scene 39 of the screenplay.

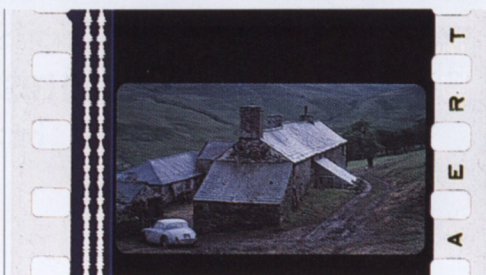
For the eager poor among the prospective bidders, it began well. Lot one, the original clapperboard, went for a comparatively mere £350, then a display stand went for £380, and a T-shirt and stills for just £150.

It was Danny Baker, though, who ruined the cheapskate ambience by paying £2,600 for a vast, framed Italian *Withnail* poster, donated by Grant who then spontaneously signed it, along with Robinson and the assembled cast (everyone except Michael Elphick – even the bloke who says, "Getinthebackofthevan!"), all to bump up the price. An ill omen.

Multiple stars were in attendance: Posh and Becks, who might well have managed a bid, had someone attached electrodes to the nerve endings in their arms; Chris Evans, who bought *Withnail's* coat for five grand;



The sign is not seen in the film, but it was on the set. And anyway, it's clearly mentioned in Scene 39 of the screenplay



Baker; Baby Spice; Paul Merton... They had the combined purchasing power of people *in* "e" and the combined reservation of people *on* it.

The sign came up. One chance only. Bidding hit £250 and, head numbed by adrenaline, I lifted a hand. "£300!" said the auctioneer. "I have a bid of £300 from someone over there," he puffed. "Me," I mumbled, without really believing it, involuntarily raising an arm. "£350!" said the auctioneer.

So that's how much it cost, after outbidding myself. A bargain, even before cast and writer signed it in thick, black felt-tip. And what a stupendous heirloom – an ancient, autographed length of fucked wood with genuine duck shit attached. **Nick Griffiths**

WHAT ABOUT...

MR WINT AND MR KIDD
IN DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

In our first look at cinema's unsung heroes, *League Of Gentlemen* creator Jeremy Dyson remembers two 24-carat killers

Adulthood brings many disillusionments and disappointments. Among them, the comprehension of personal mortality, the discovery that just because you want something doesn't mean you're going to get it, and the realisation that Roger Moore was not a good James Bond.

Now, in my early thirties, I'm honest enough to admit that the rot actually began pre-Rog, in *Diamonds Are Forever*. With its moon buggies, electronic voice-changers and fruit-machine-busting magnetic rings, it introduced juvenilia to a series that had begun life as a successful British spin on Chandler and Spillane, sporting a truly adult hero possessing a complex, sado-masochistic personality. (Unfortunately, it was juvenilia that characterised Moore's over-extended tenancy of the franchise: it's a long way from Bond's balls being whacked with a carpet beater in the first novel, *Casino Royale*, to the double-taking pigeon and hovercraft gondola of Moore's *Moonraker*.)

Despite that, however, *Diamonds Are Forever* does contain the greatest pair of killers seen in any Bond film – the very funny but very frightening, Mr Wint and Mr Kidd, played by the unheard of, before or since, Bruce Glover and Putter Smith.

Mr Wint and Mr Kidd are a pair of murderous homosexual lovers employed by Bond's arch-enemy, Ernst Stavro Blofeld. We know they are lovers because as they walk away from the film's first killing they join hands. If there we're any doubt, their status is confirmed when they shadow Bond and his girl, Tiffany Case, onto a plane. Mr Kidd reports that they're both aboard. "I must say, Miss Case seems quite attractive," he says. Mr Wint looks at him with such rage in his eyes that Mr Kidd is forced to add, "for a woman." This was 1971 and, although recently decriminalised in the UK, as far as the movies were concerned, being gay was still interchangeable with being a murderer in the morality stakes – contemporaneous queer killers included Rod Steiger in *No Way To Treat A Lady* and Richard Burton in *Villain*.

It's not Mr Wint and Mr Kidd's homosexuality, however, that makes them



Wint is more like a costumier than an assassin, while Kidd resembles my old physics teacher, Figgy Milburn

so appealing and enduring, but rather their absolute strangeness. They're a sum much greater than their curious parts. Taken individually, they are unlikely heavies. Bruce Glover's moon-faced, prissy Wint is more like a theatrical costumier than an assassin, and Putter Smith's straggle-haired, mustachioed Kidd resembles nobody as much as my old physics teacher, Figgy Milburn. And yet together they are truly sinister, with their odd habit of enunciating each other's names at the end of every sentence. One supposes they continue these mannered exchanges even during bouts of sexual activity – "I'm going to take you in my mouth now Mr Kidd." "That will be fine, Mr Wint."

It was hard to pin down exactly where their strangeness was located until I discovered that Putter Smith was not in

fact an actor, but a highly respected jazz bassist. Director Guy Hamilton spotted him playing with Thelonious Monk at Shelley's Manne-Hole in L.A. In Smith's own words: "Man, I was in shock. Me, as an actor. Me, who had never so much as spoken a word written by anyone else, who hadn't even announced a number from the bandstand." And it is this very amateurishness that gives Smith's performance such a sense of authenticity. He is so remarkably *real* – not something we're used to seeing in a Bond film.

So remarkable, in fact, that I still remember the happiness and contentment of the afternoon when my gran took my brother and me to see the James Bond double-bill at the Tower Cinema in Leeds (later to become a nightclub with the worst name in nightclub history – Mr Craig's).

The cause of my bliss was the realisation, as I watched *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*'s climactic ski-chase, chewing my little finger in enraptured excitement, that even when this film finished, *Diamonds Are Forever* was still to come. Sat there in the dark, between gran and Andrew, I experienced a state of joy that only a child or a Zen master can truly know.

After that, Bruce Glover appeared as Jack Nicholson's sidekick in Polanski's *Chinatown*, but he is probably best known for fathering *Back To The Future*'s Crispin Glover – an actor so strange that he makes Wint and Kidd look conventional. Putter Smith gave up acting, returning to jazz, where he is still active today. Bond killers, meanwhile, degenerated into steel-teethed men with pigtailed girlfriends.

And as for me, I realised with absolutely certainty that I was going to die some day, on a Saturday in August, 1990.

"All things must pass, Mr Wint."

"C'est la vie, Mr Kidd, c'est la vie."

Jeremy Dyson's new book, *Never Trust A Rabbit* (Duck Editions), is out now, £9.99



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Q&A

LINDA FIORENTINO

Beautiful actress with GSOH seeks alien for romance and close encounters.

Likes: seduction, stalkers and men in comas. Dislikes: strokes, chain-link fences and septic tanks

Sex and money. Money and sex. That's pretty much the range of conversation you get with Linda Fiorentino. Well, there are laughs too.

In fact, for someone who's made such an impression playing tough-talking, hard-living *femmes fatales*, the slinky, brandy-voiced brunette certainly seems to enjoy making fun of things, not least herself. A sense of humour helps in the unpredictable game of movies, and when you're a beautiful actress of a certain age (Fiorentino is 40), it becomes indispensable.

A case in point is her latest release, *What Planet Are You From?* An interstellar sex comedy starring Garry Shandling (TV's Larry Sanders) and directed by Mike Nichols (*The Graduate*, *The Birdcage*), it had a lot going for it – but it was the biggest US bomb of the winter. Fiorentino was in two scenes – one of them a seduction – and earned squat. What else can you do but laugh?

As always, Fiorentino bounced back, starring in the Irish gangster movie, *Ordinary Decent Criminal*, opposite double Oscar-winner Kevin Spacey, as well as the caper comedy, *Where The Money Is*, co-starring screen legend Paul Newman.

She's now making a biopic of Georgia O'Keeffe, the famed painter of vagina-like flowers and cattle skulls. You can bet she's working-up a brash new set of jokes...

In *What Planet Are You From?* you make love with an alien whose penis buzzes when he's aroused. Do you ever wonder about the path your career is taking?

I like to think of my part in that film as an audition for my next movie with Mike Nichols. I think I did OK... in my two scenes. You know, you do movies for different reasons, and I thought the script was funny. But I thought it was going to make £150m. Boy, was I wrong! I clearly don't know anything about marketing.

You might want to try survival as a reason sometime. Speaking of which, when is that *Men In Black* sequel?

I want to do it, it would be a blast. But no one's called to say, "OK, the script's ready." I think that I'm the only one they can afford from the original cast, because I don't make any money.

What would your dream scenario for that one be?

My dream would be for it to be a comedy of errors about male and female relationships, between me and Will Smith. Also, I think all the women-aliens and men-aliens should be fighting and we have to stop them.

Sounds creative... Apparently, you don't do the big Hollywood studio productions just for the money.

I do them for the bathroom in the motorhome. Really. After *Men In Black* I did this independent movie in New York that cost, like, £2.5m, which is unheard of. They kept forgetting to empty the septic tanks, so it was hideous... And I kept letting everyone use the bathroom in my trailer!

Why do you subject yourself to such torment? I mean, bomb or not, *What Planet...* was an expensive production – you can obviously get better-paid work than the *Body Counts* of this world.

I do a big budget film then I feel guilty about it, so I do independents to assuage the guilt. It's more fulfilling to suffer, somehow.

Sounds like your Catholic upbringing still has a grip on you.

All of these gaga guys who think I'm like the women in *The Last Seduction* and *Jade*... if only they knew! I meet men and

they're so disappointed when they find out I haven't got a chain-link fence – like I have one in my closet or something! Or like I'm going to teach them all these sex tricks... Then, at the end of the experience, they're like, "You're so Catholic." People really do believe what they see, I guess.

Does it ever get out of hand, though, weird guys projecting their fantasies onto you?

I do have a stalker... Lovely. I might marry him, though, if he's really cute. He might be the man of my dreams. I was told, "You have to be really careful." I was like, "Why? He could turn out to be the man for me." He's interested, number one, and he'd do anything for me. It's like, "Hey, could you kill that producer for me?" I'm so desperate that I'm dating my stalker.

C'mon, you're a gorgeous, fun-loving gal. You can do better than that. Hell, you convincingly seduce Paul Newman in your latest movie, right?

No. He pretends to have a stroke and I try to get him to react by doing a lap dance. He never even flinched! I was completely insulted. I thought I'd lost my touch. I gave him everything I had. At the end of the day he apologised for not being more responsive. He said, "I don't want you to take it personally. I was just doing my job."

It's just devastating, your life...

Actually, it was kind of nice. All men should be in comas when we make love to them. Then we can do whatever we want to them and they won't speak, they won't complain and they won't ask for more. **Bob Strauss** *What Planet Are You From?* will be out on general release this summer. Linda Fiorentino also stars in *Dogma*, released on video on June 9

'I meet men and they think I'm going to teach them all these sex tricks. Then, at the end of the experience, they're like, "You're so Catholic"'

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Above: young Gangster Paul Bettany (centre) soaks up the authentic Sixties decor with the rest of Freddie Mays' gang. Below: director Paul McGuigan – 'Gangster No 1 is a study of cunning deceit, violence and pure evil'

HELLO NASTY

Gangster No 1 is a British crime thriller tour de force – as powerful as *Performance*, as gritty as *The Long Good Friday* and as cold-hearted as *Get Carter*

STORY: GAVIN MARTIN
PHOTOGRAPHS: PETER MOUNTAIN

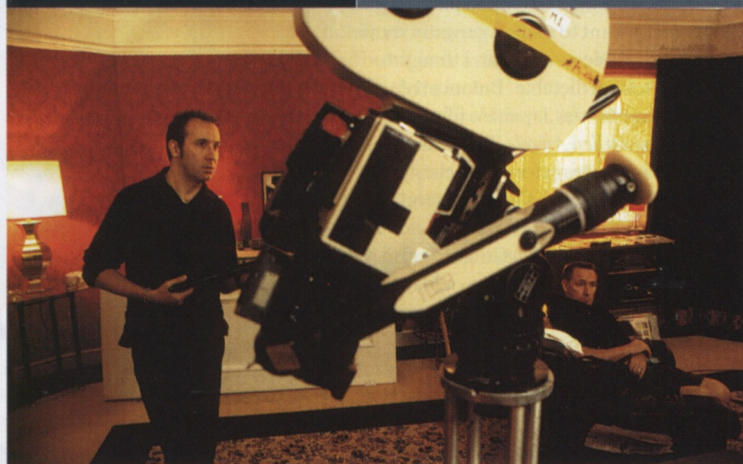
For Malcolm McDowell, the merciless, violent, senses-stunning *Gangster No 1* presented an opportunity to take care of unfinished business. At 57, the Leeds-born, Liverpool-raised young rebel star of such made-in-Britain milestones as *O Lucky Man*, *If...* and *A Clockwork Orange*, has lived the exile life in Hollywood for over 20 years. By his own admission he's slowly been sinking into a sea of onscreen "crap".

Films such as *Mr Magoo* and *The First 9 1/2 Weeks*, and TV series such as *The David Cassidy Story* and *Fantasy Island* have maintained a lifestyle that includes a third wife who is half his age, child support payments and an extensive collection of antique timepieces. They have also given the impression that McDowell is a spent force; a big man but out of shape.

In exile, McDowell has often been a vociferous critic of the British film industry, waiting in vain for a homecoming role with the velocity of *Gangster No 1*'s nameless title star. Four years ago, as slimeball Sixties Soho porn merchant Benny Barratt in the BBC television series *Our Friends In The North*, his malevolent edge glinted again. But that, says *Gangster* director Paul McGuigan, was "only TV – simplistic ideas, small-time. I didn't want him to play Gangster like that at all".

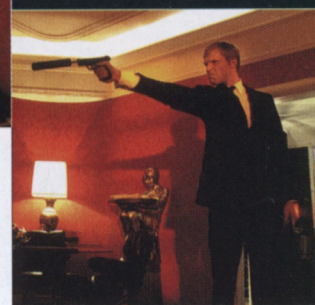
Gangster is something else altogether, a world away from the comic cut pastiche of *Lock, Stock*. Spanning three decades, it is a journey into the darkest recesses of the obsessive, self-centred Britcrim psyche.

"The only similarity was that both Barratt and Gangster had Cockney accents. Benny was not psychotic, but Gangster is," insists McDowell, →





Left: young Gangster relaxes after a hard day's blood-letting – 'The violence expresses his profound emptiness,' says Paul Bettany. 'He's so empty that he rules by fear.' Below, from top: Saffron Burrows; Bettany and the sound of silence; McDowell as old Gangster



'GANGSTER NO 1 IS AS POTENT A COMMENTARY ON BRITISH VIOLENCE AS A CLOCKWORK ORANGE'

→ his voice blasting down the transatlantic phoneline. "This is a really dangerous man. You don't fuck around with Gangster. He's a monster, but a monster that is so charismatic you are compelled to watch, to see what he is capable of doing next."

"There was something there that was vulnerable, too. I don't know what it was, it could have been his sexuality; I'm not sure. All I knew was that I had a damn good part, and I had to make it fly off the screen in a big way."

McDowell hasn't felt so impassioned about a role, or a film he's been involved with, for years. During the interview he delights in quoting his favourite lines, his voice dropping into slick, curdled Cockney menace.

"I could always do it pretty well, it's the most fabulous sound to me and this script makes it almost Shakespearean. After a while the words have their own metre. The only ad-lib I used was one Paul came up with where he says, 'look at that camel-coated cunt'. It was funny so I used it."

McGuigan says that ever since the movie wrapped, McDowell's been on the phone two or three times a week raving about it, keeping the momentum going. McDowell compares McGuigan to primetime Scorsese, a future "national treasure for the British film industry".

"I've wanted to be part of a British film that one could be proud of for a long time," McDowell admits. "I really thought we were breaking new ground with this. It harks back to movies such as *The Long Good Friday*, *Performance* and *Get Carter*,

but I think it goes further. And it's such a brilliant piece of writing, so violent that it's almost anti-violent. There's no way you'd want to perpetrate any violence after seeing this film."

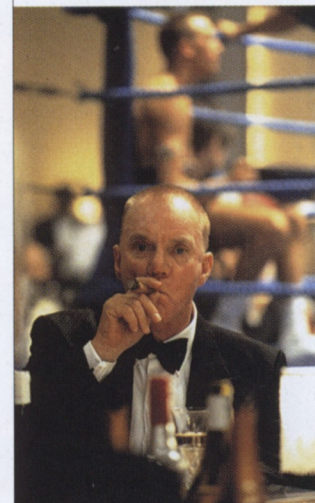
"For me, *Gangster No 1* is as potent a commentary on British violence as *A Clockwork Orange*," he continues. "I think Alex was more vulnerable, Gangster is deadly – he doesn't let up. That's what makes him fascinating. You wonder, where is the compassion, the humanity? And it isn't there."

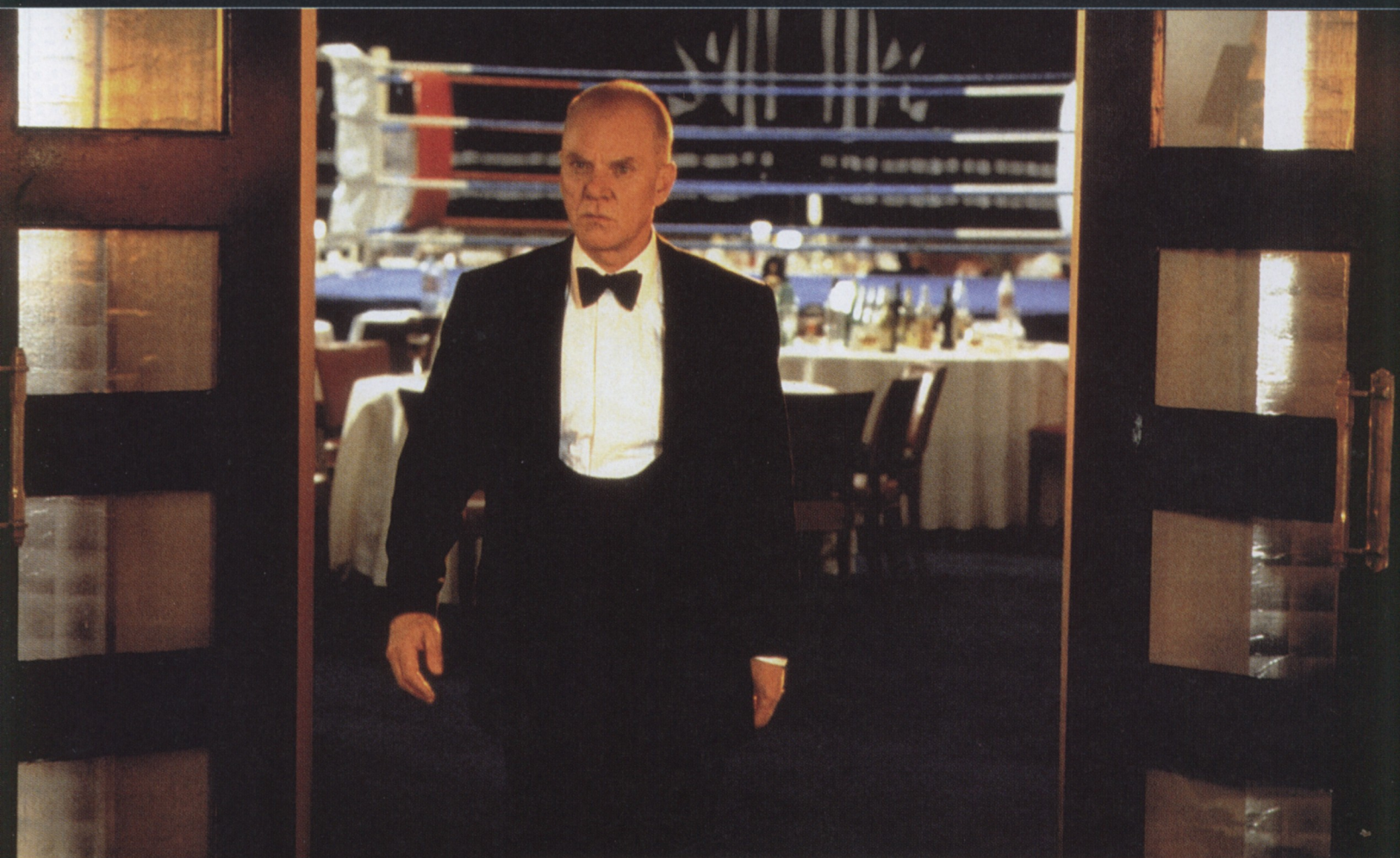
Gangster No 1 began life as a stage play written by Louis Mellis and David Scinto. When Paul McGuigan was asked to direct Johnny Ferguson's screenplay he loved the script but had reservations about making the movie. He thought the modest £5m budget was too high ("Once there's more money you have more hoops to jump through and more people to pay back"). He felt uneasy that TV sitcom veteran Peter Bowles, the star of the play, was lined up to play the lead. Most crucially he didn't really want to make a gangster movie.

"I wasn't going to do the film because of that. I thought, 'Naaah, it's a genre movie – too predictable.' But most of my favourite gangster films are Sixties Japanese films, and modern Hong Kong stuff like *Fallen Angels*. Those films are more about character and power struggles than heist-type plots. Although it's called *Gangster No 1*, for me it's more like a Greek tragedy than a gangster movie."

Over lunch in a West End restaurant, McGuigan is clad in a dapper charcoal pinstripe suit; tailoring that would do the denizens of *Gangster No 1* proud. He also fights a speech impediment – like one of the henchmen sat at Gangster's table in the movie's astounding opening scene.

Picking at his fish cake, he confesses to not being much of a moviephile, declaring *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* as his all-time favourite film, and claims that the most disorientating and





MALCOLM McDOWELL HAD ONE PIECE OF ADVICE FOR PAUL BETTANY – 'DON'T FUCK IT UP!'

hallucinatory scenes in *Gangster* were inspired by watching the Disney animated feature *Mulan* with his two kids.

Prior to *Gangster No 1* (his feature debut), he made *The Acid House*, a made-for-TV Irvine Welsh adaptation that became a film, and carved a reputation as a ground-breaking Channel 4 documentary maker. His career began as a well-paid stills photographer in the advertising industry, but he jacked it in because "you have to deal with total fucking wankers everyday, idiots who don't know anything about anything".

Gangster No 1 pulses with maverick energy – razor sharp editing, merciless close-ups, jarring camera movements – a product of McGuigan's steely nerve and outright bravado.

"I never had any aspirations to be a film director, none at all. So my attitude is, 'Fuck it, I've got nothing to lose.' It's important to represent things as they really are, down to the way the camera moves," he explains. "I let the actor move before the camera, so you're always behind, catching up; that's the way you work in documentaries because you don't know what's going to happen next. It means that, subconsciously, you're aware of an edginess creeping in."

Before casting Paul Bettany in his feature debut as the young Gangster, McGuigan met with Rhys Ifans. "He was phenomenal but Paul walked in and he reminded me of James Fox in *Performance*, which I thought was a good thing. Above all he's a great actor, but he also had a Sixties look. It's a Sixties movie – the clothes, the architecture, Johnny

Dankworth doing the music – and because he doesn't speak very much, Paul needed presence and control."

There were only two or three actors with the necessary iconic stature to play the older Gangster. Peter Bowles had ruled himself out, Michael Caine was otherwise engaged, and Malcolm McDowell was about to commit to *Sexy Beast*, a new script by the writers of the *Gangster* stage play. "It was a bigger part and he was considering it," says McGuigan. "Then they told him he couldn't do both. That got to him. He just said, 'Fuck it. You can't tell me what I can and can't do.' It was a great moment. For us."

"He told you that?" barks McDowell down the phone. "The little fucker! I met Paul and I wanted to work with him. I wouldn't say anyone is indispensable, but he wanted me to do it: he had the choice of any actor in London, but he saw me in the part. All I can say is he's got damned good taste."

The first scenes to be shot were McDowell's, filmed in a Berlin studio. Bettany was there to watch his older self at work. "I wanted him to pick up on Malcolm's gestures and the pace of his speech," says McGuigan. "Paul had never done a movie before so it was a way of breaking him in, generally giving him all the support he needed. When I watched *If...* again I could see Paul in it, he's got that look. It snapped something in everybody because Malcolm had been away so long and it was like, 'Fantastic – he's back!'"

McDowell, never one to introduce himself meekly when a flourish is possible, had some words of advice for the young actor. "I did my first day, my first big scene, and as I was walking off I saw him standing there. I just came up to him and looked him straight in the eye. He looked at me expectantly, and I said, 'Paul, all I'm going to tell you is – DON'T FUCK IT UP!' And I walked off. ➔



Clockwise, from top left: the mean and moody McDowell; Karen and Freddie Mays played by David Thewlis – 'This film is a wonderful, psychological portrait of these men and the way they live'; young Gangster on the mean streets of London



'GANGSTER REQUIRED SO MUCH INTENSITY THAT IT GAVE ME A HEADACHE'

➔ "I was joking, of course. The only real advice I gave him was to be still, very still, and just to let the power come to him."

At an intimate pre-production dinner, specially arranged by McGuigan, it was McDowell who persuaded a doubtful David Thewlis to play the part of Gangster's boss and eventual nemesis, Freddie Mays, as both a young man and an old man.

"I told him that if he didn't play the last bit then it would be a good part, but if he did then it would be a great part. When he says, 'I'm just an old man in a cheap suit', it's the most moving line in the film."

McDowell admits that playing Gangster required "such intensity that it gave me a headache keeping the energy under control, so that it would come out through my eyes".

The veteran star and young director tussled on set. McDowell argued for more comedy, including a two-minute monologue – cut from the finished film – which he thinks is the finest work he has ever committed to film.

"Did he tell you about that?" says McDowell, sounding wounded. "It's a great shame, a monologue to static camera. He said, 'Well, it will be on the DVD.'"

McGuigan knew McDowell was perfect for Gangster as soon as they met. "He has a big ego and he has to feed it. He's not scared. Malcolm has no sense of fear. None of that



timid 'I need a few minutes on my own to think about it'. Fuck that – he just gets up and does it.

"And he knows exactly what he can do. He knows that opening scene is 72 frames a second and what he can do with his face in that time. He'd say to me, 'C'mon, do this in close-up.' Sometimes I'd have to say, 'Malcolm, go fuck yourself.'"

McDowell is rabidly anti-censorship, but wary that *Gangster* will need all the help it can get to get past the "blah-blahs who say what you can and can't see". McGuigan claims there's really not much screen-time given to violence.

"The characters are strong. When the violence comes it seems very real because you've already been hit with all this powerful stuff. I'm very conscious of not fucking about with heavy stuff like people being killed. I'd do it if it was a popcorn movie like *Sleepy Hollow* – a great film where people get their heads cut off, and it got a 15 rating. You won't see anything like that in my film, and they're talking about banning it."

Surely not – to do so would be an affront to a future national treasure and a prodigal son, returned to his rightful place at the heart of cinematic danger.

"We didn't know what to do at the end," says McDowell. "We went to see a cut without the end piece and Paul came up with the rooftop idea which I loved. 'I'm King Kong. King Of The Fucking World.' It's Jimmy Cagney – my ode to Jimmy. But everything I do is an ode to Cagney, the greatest movie actor who ever lived. Especially the last bit: 'I'm number one, number one. I'm number fucking one.'" □ *Gangster No 1 is released nationwide on June 9.*



Clockwise, from far left: Saffron Burrows – 'The main attraction of the role was the connection between Karen and Freddie. Their love redeems some of the terrible acts that follow'; David Thewlis as the 'Butcher of Mayfair', Freddie Mays; Bettany fiddles while London burns

THE REST OF THE BEST BRITISH GANGSTER MOVIES



1 PERFORMANCE
A psychotic gangster and a decadent rock'n'roll star living under the same roof? Mick Jagger in a bath with a couple of foxy ladies? James Fox on magic mushrooms? Yes, yes and yes in this psychedelic mindfuck. Warner Home Video, £12.99 (widescreen)

2 THE LONG GOOD FRIDAY
Stuck somewhere between the Mob and the IRA, Bob Hoskins loses his rag as his fellow gang members start blowing up around him. "The Mafia? I shit 'em." Nice one, Harold. Home Vision Cinema, Region One DVD, £15. Also available on CIC Video, £10.99

3 GET CARTER
Michael Caine in dead-eyed Terminator mode as he avenges his brother's death in the depths of Newcastle, with porn, prostitution and piss holes aplenty. See it before big man Stallone's out of shape remake comes to town. MGM Home Ent Video, £12.99

4 LOCK, STOCK AND TWO SMOKING BARRELS
Guy Ritchie's wideboys wheel and deal to pay off half a million squids before the finger amputations begin. Rigged card-games, antique shotguns and a lot of weed in the film that made a star of Vinnie Jones. Universal DVD, £16.99

5 BRIGHTON ROCK
Psychotic, racketeering, murdering teenage gang-leader looking for naive waitress to act as alibi. All witnesses and evidence must be taken care of. Please RSVP to Richard Attenborough, Brighton. Warner Home Video, £5.99

.... I want the Head of Channel Four Entertainment to call me back immediately this was the most disgusting television I have ever seen. You probably think these programmes are very intellectual but in reality they are just complete rubbish. 4Later is nothing but explicit nudity, swearing and violence and that's just the presenters. All 4Later programmes are a waste of airtime, why don't you just put on an old movie instead. I think the presenters you have on Friday and Saturday nights are disturbed all my friends who've seen them agree with me. I was shocked and distressed by what I saw the other night on Channel Four, it ought to be banned under the indecency laws as it is socially corrupting. I cannot describe how disgusted I am. 4Later is highly inflammatory, a danger to society and should be banned from the airwaves. I cannot believe how low Channel Four has sunk. 4Later is an abuse of my right to channel surf. I will be contacting the police about pressing charges against the makers of these programmes. Remove this programme from the air now or I will take the matter to Parliament. There is not one redeeming feature in this pile of filth. Stop all the bloody fucking swearing on this programme. This programme violates basic human decency. Your betrayal of drugs was not acceptable. What next? This programme is the greatest ever slur on the good name of Elvis. It's foul and repellent, I can't believe that Channel Four is allowed to broadcast it. The founders of Channel Four must be turning in their graves. Even liberal television should have its limits for the sake of public decency. This is demeaning and insulting to all normal viewers. If 4Later is not removed from the air immediately I will be taking legal action all the way to the European Court. For your own sake remove 4Later now or you will never hear the end of it...



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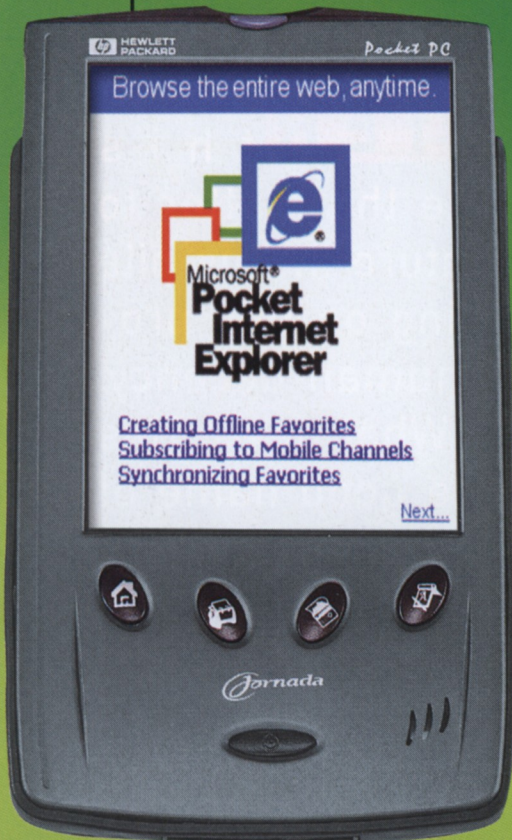
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'That's another fine meze you've gotten us into'

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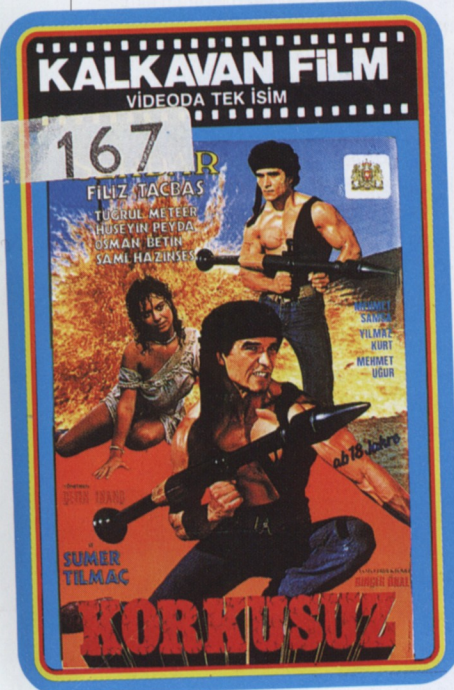


CÜNEYT ARKIN DÜNYAYI KURTARAN ADAM AYTEKİN AKKAYA



STAR WARS

Turkish cinema has had its own superstars, and the biggest of all was Cüneyt Arkin. His finest moment was the film, *The Man Who Saves The World*, an out and out *Star Wars* rip-off. Unable to afford special effects of their own, Arkin and co simply "borrowed" footage from the Lucas movie and improvised their own epic quest – and it's a whole lot more entertaining than *Episode I: The Phantom Menace*. →

**RAMBO**

Turkish cinema slowed down in the Eighties, but still managed to turn out the occasional "homage", like this amazing tribute to *Rambo*, complete with Stallone lookalike. The plot is the same as the original, but with all the boring bits (ie dialogue and plot) removed, leaving a stirring 90 minutes of explosions, punch-ups and car chases.

**STAR TREK**

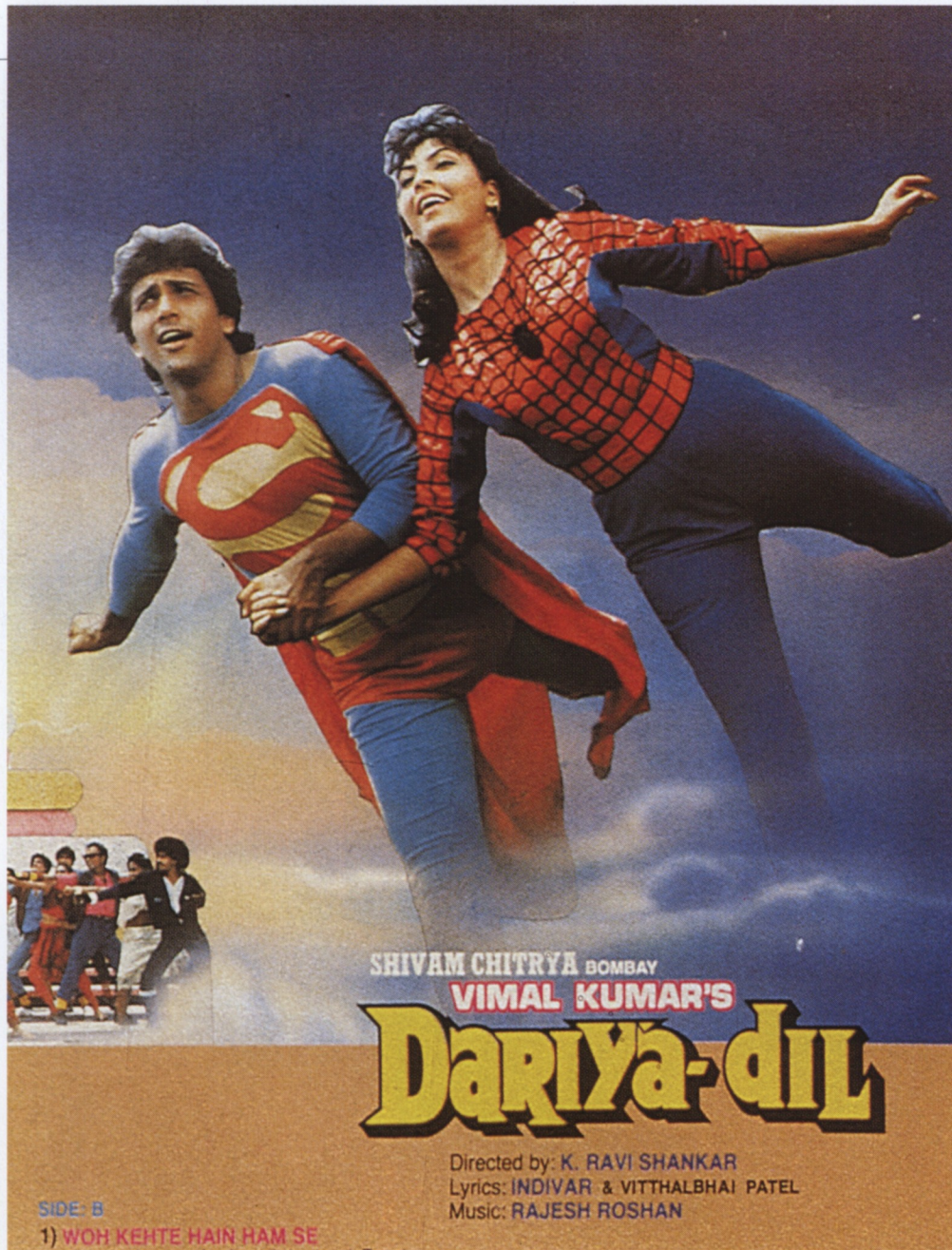
American movies might have been hard to see in Turkey, but imported TV shows such as *Star Trek* were hugely popular. *Turist Ömer Uzak Yolunda* was a knockabout comedy version of the exploits on board *Starship Enterprise*, which predates *Galaxy Quest* by some 17 years. It even featured a pointy-eared Mr Spock and a suitably beer-bellied Kirk.

BEWITCHED

In their voyage to the East, American originals often underwent a strange transformation. Here, the cute, suburban sorcery sitcom *Bewitched* is mixed with some typically Turkish sexploitation to produce the film *Tatlı Cadi*, which translates as Sweet Sorceress.

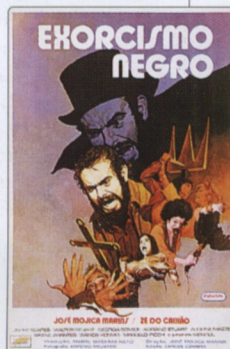
BEFORE**AFTER****LATER STILL****JAMES BOND**

Few film icons are more enduring than James Bond. However, in Turkey, there's no Connery/Moore debate - it's chubby Göksel Arsoy who gets supervillains sweating and women's hearts racing. In *Altın Çocuk Beyrutta*, the chunky spy gets stuck up the Bosphorus and is licensed to kill with sloppy stunts and drippy dialogue.



THE EXORCIST

An American trade embargo in the mid-Seventies meant that Turkish audiences, hungry for hits such as *The Exorcist*, were unable to see the real thing. So wily producers simply took the plot and made their own version of it. *Seytan* is virtually a scene-for-scene remake of the Friedkin frightener, with Islamic iconography replacing the Christian motifs. A trade embargo doesn't, however, explain *Exorcismo Negro* (right), a Brazilian take on the Seventies shocker, directed by and starring the notorious Coffin Joe.



SUPERHEROES

Clockwise, from top: an Indian Superman takes to the skies with a fetching Spiderwoman in *Dariya-dil*; the Turkish-made *3 Devadam* sees a superhero culture clash, when Captain America joins forces with Spiderman and Mexico's *El Santo*; a Turkish Superman strikes a much-needed blow (particularly in Turkey) against bad moustaches; and for those who thought Adam West was a camp Batman, witness Mexico's coquettish Batwoman. →



BIONIC BOY

Not, as one might expect, the result of the bionic wedding (see the 1994 TV movie, *Bionic Ever After?*), but a seemingly unrelated outbreak of technologically-aided kinetics in the Philippines. The Bionic Boy reprised his role in 1978 with the more adult-sounding *Dynamite Johnson*.



Robert Malcolm
Antonio Cantafora
Sal Borgese
Jacques Dufilho

Technicolor
Techniscope

HONG-KONG 3 SUPERMEN-DESAFIO AL KUNG-FU

con Lo Lieh
Shin Szu
Tung Lin
Isabella Biagini

Director: AL BRADLEY

SUPERMAN

Clark Kent's square-jawed alter ego was faster than a speeding train and could leap tall buildings in a single bound, but this kung fu Superman puts aside all that nonsense in favour of fists of fury. After all, who needs superpowers when you've got a black belt in chop-socky?

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE

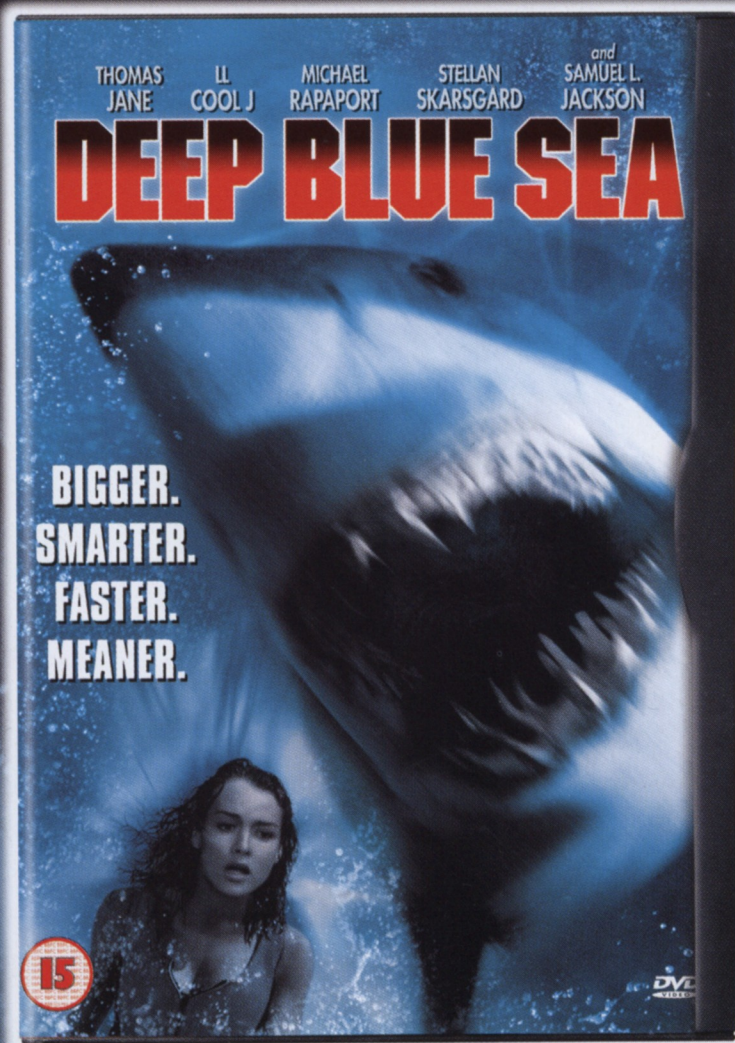
Forget Tom Cruise, John Woo and a multimillion dollar budget - 58-year-old Mexican masked wrestler, El Santo, was there before them with his own 1972 remake of *Mission: Impossible*. **Pete Tombs** is the author of *Mondo Macabro* (Titan), £14.99

TUSISA presenta



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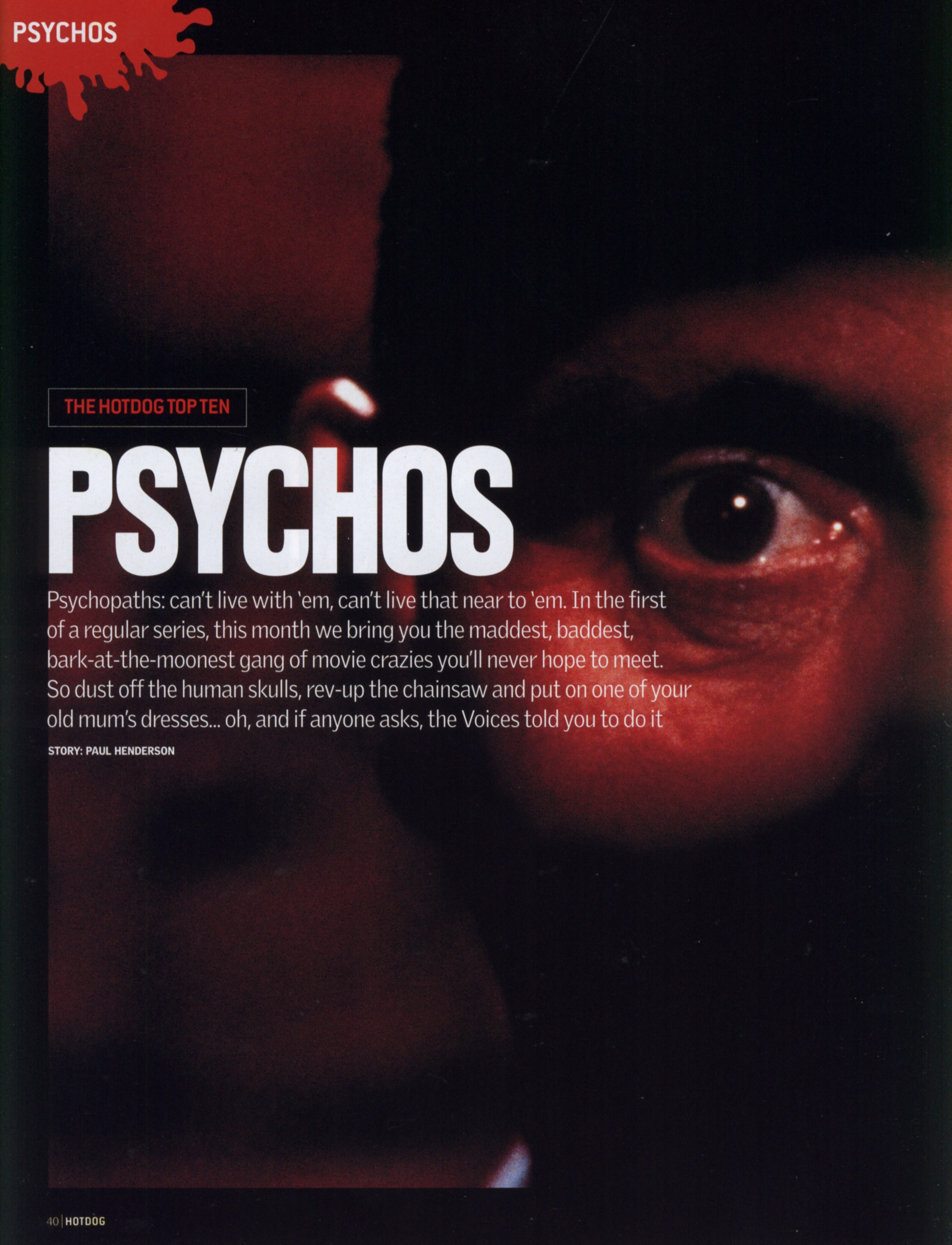
- Deleted scenes with and without commentary by Director Renny Harlin
- Audio commentary with Renny Harlin & Samuel L. Jackson
- 'When Sharks Attack!' - Making of Deep Blue Sea featurette
- 'The Sharks of the Deep Blue Sea' - featurette
- Stills gallery (32 stills)

AVAILABLE TO BUY ON  **FROM 5TH JUNE**



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THE HOTDOG TOP TEN

PSYCHOS

Psychopaths: can't live with 'em, can't live that near to 'em. In the first of a regular series, this month we bring you the maddest, baddest, bark-at-the-moonest gang of movie crazies you'll never hope to meet. So dust off the human skulls, rev-up the chainsaw and put on one of your old mum's dresses... oh, and if anyone asks, the Voices told you to do it

STORY: PAUL HENDERSON

'No son, you look like
Freddie Mercury!'

10 BEGBIE

**Robert Carlyle as
Trainspotting's all-fighting,
all-swearing, all-stabbing,
all-Scottish headcase**

Name: Francis Begbie
(also known as Franco)

Resides: Leith, Scotland

Description: short, brown hair; Village
People moustache; Pringle jumper;
gold chain; Farah trousers

Favoured weapon: pocket knife

Prepared to improvise: head, pint
glass, foot in the groin

Personal philosophy: "Anyone
in my way gets it, fuckin'
gets it. Everybody hear that?
Everybody happy?"

Character witness: "Yeah, the guy's a
psycho, but he's a mate as well, so
what can you do? Just stand back and
watch and try not to get involved.
Begbie didn't do drugs either, he just
did people. That's what he got off on:
his own sensory addiction" *Mark
Renton, unemployed heroin addict*

Last seen: resisting arrest after
ransacking a hotel room in a frenzy
over stolen drugs money

The men behind the monster: "I've
met loads of Begbies in my time.
Wander round Glasgow on a
Saturday night and you've a good
chance of running into Begbie. But he
isn't meant to be real, he's meant to be
a heightened version of reality. Your
worst fuckin' nightmare... Begbie's
disgustin', Renton's disgustin', they all
are. There's nothing nice about those
people" *Robert Carlyle*

**'Anyone in my way gets it, fucking gets it.
Everybody hear that? Everybody happy?'**

"When we were doing the scene
where Begbie goes berserk in the
London pub, for lighting reasons I had
to shoot the extras first and get their
frightened reactions. They were
terrible. I couldn't frighten them
enough. Bobby just said, 'Let me do
my bit first – and then film them.' So
we did. And they were absolutely
terrified. It was perfect"

Danny Boyle, Director

"That was the first time in my whole
career that I've been surprised with
the final result, especially the scene in
the pub at the end. There's something
in the eyes which I didn't know was
there on the day. Fucking worrying;
really" *Robert Carlyle*

*Trainspotting (1995) is available to
buy on DVD, £17.99 (Universal)*

9 FRANK WHITE

Christopher Walken takes on the Mafia, Colombians, Triads and cops to become King Of New York

Name: Frank White

Resides: The Plaza Hotel, New York

Description: designer suits; sticky-up hair; crazy eyes

Favoured weapon: 9mm handgun

Prepared to improvise: yes, as long as it's with a gun – machine gun, sawn-off shotgun etc. And a limo

Personal philosophy: "I spent half my life in prison, I never got away with anything, and I never killed anyone who didn't deserve it"

"My feelings are dead, I feel no remorse. It's a terrible thing"

Character witness: "That cocksucker ain't got no friends" *Larry Wong, Triad gang leader*
"We risk our lives for \$36,500, while Frank gets rich killing people" *Detective Dennis Gilley, NYPD*

Last seen: bleeding to death in the back of cab

The man behind the monster: "I don't particularly like violence... unless it's a good movie and the violence fits" *Christopher Walken*

"I wish my wife was a little more afraid of me" *Mrs Walken's husband King Of New York (1990) is available to buy on DVD, £9.99 (Carlton Home Entertainment)*

'I put two bullets in my gun. One for me, and one for you. Oh darling, it will be so beautiful'



'OK, mirror, signal, break ankles with hammer'

8 ANNIE WILKES

Super fan Kathy Bates makes James Caan's life a Misery

Name: Annie Wilkes

Resides: log cabin, nowheresville, Colorado

Description: frumpy; well-stacked; mumsy-type

Favoured weapon: sledgehammer

Prepared to improvise: sedatives, shotgun, revolver ("I put two bullets in my gun. One for me, and one for you. Oh darling, it will be so beautiful")

Personal philosophy: "Swearing has no nobility. At the feedstore do I say, 'Oh, now Wally, give me a bag of that F-in' pig feed, and a pound of that bitchly cow corn'? Or, 'Oh, Mrs. Malenger, here is one big bastard of a cheque, now give me some of your Christ-ing money!'"

Character witness: "Crazy bitch" *Paul Sheldon, author*

Last seen: revisiting Sheldon as a haunting flashback in a restaurant

Misery (1990) will be available on DVD this summer

'My feelings are dead, I feel no remorse. It's a terrible thing'



'Are you sure I'm illegally parked?'

7 NORMAN BATES

Mummy's boy Anthony Perkins is Hitchcock's homicidal hotelier in the original *Psycho*

Name: Norman Francis Bates

Resides: Bates Motel, Arizona

Description: usually male; tall and thin; dark hair and eyes; wears normal shirts and trousers. Occasionally female; tall and thin; white hair and dark eyes; old lady's dress

Favoured weapon: butcher's knife

Prepared to improvise: usually only in the *Psycho* sequels (and with assistance) – staircase, ashtray, shovel, strychnine, guitar, lamp, ashtray, swamp water, spear and bees

Personal philosophy: "Mother goes a little mad sometimes. We all go a little mad sometimes. Haven't you?" (*As Norman*)

Character witness: "Norman Bates no longer exists. He only half existed to begin with. And now, the other half has taken over, probably for all time" *Dr Richmond, psychiatrist*

Last seen: being carted off to a mental institution for a 22-year stretch

The man behind the monster: "I think the thing that appealed to me and made me decide to do the picture was the suddenness of the murder in the shower, coming, as it were, out of the blue. That was about all" *Alfred Hitchcock, Director*

Psycho (1960) is available to buy on DVD, £19.99 (Columbia-Tristar)

'Mother goes mad sometimes. We all go a little mad sometimes'

'Please, no. Not the Tommy Cooper impression'

'It's good, listen:
"Just like that"'



6

MR BLONDE

Michael Madsen is the insane element of the Technicolor gang of Reservoir Dogs

Name: "Toothpick" Vic Vega

Resides: Los Angeles

Description: tall; dark hair; dark eyes; black suit; black tie; cowboy boots; Ray-Bans

Favoured weapon: cut-throat razor

Prepared to improvise: gun, fists, petrol and lighter

Personal philosophy: "If you're talking like a bitch, I'm gonna slap you like a bitch!"

"I don't give a good fuck what you know or don't know, I'm going to torture you anyway... regardless"

Character witness: "What you're supposed to do is act like a professional. A psychopath ain't a professional. Can't work with a psychopath. You don't know what they're gonna do next" *Mr White*

"Mr Blonde's the only guy I completely trust – he's too homicidal to work with the cops" *Mr Pink*

Last seen: being pumped full of bullets by the blood-soaked Mr Orange

The men behind the monster: "I had a hard time with the cop saying, 'I've got a kid.' That wasn't in the script. That came out in a rehearsal. We were up in this warehouse doing improvs. The cop was in the chair. I had the lighter and I was going to light him up. He said, 'Don't burn me! Don't burn me. I've got a kid!' I said, 'Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute.' Then I turned to Quentin Tarantino and said, 'Quentin, I'm not going to do that. He can't say that to me. I ain't gonna light him on fire.' And Quentin says, 'No, no, I think it's great! I think

'I don't give a good fuck what you know or don't know, I'm going to torture you anyway'

it's wonderful! It brings a whole new element to it!' I said, 'Quentin, maybe it does, but it's not the element that you wrote man, OK? It's a thing that you've now come to because this actor has ad-libbed. And it changes it for me. It makes Mr. Blonde into something else, and I don't want to go that way'" *Michael Madsen*

"For some people the violence is a mountain they can't climb. That's OK. It's not their cup of tea. But I am affecting them. I wanted that scene to be disturbing"

Quentin Tarantino, Director

Reservoir Dogs (1991) is available on Region 1 DVD, £18 (Artisan)



5

LEATHERFACE

Gunnar Hansen as a cannibal family's loose cannon in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*

Name: Bubba Sawyer

Resides: backwoods shack, Texas

Description: heavy-set; wears masks made of victims' faces

Favoured weapon: obvious really

Prepared to improvise: when the chainsaw isn't handy a sledgehammer will do

Personal philosophy: "Basically, Leatherface likes to kill. He's passive around his family, but otherwise he likes to kill" *Gunnar Hansen*

Character witness: "Aaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!!!" *Sally Hardesty*

Last seen: standing in the middle of a road waving his chainsaw at the fleeing Sally Hardesty

The man behind the monster: "Some of my victims didn't want to talk to me. They wouldn't even hang out with me. They wanted to feel authentically scared. When Jerry (Allen Danziger) first saw me in costume he was so scared he screamed and dived out of the shot" *Gunnar Hansen*

Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1974) is available to buy on DVD, £15.99 (Blue Dolphin)

'Leatherface likes to kill. He's passive around his family, but otherwise he likes to kill'

'Grrrrrrr'

4

JACK TORRANCE

Stephen King + Stanley Kubrick + Jack Nicholson = horror classic, *The Shining*

Name: Jack Torrance

Resides: Overlook Hotel, Colorado mountains (quite near Annie Wilkes' place)

Description: dark, receding hair; dark, insane eyes; dark plaid shirt; possessed by an evil force (probably a dark one)

Favoured weapon: axe

Prepared to improvise: yes, as long as it's an axe

Personal philosophy: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"

"You've had your whole fucking life to think things

over, what good's a few minutes more gonna do you now?"

Character witness: "I just wanna go back to my room" *Wendy Torrance*

Last seen: trapped in a maze, freezing to death in a blizzard

The men behind the monster: "I want to be out of control as an actor" *Jack Nicholson*

The boy in front of the monster: "All I thought about was how much stuff my mum and dad were gonna buy me with all that money"

Danny Lloyd (the kid)

The Shining (1980) is available on Region 1 DVD, £18 (Warner Home Video)



'Brrrrrrr'

'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy'

Dr Lecter: messy eater,
great conductor

3 DR HANNIBAL LECTER

Sir Anthony Hopkins sinks his teeth into the role of the psychotic psychiatric in *Silence Of The Lambs*

Name: Dr Hannibal "The Cannibal" Lecter

Resides: in a dungeon-like cell with no window; bolted-down furniture; decorated with hand-drawn pictures in charcoal; not homely

Description: middle-aged; slicked-back hair; doesn't blink

Favoured weapon: anything that comes to hand

Prepared to improvise: yes... usually with anything that comes to hand

Personal philosophy: "I give you a bit of help. Do you think it's because I like to look at you, and imagine how good you would taste...?"

Character witness: "Oh, he's a monster. A pure psychopath... it's so rare to capture one alive. From a research point of view, Dr Lecter is our most prized asset" *Dr Frederick Chilton*

Last seen: about to have an old friend for dinner

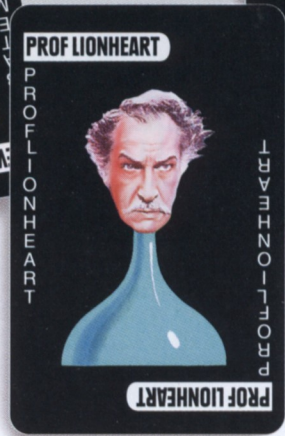
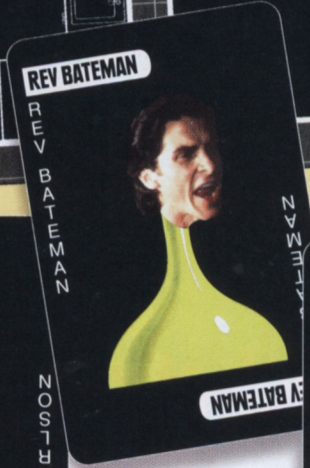
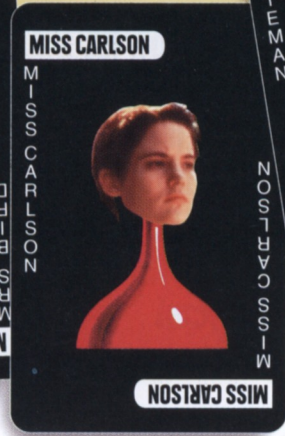
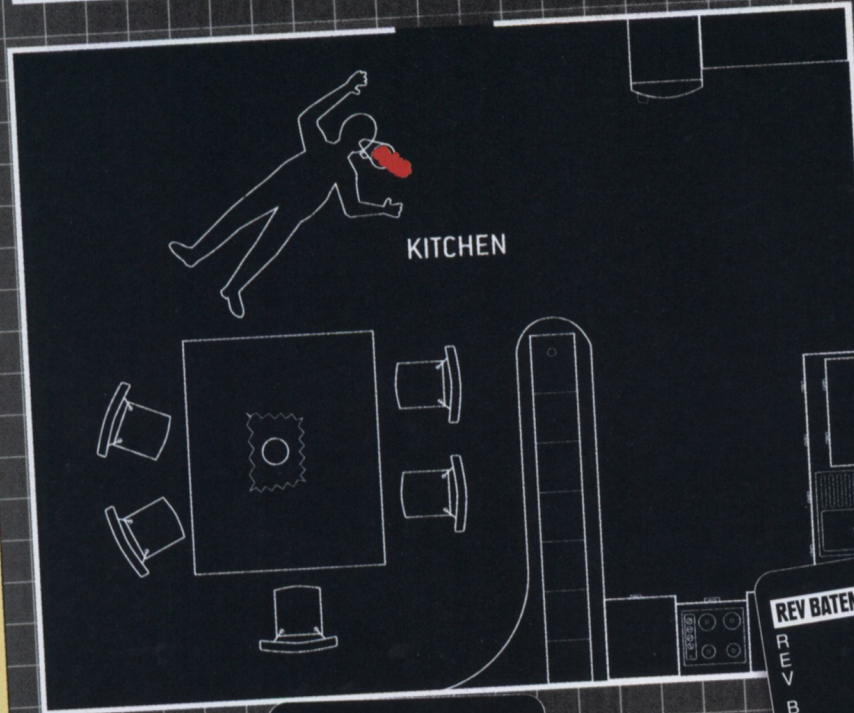
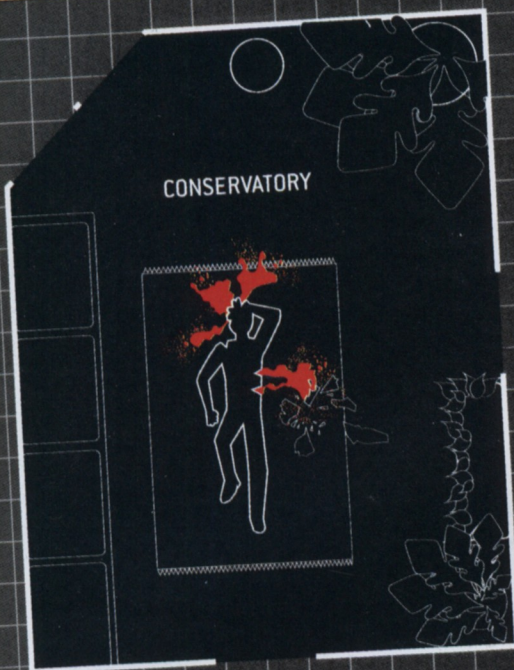
The men behind the monster: "If I go to a coffee shop, a lot of times people ask me to do the Hannibal Lecter voice for them. I'll do it too. Whatever they want. They usually ask me to say the 'fava beans and chianti' line. It's fun, I never get bored by it" *Sir Anthony Hopkins*

Silence Of The Lambs (1991) is available on Region 1 DVD, £20 (Image Entertainment)

'Do you think I look at you and imagine how you taste?'



ILLUSTRATION: SIMON BROWN. PHOTOGRAPHS: PICTORIAL PRESS; BARNABY'S PICTURE LIBRARY; REX FEATURES; ARDEA





WAS IT COLONEL BICKLE, IN THE CONSERVATORY, WITH THE SEAGULL?

Play Deado, Hotdog's homicidal homage to the finest whodunnit board game in the world

Everyone knows that Cluedo is the classic board game but, be honest, that Agatha Christie-style murder mystery is starting to look a bit dated, isn't it? Prof Plum, the rope, the dining room? Deado! And it's not a game for all the family (unless you're the Mansons). Imagine the scene: a murder has been committed at the Cursed House Of Death And Blood. There are six suspects, six murder

weapons, six rooms and a body. Well, actually there are lots of bodies. There's a dead pimp in the lounge, someone's been pecked to death in the conservatory, and as for the dead hooker in the bathroom... she's just a bloody mess. As the chief investigative officer, it's your job to figure out who did what to whom and where. There are plenty of clues dotted around the place, but can you name all the killers and the films they came from?

If you want to play the original (and still the best) board game, buy Cluedo. Available from all good toy shops, RRP £16.99. For details, telephone Hasbro: 00800 2242 7276.

Give us a clue

Yeah, we know you know Mrs Bird in the conservatory with the beak (from *The Birds*) Col Bickle in the lounge with the .44 Magnum (from *Taxi Driver*) Rev Bateman in the bathroom with the chainsaw (from *American Psycho*) Miss Carlson in the bedroom with the stiletto (from *Single White Female*) Prof Lionheart with the poodle pie in the kitchen (from *Theatre Of Blood*) Mrs Jaws in the indoor swimming pool with the teeth (from *Jaws*)

'No McDonald's in the jungle? Oh, the horror, the horror'

'Horror and moral terror are your friends. If they are not, then they are enemies to be feared'

2 COLONEL KURTZ

After one too many search and destroy missions in the 'Nam, Marlon Brando goes nuts in *Apocalypse Now*

Name: Colonel Walter E Kurtz

Resides: Kurtz Compound, Vietnam

Description: tall; bulky; shaven-skulled; renegade army officer

Favoured weapon: his private army

Prepared to improvise: not really

Personal philosophy: "It's impossible for words to describe what is necessary to those who do not know what horror means. Horror has a face, and you must make a friend of horror. Horror and moral terror are your friends. If they are not, then they are enemies to be feared"

Character witness: "I thought that the minute I looked at him, I'd know what to do, but it didn't happen. I was in there with him for days, not under guard, I was free, but he knew

I wasn't going anywhere. He knew more about what I was going to do than I did. If the generals back in the Trang could see what I saw, would they still want me to kill him? And what would his people back home want if they ever learned just how far from them he'd really gone? He broke from them, and then he broke from himself. I'd never seen a man so broken up and ripped apart"
Captain Benjamin L Willard

Last seen: hacked to death with a machete muttering: "The Horror! The Horror!"

The man behind the monster: "The most important thing I wanted to do in the making of *Apocalypse Now* was to create a film experience that would give its audience a sense of the horror, the madness, the sensuousness, and the moral dilemma of the Vietnam War"
Francis Ford Coppola

Apocalypse Now (1979) is available on Region 1 DVD, £20 (Paramount)

BUBBLING UNDER: THE WORST OF THE REST

They're not quite evil enough. They're semi-evil. They're quasi-evil. They're the margarine of evil. They're the Diet Coke of evil, just one calorie. Sorry, not evil enough

11. Keyser Soze
The Usual Suspects

12. Michael Myers
Halloween

13. Itchy
The Itchy & Scratchy Movie

14. Castor Troy
Face/Off

15. Max Cady
Cape Fear

16. Patrick Bateman
American Psycho

17. The Tooth Fairy
Manhunter

18. Travis Bickle
Taxi Driver

19. Vincent Vega
Pulp Fiction

20. Tommy Udo
Kiss Of Death

21. Norman Stansfield
Léon

22. Lucy Harbin
Strait-Jacket

23. Tommy De Vito
GoodFellas

24. Nicky Santoro
Casino

25. Mark Lewis
Peeping Tom

26. Garland Greene
Con Air

27. Buffalo Bill
Silence Of The Lambs

28. Rev Harry Powell
The Night Of The Hunter

29. Jimmy Jump
King Of New York

30. Waingro
Heat

31. Early Grayce
Kalifornia

32. Alex Forrest
Fatal Attraction

33. Hans Beckert
M

34. Frank Booth
Blue Velvet

35. Scorpio
Dirty Harry

36. Indio
For A Few Dollars More

37. Duane Hall
Annie Hall

38. Richard Gecko
Dusk Till Dawn

39. Catherine
Black Widow

40. Dr Evil
Austin Powers

1

'Do I look mad?'

'How about now?'

'Now?'

'Oh, forget it'

'What I've done is going to be studied and followed... forever'

1

JOHN DOE

Kevin Spacey makes a special guest appearance as the undisputed king of the crazies in *Seven*

Name: Jonathan Doe

Resides: small, poorly furnished apartment, New York

Description: average height, average build, no credit history, no employment records. "All we know is he's independently wealthy, well-educated and totally insane"

Favoured weapon: none

Prepared to improvise: is he ever! Spaghetti, butcher's knife, sleeping pills, restraints and a drip, gun and a metal penal dagger fashioned at Wild Bill's fetish shop

Personal philosophy: "What sick, ridiculous puppets we are and what a gross little stage we dance on. What fun we have, dancing and fucking – without a care in the world. We are nothing, we are not what was intended"

"What I've done is going to be puzzled over, and studied, and followed... forever"

Character witness: "He's no messiah. He's a movie-of-the-week; a fucking T-shirt... at best" *Detective David Mills*

"He's a nut-bag and just because the fucker's got a library card, it doesn't mean he's Yoda" *Detective Mills*

Last seen: being shot repeatedly in wrathful vengeance, thereby fulfilling his life's "work"

The men behind the monster: "We created a setting that reflects the moral decay of the people in it. Everything is falling apart. Nothing is working properly. Each set was built and then weathered, worn and aged to reflect the mental state of the characters who lived, worked or died there" *Arthur Max, Production Designer*

"My only concern with *Seven* was that I had just shot *The Usual Suspects* and my name as an actor in film was starting to mean something to people, and I imagined myself as an audience member and looked at it from

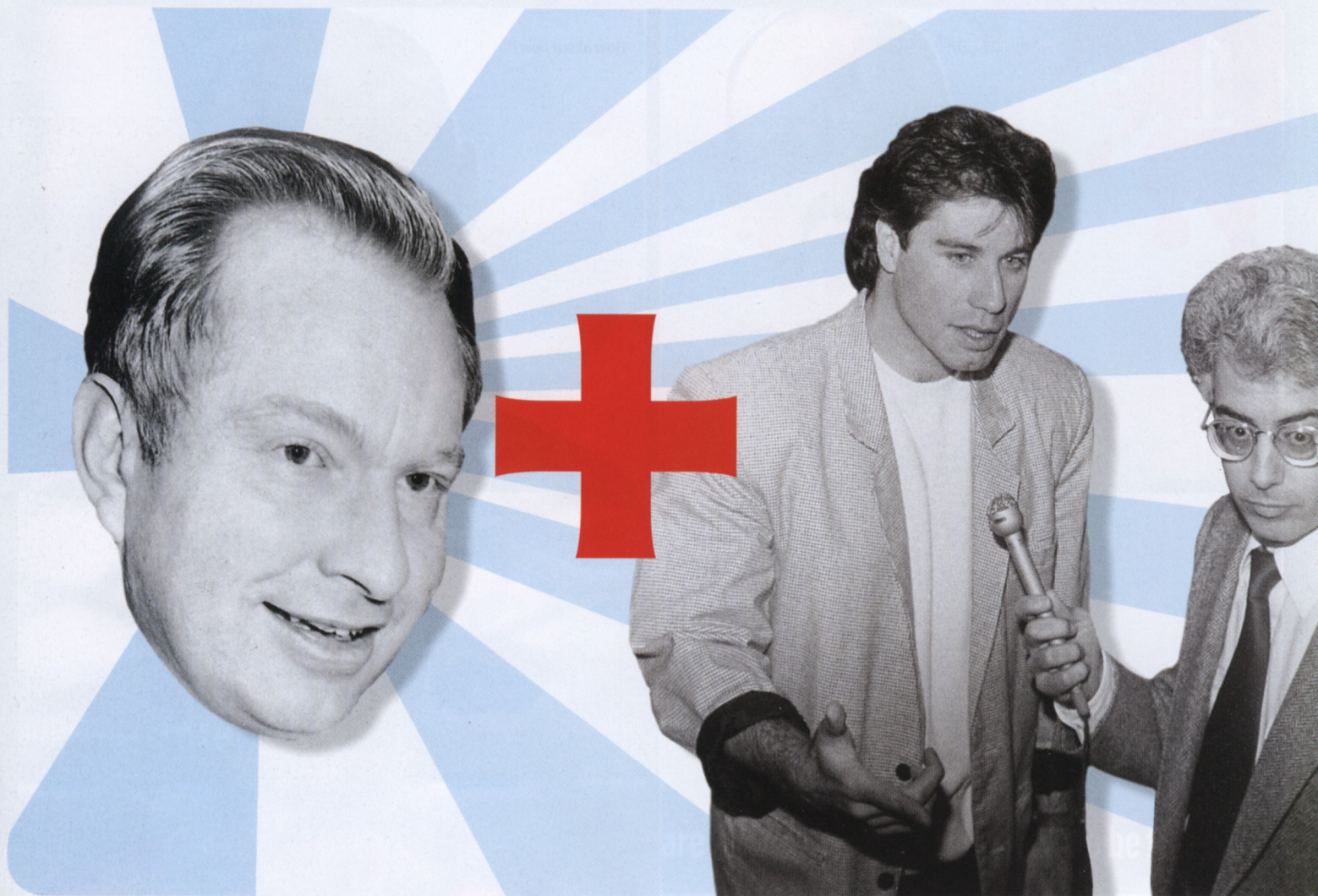
a practical point of view. If I see a name come up third in the credits and they don't show up for the first 55 minutes of the movie, and the movie's about chasing a serial killer, who am I going to figure's playing that part? I think it's better for the film if you don't only not know who's playing the part, but you can't even figure out if they're ever going to catch the guy. So I said: 'You can use my name at the end of the movie but you cannot advertise me, you cannot use my photograph, you can't put me in ads, and I can't do interviews'" *Kevin Spacey Seven (1995) is available on DVD, £17.99 (Entertainment In Video) □*

Have we missed out your favourite nutter?

If so, write and tell us your Top Ten movie psychos.

Hotdog, iFG, 37 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3JB.

Fax: 020-7691 4547. E-mail: hotdog@ifg.uk.com



'WHAT HAVE THE PSYCHLOS EVER DONE FOR US?'

Is John Travolta's new film, *Battlefield Earth*, a harmless piece of space-invader science fiction or a sinister recruitment drive for the Church of Scientology? Bringing with it more than a hint of genuine paranoia, it's set to kick up the biggest religious fuss since *The Last Temptation Of Christ*

REPORTING FROM THE YEAR 3000: BOYD FARROW

'Seventy-five million years ago a tyrant named Xenu ruled the Galactic Confederation, an alliance of 76 planets – including Earth – then called Teegeeeack. Xenu's officers gathered up all the overpopulation in this sector of the galaxy, brought them to Earth and then exterminated them using hydrogen bombs. The spirits of these murdered beings, called 'body thetans', have been running rampant ever since, attaching themselves to human bodies and reaping all sorts of havoc."

This is not the plot of a summer blockbuster. This is actually central to the sprawling theology behind the Church of Scientology, which was created in Los Angeles in 1954 by the science fiction writer and pop therapist, L.(Lafayette) Ron Hubbard.

Hubbard and Scientology have always been keen on recruiting Hollywood celebrities. Indeed, as far back as 1955, Hubbard acknowledged the value of famous people to his organisation when he inaugurated "Project Celebrity". According to Hubbard, Scientologists should target prominent individuals as their "quarry" and bring them back like trophies.

In a six-part investigative report on Scientology in the *Los Angeles Times* in 1990 – a piece that recounted many of Hubbard's own beliefs, including this article's

THE SUN
NEVER
SETS ON
SCIENTOLOGY



opening paragraph – Hubbard's list of suitable candidates included Marlene Dietrich, Ernest Hemingway, Howard Hughes, Greta Garbo, Walt Disney, Billy Graham and Groucho Marx. "If you bring one of them home you will get a small plaque as a reward," Hubbard wrote in a Scientology magazine more than three decades ago.

Though Hubbard died of a stroke in 1986, it appears that Hubbard's disciples – under the leadership of his successor, 39-year-old David Miscavige – have been notching up those blue plaques in recent years. High-profile celebrity converts include Tom Cruise, Cruise's first wife Mimi Rogers (who reportedly introduced him to Scientology), Anne Archer, Elvis Presley's widow Priscilla and his daughter Lisa Marie, Kirstie Alley, Jenna Elfman, Isaac Hayes and Nancy Cartwright, the voice of Bart Simpson.

And, of course, there is the church's most vocal celebrity, John Travolta, who credits Hubbard's teachings with giving him confidence and direction. "All I've had are benefits," Travolta has repeatedly said.

Travolta's conversion reportedly happened in 1975 during the filming of a now-forgotten horror

film, *The Devil's Rain*. When the then unknown actor came down with a severe cold and sore throat, actress Joan Prather told him that she could help him by using a technique known as "touch assist". Travolta is reported to have declared later: "The sore throat went away, so then I knew something was really working here. I needed to find out more about it."

Twenty-five years later, Travolta (married to actress Kelly Preston – another Scientologist and one of his co-stars in the movie) has brought to the screen his pet project, *Battlefield Earth*. This is the first big screen adaptation of any Hubbard science fiction work and the first film to be based on any of Hubbard's writings since the western *The Spider Returns* in 1941. Travolta was reported in the *Wall Street Journal* on March 24 as saying it is "like putting Tennessee Williams' first works on the screen. It's a big deal."

Despite his superstar clout, Travolta failed to get the film made for a dozen years: in the mid-Eighties he first lent his name to several screenplay adaptations of the Hubbard 1982 novel. Script problems and a projected \$100m budget were often blamed for the film being regularly mothballed, but many movie executives thought

another big factor was the film's source materials. Though everyone connected with *Battlefield Earth* stresses that the movie has nothing to do with Scientology, some feared the Hubbard connection could provoke a backlash and make the film difficult to sell in places such as Germany and France, where Scientology has come under heavy government attack.

As a movement, Scientology is incredibly powerful and resilient. *Dianetics*, the Scientology Bible, has sold 16 million copies, and the organisation claims eight million members around the world. It is estimated that Scientology makes \$300m a year in income, and it has an estimated \$2bn in assets worldwide. Some have gone as far as to claim that Scientology is making inroads into global political systems and has taken over a significant part of the Hollywood media machine.

According to Elie Samaha, the head of Franchise Pictures (which produced the film for distributor Warner Bros), Travolta has contributed more than \$5m of his own money to the film. Ironically, a whole chunk of the film's financing came from a German company called Intertainment. In 1998, Dustin Hoffman, Goldie Hawn, former Warner →



John Travolta as Terl (Wailers not pictured)

➔ Bros studio chief Terry Semel, and Hollywood lawyer Bert Fields were among several signatories of a letter to the German chancellor protesting discrimination against Scientologists. In Germany, unlike the US, Scientology is denied the tax-exempt status of a religion.

Unsurprisingly, *Battlefield Earth* has recently brought a lot of media attention to the subject of Scientology. Six weeks before the film's US release, FactNet, a free speech group that has long battled Scientology leaders via the Internet, warned that "lawsuits may soon be flying" over the movie. FactNet claims that Scientology secretly financed the film, that it will use the film to recruit new members, and that it has otherwise been involved in the development, production and promotion of the film. More contentiously, in its statement FactNet also alleges that Scientology "has placed subliminal messages in the *Battlefield Earth* film master to surreptitiously recruit new members from the movie audience".

Like science fiction, the subject of subliminal messages has long captured the public imagination,

FactNet alleges that Scientology 'has placed subliminal messages in the Battlefield Earth film to recruit new members from the audience'

partly thanks to Bryan Key's 1973 book, *Subliminal Seduction*. The term "subliminal" means "below the threshold of consciousness" from the Latin *sub* and *limen*. The idea is that certain things are heard, seen, or felt that never reach our conscious thought processes, and that those things may still be recorded somewhere in our mind and have an impact on our decisions and behaviour.

Key argued that advertising professionals use this concept to hide images within advertisements, and that these images manipulate our behaviour without our even realising we have seen them. While what psychologists call "subception" is a real psychological phenomenon, all research on this topic indicates that subliminal stimulation is incapable of affecting our purchasing.

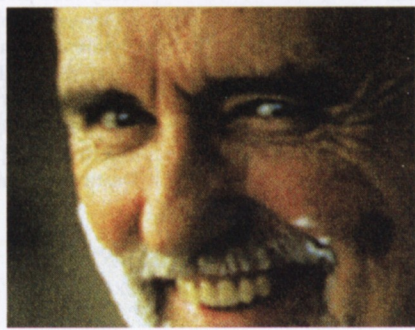
Nevertheless, conspiracy theorists have long claimed that subliminal messages have been placed in many records and movies. Perhaps the most famous debate of subliminal messages was the 1990 Judas Priest trial in Reno, Nevada, that followed the suicide of two teenage boys. Their parents alleged that a subliminal message hidden in "Better By You

Better Than Me", a track on the British rock group's 1978 album *Stained Class*, contributed to the boys' suicidal impulse. The subliminal phrase at issue was: "Do it." The defendants, who denied any and all knowledge of subliminal messages, and also denied having engaged in any tricks during production of the record, were acquitted.

In 1991, the parents of Michael Waller, who shot himself in the head while listening to Ozzy Osbourne's "Suicide Solution", claimed that subliminal messages may have influenced their son's actions. The judge in that trial granted the summary judgment because the plaintiffs could not show that there was any subliminal material on the record. Significantly, though, the judge noted that if the plaintiffs had shown that subliminal content was present, the messages would not have received protection under the First Amendment because "subliminal messages are, in principle, false, misleading or extremely limited in their social value".

The only filmmaker who has ever admitted to having placed subliminal images in a movie for dramatic purposes was William Friedkin who inserted images during a dream sequence in his 1973 film *The Exorcist*. Friedkin has said that he wanted to illustrate the symbiosis of dreams and how the mind plays tricks. These images can't be seen when the movie is screened at its correct speed, but they are visible if someone goes to the trouble of sitting through the DVD of the film frame-by-frame.

David Fincher placed a faux subliminal pornographic image in his 1999 film *Fight Club*



purely as a joke: subliminal messages were discussed by characters in the film. A few column inches have also been notched up over certain scenes of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, in which the animated character Jessica Rabbit appears to be wearing no knickers, but it is unclear what subliminal message the filmmakers could be trying to send here. The work of a bored animator or a shortage of ink could explain it.

Battlefield Earth is set in the year 3000, where man is no match for the Psychlos, a manipulative race of aliens on a quest for global domination. Led by Terl, a heavily disguised Travolta, the Psychlos have taken all natural resources for themselves and left mankind behind to rot. After humanity has given up the fight, a young man named Tyler leaves his desolate home in the Rocky Mountains to take a final stand.

There certainly does not seem any reason why the makers of *Battlefield Earth* should need to resort to such manipulative tactics as subliminal messages. After all, Hubbard's philosophy is proudly expounded in the novel that the film is based on. This is basically that all nations and peoples of the world should be consolidated into a single, benevolent corporation that works for the good of mankind and only by casting off the shackles of psychiatric domination, will people truly be free. Furthermore it does not seem to be coincidental that the baddies in *Battlefield Earth* are called Psychlos when Scientologists often refer to their twin bugbears psychology and psychiatry as "the psychs".

A new electronic edition of *Battlefield Earth* is being published to coincide with the release of the

Scientology has a lot to gain from Battlefield Earth... sales of toys could be worth \$50m

film while a paperback tie-in movie edition of *Battlefield Earth* — with a cover highlighting Travolta in his role as the alien menace — is also being published.

Responding to accusations that the film was intended to promote the controversial church, Travolta, has said: "This book is something else entirely. One is a science fiction novel, the other Scientology is a philosophy. Hopefully, people will get over any confusion [between the two]."

Nevertheless, the Church of Scientology has a lot to gain from the success of *Battlefield Earth*, apart from the fact it could propel Hubbard's name further into the mainstream. Even if the

organisation did not participate in the making of the film, according to Scientology spokesman Mike Rinder it was included in the merchandising agreement. Sales of toys based on a hit movie (remember the success of *Star Wars* and *Toy Story 2*?) can easily be worth as much as \$50m and any deal for merchandising automatically includes Author Services, the agency that handles all of Hubbard's works.

Whatever happens, *Battlefield Earth* looks set to become one of the most controversial movies since *The Life Of Brian* and *The Last Temptation Of Christ*. And it doesn't even feature a Messiah. Or does it? ☐

Battlefield Earth is released nationwide on June 2



Los Angeles, 1986: Scientologists protest a \$30m lawsuit against their church

illy Crudup
amantha Morton
enis Leary
olly Hunter
ennis Hopper

"WHEN I'M RUSHING
ON MY RUN AND
I FEEL JUST LIKE
JESUS' SON" Lou Reed

ry raindrop
t's name. I sensed everything
ppened."

ALLIANCE
ATLANTIS

1980:

The United States boycotts the Olympic Games in Moscow. The SAS storm the Iranian Embassy in London. John Lennon is murdered in New York. Unemployment hits two million in the UK. Ronald Reagan is elected US President. Paul McCartney is deported from Japan on suspicion of importing marijuana. And a bunch of drugged-up comedians filmed the funniest golf movie ever seen – ‘debauchery reigned every night’ and by day they created... Caddyshack



The omens weren't promising. A rookie director with no interest in golf who didn't want to make the film. Two hugely competitive stars whose animosity for one another had already led to a punch-up. Another lead actor who had more experience behind the desk in an aluminium sales office than in front of a camera. A producer with an ego the size of Everest. Add to this potentially combustible mixture, a cast and crew with some spectacular drug habits and a shooting location on the east coast of Florida that

guaranteed the free flow of cocaine. And who can predict the outcome when the director blows a tenth of his entire budget on a glorified glove puppet of a gopher with a weakness for the music of Kenny Loggins?

Caddyshack – a unique fusion of golf and strong drugs – will never feature in any serious critic's list of great films. Even its own director admits that it's "sloppy filmmaking". It pays scant attention to plot, its editing is haphazard, but it has one redeeming virtue: it's funny. Very funny. Twenty years on, its cult status assured, it's the funniest sports film ever made, capable of provoking belly laughs with or without pharmaceutical assistance.

Notionally, it's the story of a young golf caddie (Michael O'Keefe) trying to win a scholarship and receiving an education in the ways of the world and women. In reality, it's a romp dominated by such sight gags as a cleric who believes he's playing with divine inspiration... until he's struck by lightning; ➔

STORY: JOHN NAUGHTON





'Holy cow, it's a double bogey'



'Oooh, it's OK. I've found the aerial'

→ a chocolate bar thrown into a swimming pool and mistaken for a turd; and the simple comic pleasure of seeing a golf ball driven at speed into a man's genitals. Beyond this, it's primarily a vehicle for three great comedians – Bill Murray, Chevy Chase and Rodney Dangerfield – all at the top of their game.

The architects of *Caddyshack* were director, Harold Ramis, and his co-writers, Douglas Kenney and Brian Doyle-Murray (brother of Bill). Ramis and Kenney, veterans of *National Lampoon*, were hot after co-writing *Animal House* – the surprise hit of 1978 – and Ramis had gone on to co-script the summer-camp comedy *Meatballs*, which had also performed well.

"Harold Ramis and Doug Kenney were already legends in Hollywood," explains co-producer Mark Canton. "They came in with a 199-page screenplay and I had no idea what it was." This didn't prevent the company, Orion, giving the project the go-ahead with Ramis in the director's chair.

"I told (co-producer) Jon Peters that I wanted to direct," recalls Ramis. "He looked at me and said: 'You look like a director.' That was all it took."

After the run of writing success, Ramis felt he was ready to direct, but *Caddyshack* wasn't what he had in mind. He remains

resolutely ignorant about golf – the inspiration for this came from Doyle-Murray who had worked as a caddy in the Chicago suburb of Wilmette, and saw a potential for satire and conflict in the contrast between the blue-collar caddies and the rich professionals who hired them.

"I was hoping to do a very dark comedy about the American Nazi Party," Ramis laughs. "And Doug wanted to do a movie set in the Himalayas about the Buddhists fighting the Red Chinese."

Filming began on September 5, 1979, and was to last 11 weeks with a budget of £3m. Over the course of the shoot, Iran would capture 52 US hostages and begin the agonising national humiliation that would culminate in the bitter end of Jimmy Carter's presidency. The impact of this on the makers of *Caddyshack* was negligible. They wanted to party. The crew descended on Fort Lauderdale and took over an entire motel where, according to Jon Peters' biography, *Hit And Run*, "debauchery reigned every night".

Chiefs among the partygoers were Chevy Chase and Bill Murray who, although from wildly different backgrounds, shared a common fondness for excess. For the first generation of *Saturday Night Live* stars, this was a golden period. Over in Chicago, John



Carl Spackler: I have a license to kill gophers. To kill, you must know your enemy, and in this case the enemy is a varmint. And a varmint will never quit – ever. They're like the Viet Cong – Varmint Cong. So you have to rely on superior intelligence and fire power.

CHASE'S COKE CONSUMPTION SURPASSED EVERYONE ELSE'S – EVEN JOHN BELUSHI'S



Belushi and Dan Aykroyd were shooting *The Blues Brothers*, the show was riding high in the Nielsen ratings and the demands of their lifestyle had yet to catch up with the main participants.

For the wealthy, urbane and WASP-ish Chase, scion of the Crane Urinal fortune, the natural party accompaniment was cocaine. In the first season of *Saturday Night Live*, Chase's cocaine consumption surpassed that of everyone else on the show – Belushi included. He demonstrated his vast experience in *Caddyshack* when, as playboy golfer Ty Webb, he shows his girl how to consume tequila: he chews the lime, dispenses with the salt, throws the booze over his shoulder and snorts a thick line of cocaine.

Murray, by contrast, was the blue-collar and brooding outsider. One of nine children in an Irish-Catholic family raised in the Chicago suburbs, he had replaced Chase on *Saturday Night Live* after the first series. For Murray it was always marijuana. At college he was suspected of dealing and in the early Seventies he was arrested while trying to board a TWA flight. As he checked in his suitcase, he informed security for a laugh that it contained a bomb. When it was opened this proved not to be the case. It did, however, contain eight pounds of marijuana. →



Al Czervik: Oh, this is your wife, huh? A lovely lady. Hey baby, you must've been something before electricity.

Czervik: The last time I saw a mouth like that it had a hook in it.

Czervik: Oh, this is the worst-looking hat I ever saw. What, when you buy a hat like that I bet you get a free bowl of soup, huh? Oh, it looks good on you, though.



'Don't come any closer, Mr Murray. I'm actually a groundhog'

➔ As the gopher-obsessed and permanently stoned assistant green keeper, Carl Spackler, Murray also brings his narcotic expertise to bear in the film. "We sat and had lunch," recalls Ramis. "And we started talking about Carl growing grass that you could play on and smoke at the same time."

Murray, toting a joint to rival the Camberwell Carrot, extemporised: "This is a hybrid. This is a cross, ah, of bluegrass, Kentucky bluegrass, Featherbed Bent, and Northern California Sensemilia. The amazing thing about this stuff is that you can play 36 holes on it in the afternoon, take it home and just get stoned to the bejeezus-belt that night."

Fellow actor Michael O'Donoghue once said that Murray "always looks like he's just been hit in the back of the head with a two-by-four". Never was this more true than in *Caddyshack*.

Murray only spent a week on the set of *Caddyshack* – he was already tied up with his portrayal of Hunter S Thompson in *Where The Buffalo Roam* – but Chase didn't have to look far for other party animals. Co-writer, Doug Kenney, a founder of *National Lampoon*, had by now developed a serious cocaine addiction to rival Chase's. The following year he fell to his death in Hawaii

Sandy [in broad Scottish accent]: Carl I want you to kill all the gophers on the golf course.

Carl Spackler: Correct me if I'm wrong Sandy, but if I kill all the golfers they'll lock me up and throw away the key.

Sandy: Not golfers, you great fool! Gophers, rodents!

Carl Spackler: We can do that. We don't even need a reason.



'IT WAS MY JOB TO SEE THAT THERE WAS ENOUGH MAYHEM'



'I'd rather we didn't shake on it, Mr Scissorhands'

when the cliff on which he was standing collapsed – Ramis named Michael Keaton's character in *Multiplicity* Doug Kinney in his honour. For now, he and Chase became chief cheerleaders in the nightly parties.

Presently, the nocturnal hi-jinks switched from the Fort Lauderdale motel to the Rolling Hills Country Club in Davie that doubled as the exterior set for Bushwood Golf Club. Having spent all day messing around on the course, it seemed only logical to carry on at night.

"Everybody decided they wanted to recreate the famous Patton-Rommel tank battle in Africa on the golf course," recalls Scott Colomby, who played cap-sleeved caddie, Tony. "They broke into the room where they recharged all the golf carts



'Now, that's what I call "addressing the ball"'

Judge Smalls: So Ty, what did you shoot today?

Ty Webb: Oh, Judge, I don't keep score.

Judge Smalls: Then how do you measure yourself against other golfers?

Ty Webb: By height.



and started them all up. They got onto the green and started ramming one another."

Such *faux*-military manoeuvres met with the hearty approval of co-producer Mark Canton. "It was my job to see that enough mayhem happened," he recalls. "We wanted it to get back to Hollywood that fun was happening."

The mechanical mayhem wasn't just restricted to after-hours cavorting. Murray and Chase, who'd had a sparky relationship ever since they'd clashed backstage on the third series of *Saturday Night Live*, found themselves on a motorised mower for a scene which was subsequently cut.

Chase takes up the story... "There's a bit of the bully in Billy. I'd said to him, when I jump up on the tractor with you I've got these spikes on, and there's really no place to get a grip. So don't make any sudden moves because the tractor had these wings that were actually mowers. Of course, we do the scene, I jump up there sliding around, holding on, and Billy makes a fast right. I had to jump 15 feet off the tractor to miss getting mowed over."

Ramis, meanwhile, was worrying that his first film could also be his last. "The first day was a disaster," he reflects ruefully. "We were going to do a long speech which, in the finished version of the film, is done by Bill Murray. It's the speech where he talks about caddying for the Dalai Lama in the Himalayas. I'd let the production manager talk me into using a local actor. He said: 'Don't worry, he's a little funny. In the Korean War he went through the windshield of a helicopter and he's never been the same since.' This guy could not remember two lines and, when he did, the acting was horrible. So, at the end of the first day, I'm thinking, that's it. They're going to see this in Hollywood and they're going to call and say, 'Get out, let's get a real director in.'"

Aside from wingding locals, Ramis was facing other dilemmas due to his novice status as a director. Prime among these was a reluctance to ask nubile female lead, Cindy Morgan, to dispense with her clothing to provide the movie's necessary T&A shots.

"Jon Peters called and said, 'She's gotta take her clothes off,'" remembers Ramis. "I said, 'I'm not gonna ask her. You ask her.'"

Peters was a maverick, explosive figure. A former hairdresser who, on his first visit to cut Barbra Streisand's locks, famously told her: "You've got a great ass." There was never any doubt what the outcome of his conversation with Morgan would be.



'Hello, Rodney. Yeah, I've found my aerial as well'



Carl Spackler: It's a hybrid. It's a cross, ah, of bluegrass, Kentucky bluegrass, Featherbed Bent, and Northern California Sensemilia. The amazing thing about this grass is that you can play 36 holes on it in the afternoon, take it home and just get stoned to the bejeezus-belt that night.

"I don't know what he said to her," says Ramis. "But five minutes later she came out saying, 'I'm taking my clothes off now.'"

Although aimed full-square at a youth audience and with the cream of new talent in Bill Murray and Chevy Chase, *Caddyshack* also boasted two highly talented comedians from the other end of the age scale. Ted Knight took the part of pompous autocrat, Judge Smalls. Best known for playing smooth newsreader Ted Baxter in *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, Knight got his early acting break as a prison guard in the final scene of *Psycho* and brought adroit comic delivery to the stereotypical role.

It was his nemesis, however, the gauche, nouveau riche property developer Al Czervik, played by Rodney Dangerfield, who stole the film. Throwing out a succession of crude gags with his jackhammer delivery – "You're a lot of woman, you know that? You wanna make \$14 the hard way?" – Dangerfield is hysterical from start to finish. Amazingly, *Caddyshack* was his first film, after a career which had seen him give up on showbiz and sell aluminium sidings for 12 years, before having another crack at the age of 40.

Insisting on working from a completed script, the deeply nervous Dangerfield could hardly have presented a starker contrast from the young, ad-libbing Chase. Nevertheless, Chase revered the old master.

"They came to me after we shot the film," recounts Chase. "They said, 'You know, we really need another scene with you and Rodney.' I don't remember the scene but it had been scripted. As I'm walking away, out of the scene almost, he says, 'Hey, Ty! You know the worst thing about oral sex?' The

'I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE SAID, BUT SHE CAME OUT SAYING, "I'M TAKING MY CLOTHES OFF NOW"'



view!' I just fell over. The whole crew did."


When the film was completed, however, it was clear, to Jon Peters at least, that the real star was the gopher. "I want to see the gopher" became his mantra as he persuaded Orion to spend £250,000 to hire *Star Wars* special effects man John Dykstra to boost the profile of the animal.

The final result – an expressive, buck-toothed creature with limited rhythmic sense – was a far cry from Ramis' original view. "We started by trying to cast a live animal," says Ramis. "We thought maybe we'd do this with a trained groundhog, a woodchuck, a beaver, a squirrel. We tried every small mammal we could find. At one point I remember a guy with a ferret."

The gopher even got a credit. Forget Chuck Norris, this was Chuck Rodent.

Caddyshack was released in the UK on August 17, 1980, and the critical response was none too favourable. One aghast critic concluded: "*Caddyshack* pins most of its hopes on exploiting an abjectly coprological vein of juvenilia." A not untypical review for the film, but one which failed to acknowledge that the target audience would struggle to pronounce most of the words in that sentence, let alone know what they meant.

In spite of much similar critical sniffiness, the film grossed a healthy £22m in the US and even the release of the frighteningly awful *Caddyshack II* has been unable to besmirch the reputation of the original.

Caddyshack's success against the odds, in the face of drugs, debauchery, incompetence and critical revulsion, mirrors Bill Murray's set-piece scene in the movie where he commentates himself to imaginary success at The Masters, all the while swiping the heads off flowers and mumbling, "It's a Cinderella story". So was *Caddyshack*. And it did, most definitely, go to the ball.  *Caddyshack* is available on DVD (Warner Home Video), £15.99



'Camberwell Carrot? Pah!'

5 IRONS IN THE FIRE

Death, destruction and mullets: true tales of golfers in the rough

1 Having lurched from one booze crisis to another, champion golfer **John Daly** gave up drink in 1993, only to start gambling on a monumental scale. Pretty soon, the Arkansas boy had racked up £35m in losses. He'd also become a 60-fags-per-round man and had begun sporting a mullet. Despite winning the 1995 British Open, Daly started drinking again in 1997.

2 In the 1975 Ryder Cup, **Brian Barnes** beat Jack Nicklaus twice in one day. Quite a feat. But small beer compared to winning the 1981 Tournament Players Championship after 14 pints of lager. "Brian The Booze" downed six pints over the final nine holes, then supped-up big style for the sudden-death play-off, when he saw off his opponent with a birdie four.

3 With his rainbow Afro, fur loincloth and biblical placards, golf-guerrilla and marijuana-farmer, **Rockin' Rollen Stewart**, was not easily missed. "I despise sports," he once said, despite travelling 50,000 miles a year to attend over 100 sporting events. His disruptive tactics ended though, when, in 1997, he was arrested for a kidnapping stunt.

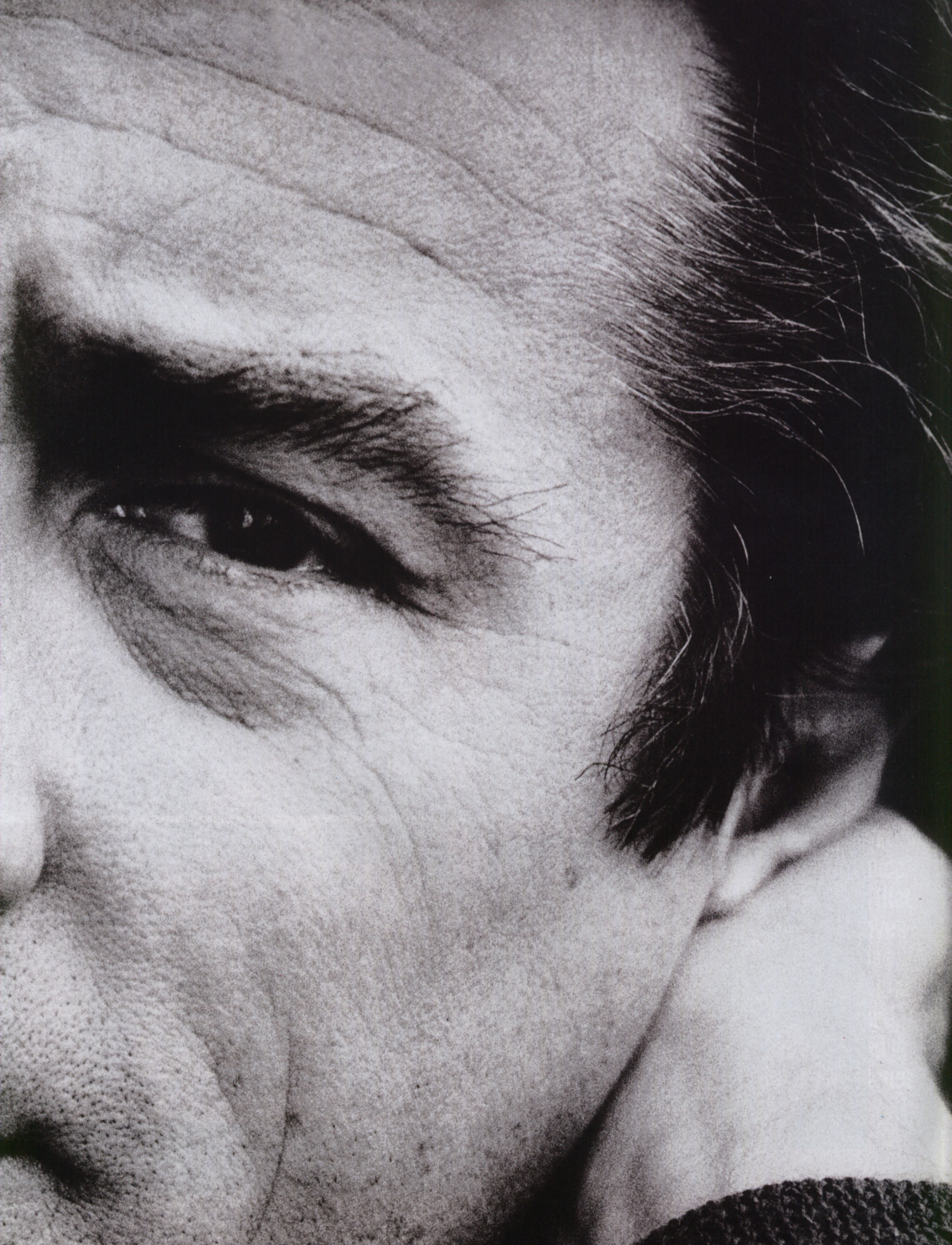
4 For those who like something to chew on between holes, consider Lieutenant **George Prior**, who was happily gnawing away on a tee at an Army & Navy course in Texas, when he began to feel strange. He was rushed to hospital and pegged out a week later after a military fungicide had burned away 80 per cent of his skin and caused all of his major organs to fail.

5 While playing in the Swiss Village Mobile Home Park League, 65-year-old **Donald DeGreve** suffered a fatal heart attack. However, this was a league match so, while the old boy's lifeless body lay on the 16th green, a steady stream of his golfing mates kept on playing, despite the stiff competition. "Life goes on," said one of the players. "So we had to."

NUMERO UNO

He is the untouchable. An actor whose talent, dedication and obsessive attention to detail has created some of the most iconic (and most quoted) screen characters of the last 30 years. He's played psychos, stalkers, monsters, mobsters, vigilantes, Vietnam vets, bank robbers, boxers, boy scouts, comedians, cabbies, priests, plumbers and even Satan himself. Sometimes scary, occasionally brutal, frequently funny, but always utterly believable. He is the King in our midst, the best in the business, the one, the only... Robert De Niro

PHOTOGRAPH: JILL FURMANOVSKY





LOST, LONELY AND VICIOUS

What makes us
love De Niro?
Maybe there's
a low-life mook,
a lone-gun cabbie,
or a washed-up
boxer in all of us.
By Martin Deeson

Never, in the history of poster sales, has one image come to define what it means to be alone and powerless in a city that doesn't care more than that classic pose from *Taxi Driver*: De Niro, head down, hands stuffed deep in his pockets, stalking the New York streets like a cruising shark. Poster sales may not be a conventional barometer of cinematic success but, in the case of De Niro, they say a lot. He's every man's favourite film star and for 30 years his image has defined what it means to be young, male and very pissed off.

Ask the copper on the street or the guy he's arresting which is their favourite film is and there's a good chance they'll both say *GoodFellas*. But whether it's *Heat* or *Casino*, *Taxi Driver* or *Raging Bull*, ask them who their favourite character is and they'll all say De Niro – not James Conway, Neil McCauley, Sam 'Ace' Rothstein, Travis Bickle or Jake La Motta. In fact, they probably can't even remember the names of many of his characters. Even when he's someone else, De Niro is

always De Niro – a sly presence winking behind the mask.

Even when he's doing terrible things, you can't help liking Bob's character. Maybe it was just me, but I know I was rooting for him in *Cape Fear* right up to the part when he took a bite out of a woman's cheek (and even in a couple of scenes later on). With Bob, the cheeky grin and potential for extreme violence is always going to be a winner with his male fans.

De Niro's Great Actor status doesn't carry any whiff of luvviness, his immersion in his roles and devotion to The Method is just another part of his mystique. Rumours that he paid \$20,000 to have his teeth rearranged before tackling the role of Max Cady (in *Cape Fear*), and another \$5,000 getting them put back afterwards, are essential to his appeal.

Again and again, De Niro has played the loner on the edge of a breakdown. Characters as diverse as Michael in *The Deer Hunter* and Rupert Pupkin in *The King Of Comedy* are, in fact, different faces of the same universal male condition: feeling pissed off and different and desperate for a shag. When Travis Bickle takes Betsy to a porn movie on their first date in *Taxi Driver*, De Niro is doing nothing more than playing out the awkwardness of an adolescent boy in the body of a 26-year-old Vietnam

**For 30 years
De Niro has
defined what
it means to be
young and male
and pissed off**

veteran. Just think what happens when young men do get hold of guns with which to vent all that rage and awkwardness: they turn into Travis Bickle. Back then *Taxi Driver* seemed like a parable; now high-school massacres have become part of the background of America's nightly news.

Taxi Driver, of course, didn't cause any of this Yank insanity, but it prophesied it. Not everyone who has a De Niro poster on their bedroom wall ends up being a mass murderer. If they did you'd have to wear a flak jacket just to get to the bar. But his onscreen presence still speaks to every one of us who's ever felt, just for a minute, like going fucking ballistic with a handgun. That combination of wiry menace and a laugh that makes his eyes disappear has become the look of the amused, alienated and dangerous loner.

At the bottom of the *Taxi Driver* poster (after the line that reads: "On every street in every city, there's a nobody who dreams of being a somebody") there is another tag line which perhaps sums up the appeal of Robert De Niro: "He's a lonely, forgotten man desperate to prove that he's alive."

The good news is that buying some guns, getting a mohican and shooting a pimp isn't our only option: Bobby's done it so we don't have to. All we have to do is buy the poster.





Robert De Niro in *Taxi Driver*: 'Here is a man who would not take it anymore. A man who stood up against the scum, the dogs, the filth, the shit. Here is a man who stood up' (Then sat down when he got shot in the neck)



That combination of wiry menace and a laugh that makes his eyes disappear has become the look of the amused, alienated and dangerous loner

THE MAN, THE MYTH, THE TRUTH

PROFILE: JOHN PATTERSON

A young man walks into a vaudeville theatre in 1917. His cap throws a band of black across his eyes. Stern mouth. Mole on one cheek. He removes the cap with a backwards flourish, and his unlined face is completed by his watchful, cautious eyes. It's the 44th minute of *The Godfather Part II*, probably the first time most mainstream moviegoers had ever seen Robert De Niro.

His performance is almost silent. Gesture and physicality count for more than the few words he delivers in an archaic Sicilian peasant dialect. He says only two phrases, ten words, in English: "Yeah, sure," the quintessence of Ellis Island immigrant optimism; and "I'll make him an offer he can't refuse", the quintessence of something altogether darker, more malign.

His transformation from shop boy to mob boss is all the more remarkable for the constrictions placed upon him by another performance, the most famous in the previous ten years, by another man unanimously heralded as the actor of his generation, Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*. De Niro once described it as like "knowing the answer to a maths problem, then trying to work out the question."



From top: De Niro in 1973, looking like a mook; as Johnny Boy in *Mean Streets* with Harvey Keitel (right); and David Proval

Brando wasn't yet washed-up, and De Niro had scarcely arrived, but in this division of one fictional life into two great, Oscar-winning performances, a torch was passed from one generation to the next. De Niro, feral and mesmerising, was virtually unknown to the mass audience. He didn't even attend the Oscars. Too busy working. Who was he?

De Niro, notoriously, is the worst person to ask. In interviews he's evasive and monosyllabic. The words he uses most are "uh...", "no", "I don't wanna get into that", or, when he's feeling paranoid, "No matter what I say, you're gonna get it wrong, so why bother?" Often he seems excruciatingly shy. Sometimes he just explodes, as he once did with the famously genial Barry Norman in 1990. "I say, only half in jest, that Robert De Niro is from Mars," Norman commented later.

The longest interviews he's given have been to cops and judges.

The result is that we associate De Niro mainly with his performances; with tales of his eccentric, obsessive preparations for his roles; and with what the tabloids write about him. The man himself disappears into the shadows whence he emerged, and where he seems most at home, prompting speculation that he's an empty vessel; that he's only alive when playing someone else; that he's barmy, or stupid.

Those who know him have differing opinions. "It takes years to know Bobby," says Brian De Palma, who gave the actor his first break in *The Wedding Party* in 1963. "He's very intelligent, but that intelligence comes like rare flashes of brilliant light – and only after you've known him for years." Francis Coppola called him "a strange, dark figure. I don't know from where he's looking at me". Bernardo Bertolucci, director of *1900*, simply thought him "very sensitive and probably very neurotic".

"He thrives on turmoil," was his ex-partner Helena Lisandrello's less charitable opinion. "It feeds his artistic juices." "A lousy husband," says ex-wife Diahnne Abbott, "but a wonderful father."

Others imagine a peculiar emptiness behind his performances, or deep emotional problems. "I think he's hiding something he thinks may be too weird," said Kathi McGimmis, who worked with him on *New York, New York*. "I mean, he's protecting himself with all that silence. There's some part of him that he can't show because he's afraid it's insane. Maybe it's only egomania, maybe it's not." And some just think he's an asshole, such as make-up expert Dick Smith: "De Niro is extremely difficult to work with. He's a paranoid perfectionist." De Niro criticised every pencil line Smith drew on his eyebrows for *The Godfather II*. "I deal with someone like that as patiently as I can, but when it gets too much I say, 'Enough!'"

De Niro is the son of artists. He grew up in New York's Greenwich Village, capital of bohemian America. His father was the abstract impressionist Robert De Niro, Sr, considered "a painters' painter" for his unstinting devotion to what he saw as his one calling. "I look very much like him," his son wrote in *Vogue* two years after his death in 1993. "I also have his temper, his eccentricity and his passion. When I was young I was a little embarrassed by him being an artist – most people I knew didn't have 'creative' parents who lived in kind of grungy places and did odd jobs when they had to."

De Niro's parents separated when he was two. His mother, Virginia Admiral, curtailed her own creative activities to support her son, but his father was only a few blocks away and Bobby saw him most days of his childhood, visiting his studio and going to the movies with him most evenings. His influence ran deep, and still does. "The main weakness of young painters," his father once said, "is a lack of dedication. They'll stick to it as long as it doesn't cost them anything." When his own fanatically dedicated son starved himself half to death for his junkie halfwit role in Roger Corman's *Bloody Mama* – "he was covered in disgusting sores," recalls Shelley Winters – did those words ring in his ears? "Technique is all well and good," De Niro wrote of his father,

"but if an artist is really in touch with his emotions and can express them, then he's OK. And I think my father was." Like father, like son. Again he could be talking of himself when he describes Robert, Senior, as "a man devoted to a calling".

"Technique." "Calling." Kenneth Branagh remembers working out make-up ideas for *Frankenstein*, in which De Niro played the Creature. De Niro arrived with a fistful of crime-scene photos showing horribly mutilated bodies. There were dates on each one. "They were two days old," says Branagh. "Where the fuck did you get these?" I asked, and he just said, "I know a guy..."

His total-immersion preparation process is indeed legendary. He learnt the entire Latin Mass for *True Confessions*. He drove a cab for several weeks before *Taxi Driver* and wore Schrader's clothes in the movie ("It was spooky," says Schrader). He learned the saxophone for *New York, New York* and wore the same silk undies as the real Al Capone in *The Untouchables*.

With *Raging Bull*, he reached a pinnacle of dedication that came near to insanity. He fought a thousand rounds over a year with the real Jake La Motta (bear in mind his nickname), who later rated him "one of the 20 best middleweights I've seen". For his efforts, the former champ was rewarded with "black eyes, and all my teeth caps were busted – cost United Artists \$4,000".

That wasn't the end of it. La Motta's then wife Deborah later claimed: "De Niro was in our apartment constantly for nearly two years." Which, she said, may have been responsible for the collapse of their marriage. Having achieved all that, De Niro then turned himself into a fat fuck in four months.

"To totally submerge into another character," he says, "without having to risk the real-life consequences – well, it's an easy way to do things you'd never dare do yourself."

Between 1973, when Martin Scorsese cast him in *Mean Streets*, and 1983 when *The King Of Comedy* was released, Robert De Niro created one of the most remarkable bodies of work in world cinema, and one of the darkest. He's been called "the greatest actor of his generation" so many times since then that the phrase has lost its meaning. But just because the label's now a cliché, a marketing epithet, doesn't make it any less true. These days one has to separate the diamonds from the dog shit when it comes to De Niro's too-frequent performances, because for every *Midnight Run* there's a *Stanley And Iris*. Back then his work was all quality, no filler, even in otherwise lacklustre movies such as *The Last Tycoon* or *1900*. For a decade he was indisputably the gov'nor; the gold standard against which his peers measured their own abilities, and came up short every time. In short, yes, "our greatest living actor".

Our images of him from the Seventies are iconic and lastingly disturbing: Johnny Boy in *Mean Streets*, destroying mailboxes with cherry bombs and dancing around the getaway car to "Mickey's Monkey". Vito Corleone with a white towel round his gun hand, taking one step out of the shadows and ventilating Don Fanucci. Michael the steeltown Green Beret in *The Deer Hunter's* waterlogged cage, shepherding his terrified friends – and us, the traumatised audience – through the stomach-churning ordeal of VC Russian roulette. Rupert Pupkin in his mom's basement, fanatically addressing a mural of a TV studio audience. And every second of the purgatorial *Raging Bull*, but especially the final monologue in which he appropriates Brando's speech to his brother Rod Steiger in *On The Waterfront*, as if to say: "Fuck you Marlon. The job's mine now."

Brando never found his Scorsese. Perhaps he didn't want one. Perhaps he could only prove he was captain of the ship by capsizing it with his egocentric demands. Perhaps he was just daring the movies to get into his groove, to rise to his level. De Niro found a director as dedicated and neurotic as himself and rose together to a totally new artistic plane. "I need to be able to talk to my director," De Niro (*continued on page 70*) ➔

ANY RELATION?

To try to get to know the real De Niro, we figured we'd ask the people who knew him best – his family

Angela De Niro, New York

Are you related to Robert De Niro?

Yes, he's a distant cousin to my Dad. But he never recognised the fact that we're cousins. My brother wrote to him but he never responded.

Anthony De Niro, Florida

Is this the Anthony De Niro that has a sister in upstate New York?

Yes. **Your sister told me you wrote to Bob.**

What happened?

Yeah, I wrote to him and he never responded. But I've spoken to his uncle on several occasions, and he's a very nice man. **OK, if you could ask Robert anything, what would it be?** Why didn't you write me back? Maybe he thought it was a hoax. The family likes to keep things very quiet. And I'm gonna get kicked in the butt for this. I've been known to talk too much.

Jack De Niro, Florida

Hi Jack, I just talked with one of your relatives, Anthony.

He's not a relative. Robert De Niro is my brother's son. I'm his only uncle. If he's related to Robert, wouldn't he be related to me, too?

Um, yeah. So you're closely related. Do you ever see him? Yeah, as a matter of fact my daughter is with him today in Washington, with Clinton. But I don't like to acknowledge it unless it's somebody who I am friends with.

Joe De Niro, Nevada

Are you related to Robert De Niro?

Yes, I'm related. I've ➔

De Niro was the gov'nor, the gold standard against which his peers measured their abilities and came up short every time



Clockwise, from top: De Niro with Al Pacino in *New York, 1977*; as Jimmy Conway in *GoodFellas* (with Ray Liotta); as Sam in *Ronin* (with Jean Reno); as Al Capone in *The Untouchables*; as Louis Cyphre in *Angel Heart*; as Max Cady in *Cape Fear*; as Michael in *The Deer Hunter*; as Rupert Pupkin in *The King Of Comedy* (with Scorsese); with Joe Strummer backstage at a Clash concert in New York; receiving an award in 1990; on the way to a fundraiser in 1989. Opposite: as Sam 'Ace' Rothstein in *Casino* (with Sharon Stone)



ANY RELATION?

→ never talked to him personally, but my cousins have. He put one of them in the movie *Heat* as an extra.

Do people ever do any routines from his films with you? Yeah (putting on a deep voice), "You talkin' to me?" Stuff like that. Or that line from *The Deer Hunter*, "This is this." What the hell is that supposed to mean?

Do you think you do a good De Niro impression? Not really.

What's your favourite De Niro role? *The Godfather...* and *GoodFellas*. (His wife, in the background, says, "How many questions is he going to ask?")

Can I speak to your wife? Honey, do you want to talk to him? (She says, "I don't know anything about your family") I've kept it a secret from her. It's too scary.

Nichole DeNiro, Nevada

Are you related to Robert De Niro?

I've never talked to or met him. I believe my uncle had a call from his sister, though.

Do you ever get any weird looks from people when you tell them you're a De Niro?

Yes, from just about every single person I've ever met. We always say, "Yes, we're related, but we never get a Christmas card."

Do you like him as an actor? Of course.

My favourite was *Cape Fear*. He did a really good job as a psychotic. **Did he study any of his family members for that role?**

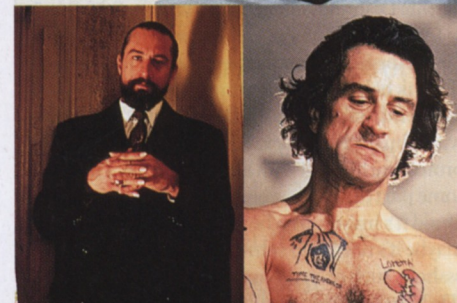
No, we're pretty calm.

What kind of business are you in?

I'm a billing clerk for a construction company. **Really? Have you ever signed a bill for concrete shoes?**

No concrete shoes. I've never seen any concrete shoes.

Lance Gould

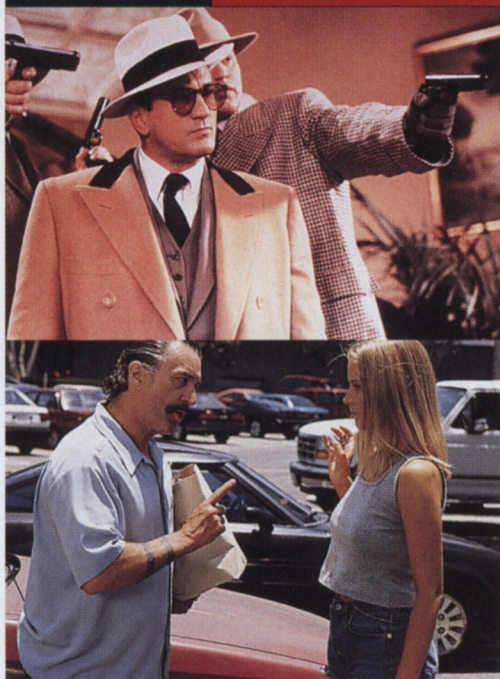






From top: De Niro with his floppy Madchester-look from 1974 (for his role as young Vito Corleone in *The Godfather Part II*); playing a real gangster, Al Capone; getting tough with Bridget Fonda in *Jackie Brown*

'In Scorsese, De Niro found the one person who will talk for 15 minutes about how a character ties a knot'



→ (from page 67) once said. "I must know what he thinks or we shouldn't be working together." Scorsese, as his then wife Julia Cameron agreed, was his perfect foil: "In Martin, Bobby found the one person who will talk for 15 minutes about how a character ties a knot. I've seen them go for ten hours non-stop."

Onset, they consulted each other behind closed doors – behind closed toilet doors if necessary – and for hours at a time. "What Marty and Bob did together, they did in private," says Sandy Weintraub, Scorsese's partner when *Taxi Driver* was shot. "Definitely no women allowed."

One actor on *Taxi Driver* claimed, "Bobby hogs Marty on the set. Marty gives Bobby anything he wants. And what Bobby wants is constant talk about his character." Steven Spielberg detected a darker side to the relationship. "Marty lets Bobby go over the top so that Marty can remain in control," he said. "And I think Bobby is just a sort of extension of what Marty might have been if he hadn't been a filmmaker." Scorsese saw it more simply: "We see things the same way. We both have this sense of being outsiders."

In fact, De Niro and Scorsese had grown up just a few blocks apart: the bedridden Catholic shrimp from the raw Lower East Side, and the pasty-faced middle-class kid from the Village. Despite the ocean of social differences that separated them, they filled in each other's blanks. As Jay Cocks recalls: "Bobby's way of rebelling was by getting into this heavy street thing, and Marty couldn't believe the kind of life Bob was raised in that put such an emphasis on creativity – it was like paradise, like liberation."

In Scorsese's neighbourhood, culture started at the cathedral door and ended at the altar. There were few books in his house – in Little Italy, books were for *mezza-fanouks*, for faggots. Scorsese watched the tough kids from his bedroom window and concentrated on his wussy storyboards; De Niro, the painter's son, snuck out from his progressive private school to hang with the rough Kenmare Street gang (and always with a paperback under his arm). A photograph of him at ten shows a plump-faced apprentice hoodlum in a leather jacket exactly like Brando's in the just-released *The Wild One*. Ten – he'd just played the Cowardly Lion in his school's version of *The Wizard Of Oz*. Marty wanted to rise, to be a priest or an artist; Bobby wanted to sink, to be a street punk and bask in squalor. They were Charlie and Johnny Boy in embryo, sinner to each other's saint, and vice versa.

In *Mean Streets* it's Scorsese himself who murders Johnny Boy ("Now's the time!"). In *Taxi Driver*, he's the motormouth racist misogynist – the one passenger who sickens even Travis. In *Mean Streets*, Scorsese's presence is unnerving enough. In *Taxi Driver* it's far and away the movie's sickest moment, a glimpse behind the toilet door, evidence of their obsession with the blackest recesses of the mind.

It seems all too appropriate that De Niro's 1981 Oscar win for *Raging Bull* was sullied by the news that John Hinckley, Jr, prompted by his identification with Travis Bickle, had shot Ronald Reagan. A macabre circle had been closed, that led from the diaries of Arthur Bremer, the man who shot presidential candidate George Wallace in 1974, directly into Paul Schrader's script for *Taxi Driver*, thence to the screen and into the demented brain of Hinckley, who saw the movie 15 times. Real assassin spawns fictional assassin spawns real assassin. Some felt that De Niro and Scorsese had tried raising the devil, and had succeeded.



THE LITTLE PICTURE SHOW

De Niro's father couldn't act, but he was a great impressionist

The actor Robert De Niro hasn't always been the most famous man of that name. In fact for a while, he wasn't even the most famous man of that name in his own front room. Robert De Niro, Sr, the film star's father, was a critically acclaimed New York artist who enjoyed a small but enthusiastic following.

Born in 1922, De Niro, Sr, showed real artistic potential from an early age. At 13, the local museum gave him his own room to paint in and he went on to study with three notable tutors, Ralph Pearson, Hans Hofmann and Joseph Albers.

Combining patches of bright colour with thick, sweeping outlines, De Niro's paintings are highly sensual and have brought comparisons with the French artist Matisse.

De Niro, Sr wasn't just a skilled painter, he had a book of poems and drawings published in 1976, entitled *A Fashionable Watering Place*, and he also wrote articles for *Art/World* magazine.

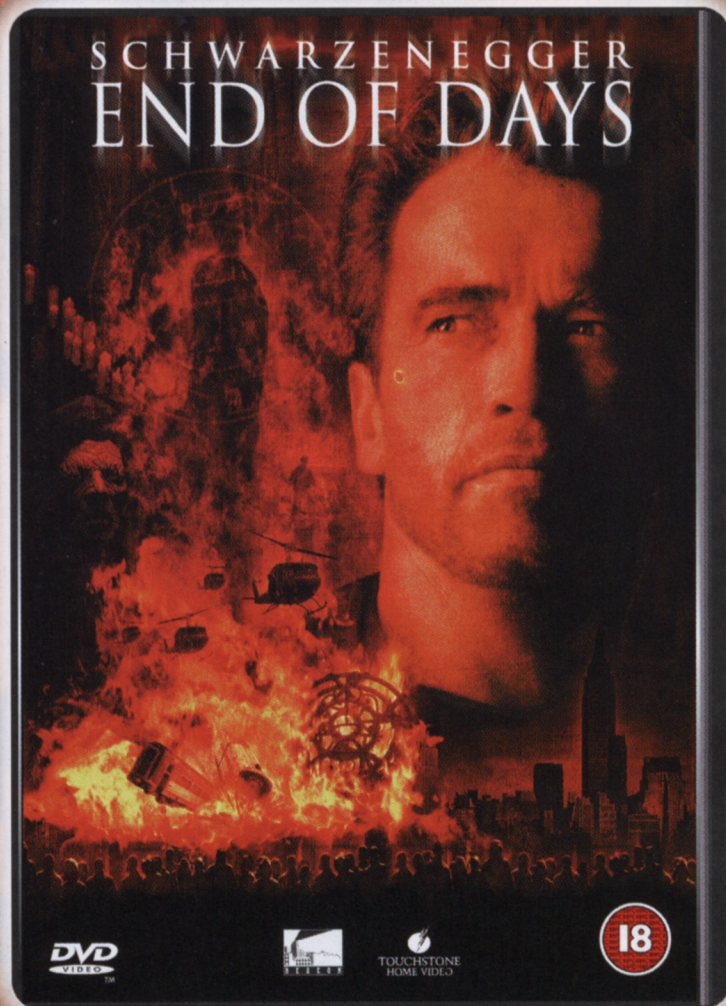
Over the past few decades De Niro, Sr, has enjoyed many one-man exhibitions. Almost all of them in America, but he has also been shown in London, Tokyo and Paris.

Robert De Niro, Sr, died in 1993, aged 71. Zoë Shardlow



'Guess who I had in the back of my cab?' De Niro takes Scorsese for a ride in *Taxi Driver*

PREPARE FOR END OF DAYS



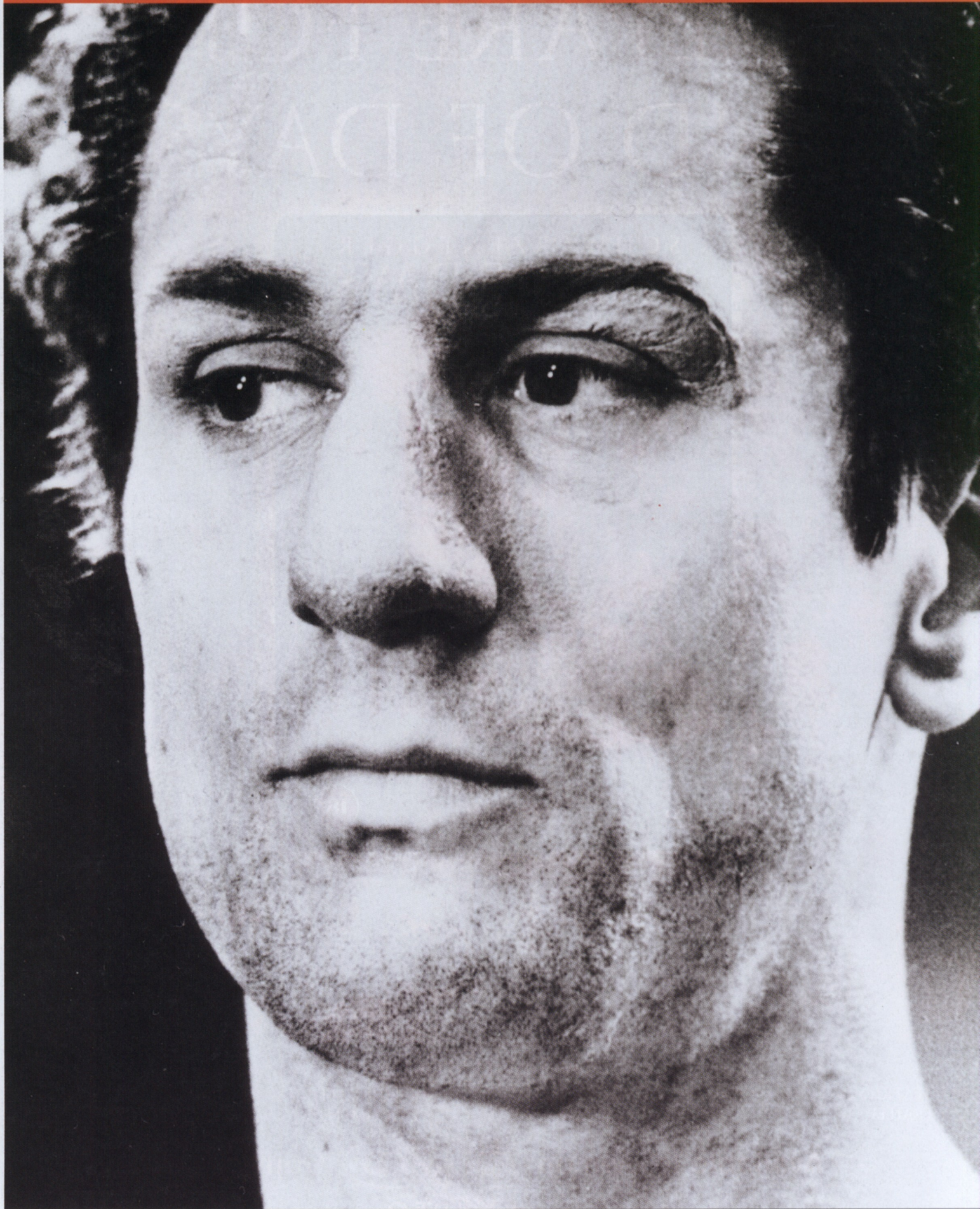
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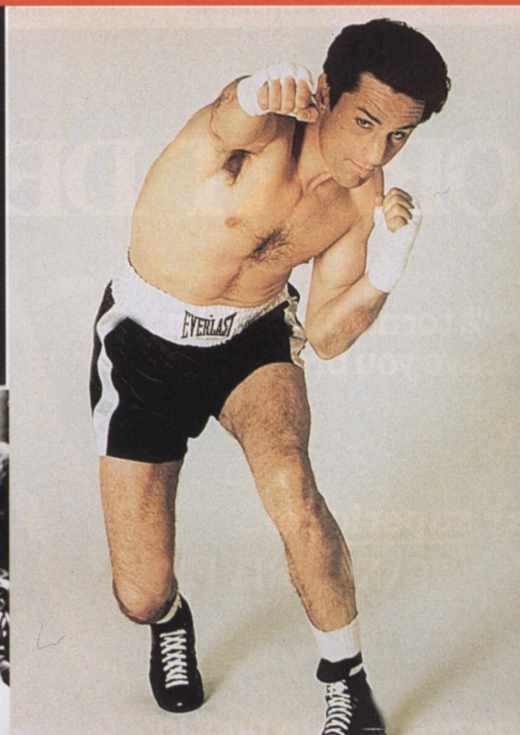


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MADNESS TO HIS METHOD

De Niro's legendary devotion to his craft reached new levels of intensity during the filming of *Raging Bull* as his weight ballooned and he punched out co-stars



How far is too far? When De Niro finally pushed Martin Scorsese into directing a biopic of Jake La Motta, world middleweight boxing title-holder between 1949 and 1951, here was a challenge. La Motta's fighting weight was around 11st 6lbs (5lbs heavier than De Niro); but after he hit the skids in the late Fifties – which included a spell in the slammer for allowing a 14-year-old to solicit in his nightclub – La Motta metamorphosed into a chunkster of heroic proportions.

Robert De Niro had already established a reputation for Method acting of near-demented intensity. (He spent months in Italy acquiring a Sicilian accent for *The Godfather Part II*; he became a hack jockey for *Taxi Driver*; and drove Georgie Auld nuts learning the saxophone for *New York, New York*.) Would he settle for a blood-pack up his nose and a fat-suit? What do you think?

Scorsese and De Niro began preparing for the film in the usual way, discussing in detail the minutiae of La Motta's character to allow the actor to absorb as much as possible of the fighter's behaviour. Then came the cosmetic adjustments. The first problem was the La Motta haircut – a slick greaseball pompadour typical of the era (see Stanley Kubrick's

prizefighter picture shoot from 1947, in which aspirant pug, Walter Cartier, sports exactly the same coiffure). De Niro had his hair thinned at the front to simulate La Motta's high forehead.

Scorsese also "borrowed" shots from Kubrick's subsequent short film, *Day Of The Fight* (also featuring Cartier and his brother Vinny), so De Niro knew he'd have to make the ring action convincing. Scorsese hired La Motta as "consultant" for the picture, who then took De Niro down to Gramercy Gym in New York. To iron out the customary wussiness that plagues any actor attempting to impersonate a boxer, the pair sparred every day for six months – according to La Motta, they "boxed a thousand rounds, a half-hour straight every day". The former Bronx Bull, then almost 60, also said: "Bobby wouldn't train unless we wore headgear and mouthpieces because he knew he was starting to get through my defences."

La Motta claimed that De Niro became so good he broke his ribs and busted his teeth (landing United Artists with a \$4,000 dental bill). De Niro, though, played down reports that he took La Motta to the cleaners, saying he only bruised him a little, and that Jake liked to exaggerate, especially his line

De Niro got up early for breakfast, to make sure he'd absorb as many calories as possible for his marathon lunches and dinners



about De Niro as "ranking among the 20 best middleweights he'd seen". Maybe La Motta was as eager to keep the film guys happy as he was to hit the deck for the Mafia in his notorious 1947 bout with Billy Fox that got him his title shot.

By the time filming began in April 1979, De Niro had put on two inches round the neck and, though slightly lighter than La Motta, had transformed the skinny loner of *Taxi Driver* into the buff, knotted-muscle slugger who took out Marcel Cerdan, Sugar Ray Robinson and luckless pretty-boy Tony Janiro ("He ain't pretty no more..."). He went to work on Joe Pesci, breaking one of his ribs for real in a scene where the pair of them spar.

He also belted Cathy Moriarty, the ingenue actress playing La Motta's wife Vickie, during rehearsals for one of their interminable rowing scenes. And his replication of La Motta's down-and-dirty ferocity was confirmed when he went on a research trip to Florida to meet up with the real-life Vickie La Motta, since split up with Jake and in her late-forties. "Bobby was so much like Jake I just wanted to sleep with him," she said later. "But Bob wanted things to be business-like."

De Niro then had to bulk up for La Motta's washed-up-fatso period as a club owner and

cabaret yakker in the early Sixties – when the film opens and closes. In the summer of 1979, De Niro headed off to the same trattorias he'd frequented while making Bernardo Bertolucci's *1900* in Italy five years earlier. For four months De Niro ate his way across the country, putting on over 60lbs in the process. He got up early, at 6.30am, for a pancake-stuffed breakfast, to make sure he'd absorb as many calories as possible for his marathon lunches and dinners. He went up to 14st 5lbs. His blood pressure shot up, his breathing got difficult, his feet hurt, his thighs rubbed together when he walked. Said De Niro: "I looked like an animal."

When it was all over, it took De Niro a while to get back to his usual 11st 1lb. "I just ate less", he explained. La Motta's daughter Stephanie, took the movie badly, protesting De Niro "made my father look like a drunken wife-beater". But Jake didn't take it so hard: "I kinda look bad, a real no-good bastard. Still, I suppose that's the way I was."

Was it worth it for Bobby? Well, alongside that pesky Oscar, he got the real deal – honorary membership of the *Daily Mirror* Slimmer's Club. Now that's the kind of award that means something... **Andrew Pulver**

ROBERT DE NIRO

HIS AWARD WINNING
PERFORMANCE



"A tornado of a film...
will leave you breathless"

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50 FILMS

The man in full: a guide to the films, his characters, his co-stars, and every classic line

COMPILED BY: ALEX GODFREY

Greetings (1968)

Character Jon Rubin

Director Brian De Palma

Cast Jonathan Warden, Gerrit Graham

Plot A conspiracy buff, obsessed with the Zapruder film and the Kennedy assassination, attempts to dodge the draft boards in De Palma's satirical anti-war comedy

◇ £12.99

(Second Sight Films)

The Wedding Party (1969)

Character Cecil

Directors Brian De Palma, Cynthia Munroe and Wilford Leach

Cast Charles Pfluger, Jill Clayburgh

Plot Shot in 1963 but not released until 1969, this is actually De Palma's debut film – a mostly improvised comedy about a groom with cold feet

Classic line

"Charlie, you don't wanna be a bum all your life"

Historic moment

De Niro's debut

performance – and

probably the only time you will see him in white shorts

◇ £10.99 (Troma)

Hi, Mom! (1970)

Character Jon Rubin

Director Brian De Palma

Cast Charles Durning, Allen Garfield, Lara Parker

Plot Semi-sequel to *Greetings*, with De Niro as a Vietnam vet who films his neighbours before getting involved in a Black Power group and blowing up his apartment

Deleted

Bloody Mama (1970)

Character Lloyd Barker

Director Roger Corman

Cast Shelley Winters, Bruce Dern, Pat Hingle

Plot Psychological drama with the FBI on the trail of four brothers on a crime spree in mountain country, led by their angry mutha

Deleted

◇ Available on Video
◇ Available on DVD
Taxi Ranking

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight (1971)

Character Mario

Director James Goldstone

Cast Jerry Orbach,

Leigh Taylor-Young

Plot Lost in New York

among the hoods,

an Italian cyclist

impersonates a priest

to raise some money

Method madness

Used his own cash to go and hang out in Italy for a couple of weeks

Deleted

Born To Win (1971)

Character Danny

Director Ivan Passer

Cast George Segal,

Karen Black

Plot Low budget

comedy drama about

an ex-hairdresser/

heroin addict

Deleted

◇

Mean Streets (1973)

Character Johnny Boy

Director Martin Scorsese

Cast Harvey Keitel, David

Proval, Amy Robinson

Plot Breakthrough

Scorsese/De Niro

collaboration, with Keitel

attempting to juggle

religion and crime as

wild-card De Niro does

his best to keep him in

the gutter. Supposedly,

the real Henry Hill's

(*GoodFellas*) favourite film

Classic line

"I fuck you right where

you breathe"

◇ £5.99 (4Front)

◇

Bang The Drum Slowly

(1973)

Character Bruce Pearson

Director John D Hancock

Cast Michael Moriarty,

Vincent Gardenia

Plot A mediocre

baseball catcher with

a terminal illness finds

solace in a successful

pitcher who helps

to boost his career.

Based on a 1956 Paul

Newman TV drama

Method madness

Travelled south to mingle

with the local people.

He also prepared by

playing baseball for a

month in Central Park

Deleted

◇

FOR THE LAST
TYCOON, HE
SPENT THREE
WEEKS IN
THE STUDIO
WEARING
A THREE-PIECE
SUIT THINKING
TO HIMSELF:
'THIS IS
ALL MINE'

The Godfather Part II (1974)

Character Vito Corleone

Director Francis

Ford Coppola

Cast Al Pacino,

Robert Duvall,

Diane Keaton

Plot Outstanding

second instalment

with De Niro building

up the Corleone Family

in the early 1900s,

while Pacino expands

the business and

attempts to get

legitimate in the Fifties

Method madness

Went to live in Sicily

for research

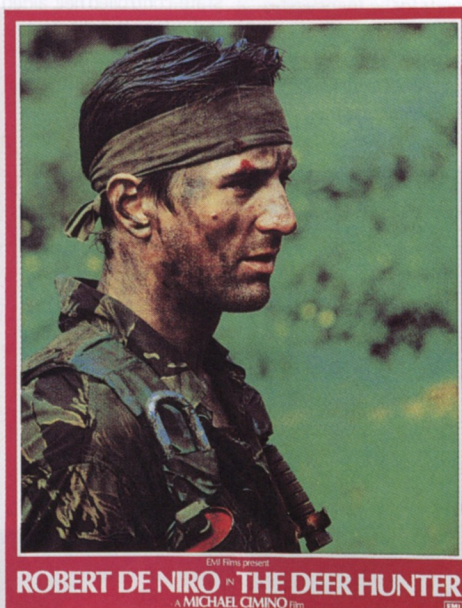
Classic line

"I make him an offer he

don't refuse"

◇ £13.99 (CIC)

◇



The Last Tycoon (1976)

Character Monroe Stahr

Director Elia Kazan

Cast Tony Curtis,

Robert Mitchum,

Jeanne Moreau

Plot Harold Pinter

adapts F Scott Fitzgerald

in this look at Thirties

Hollywood, with

De Niro as an egotistical,

reclusive movie

producer obsessed

with his work

Method madness

Spent three weeks

walking around a studio

in a three-piece suit,

thinking to himself:

"This is all mine"

Watch out for

De Niro's punch-up

with Jack Nicholson

Deleted

◇

Taxi Driver (1976)

Character Travis Bickle

Director Martin Scorsese

Cast Cybill Shepherd,

Jodie Foster, Harvey Keitel

Plot Iconic look at

New York scum through

the eyes of an intense

loner/vigilante, fed up

with cleaning the blood

and cum from his taxi.

De Niro embodies

alienation in the first

Scorsese/Paul Schrader

collaboration

Classic moment

De Niro flashes the secret

service agent a great

shit-eating grin

Classic line "Talkin' to me?"

You talkin' to me?"

◇ £12.99 ◇ £19.99

(Columbia Tri-Star)

◇

1900 (1976)

Character Alfredo

Berlinghieri

Director Bernardo

Bertolucci

Cast Burt Lancaster,

Donald Sutherland,

Gérard Depardieu

Plot Epic portrayal of

Italy in the first half of the

century, as fascism and

communism take effect

on peasant Depardieu

and land-owner De Niro

Watch out for Uncut

five-and-a-half-hour

version rumoured

to show De Niro in

pornographic scenes

Deleted

◇

New York, New York (1977)

Character Jimmy Doyle

Director Martin Scorsese

Cast Liza Minnelli,

Lionel Stander

Plot An Italian-American

dream team fail to ignite

sparks in Scorsese's

misguided attempt at

reviving the MGM musical.

A flop, and deservedly so

Method madness

To prepare for his role as

jazz man Jimmy, De Niro

mastered the tenor sax

Deleted

◇

The Deer Hunter (1978)

Character Michael

Director Michael Cimino

Cast Christopher

Walken, John Cazale,

John Savage, Meryl

Streep, George Dzundza

Plot The lives of three

Pennsylvanian factory

workers are turned

around by Vietnam, as

Cimino looks at the effect

of war on man. Watch

out for the classic

Russian roulette scene

Method madness

Spent weeks with

steelworkers in the Ohio

valley, eating in their

homes and drinking in

bars. Also performed

helicopter stunt himself

Classic line

"You see this? This is this.

This ain't something else.

This is this!"

◇ £12.99

(Warner Home Video)

◇

Raging Bull (1980)

Character Jake La Motta

Director Martin Scorsese

Cast Joe Pesci,

Cathy Moriarty

Plot Rise and fall

of self-destructive

prizefighter who lashes

out in the ring and

at home. Beautiful black

and white brutality

Method madness

De Niro gained over

60 pounds for the role,

spent months training

in the ring and won two

out of three Brooklyn

boxing matches

Classic line

"You fuck my wife?"

◇ £12.99 ◇ £19.99

(MGM Home Ent) →

◇

**True Confessions** (1981)**Character** Des Spellacy
Director Ulu Grosbard**Cast** Robert Duvall, Charles Durning
Plot A Catholic priest and his homicide-detective brother are divided by an investigation involving a murder, a prostitute and the Church. Inspired by the Forties' Black Dahlia case**Method madness**Kept the weight on that he gained for *Raging Bull*
*Deleted***The King Of Comedy** (1983)**Character** Rupert Pupkin
Director Martin Scorsese**Cast** Jerry Lewis, Sandra Bernhard
Plot Wannabe stand-up comic De Niro stalks talk-show host Jerry Lewis and makes his fantasies come true with Sandra Bernhard and a pair of hand-cuffs**Method madness**

De Niro allegedly spat anti-Semitic jibes at Lewis to anger him on the shoot

Classic line

"Better to be king for a night than schmuck for a lifetime"

◇ £10.99

(Warner Home Video)

**Once Upon A Time In America** (1984)**Character** Noodles
Director Sergio Leone**Cast** James Woods, Elizabeth McGovern**Plot** Sprawling epic about four Jewish New York gangsters who vow to stick together, as Leone follows them from the early 1900s to the Sixties**Classic line** "I like the stink of my streets. It cleans out my lungs. And it gives me a hard-on"*Deleted*

'I WANT THIS GUY DEAD!
I WANT HIS FAMILY DEAD!
I WANT HIS HOUSE BURNED TO THE GROUND!
I WANT TO GO THERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AND PISS ON THE ASHES'

Falling In Love (1984)**Character** Frank Raftis**Director** Ulu Grosbard**Cast** Meryl Streep, Harvey Keitel, Dianne Wiest**Plot** After a chance encounter on a train, true love blossoms between De Niro and Streep, who both have unsuspecting partners in this understated romance

◇ £7.99 (CIC Video)

**Brazil** (1985)**Character** Harry Tuttle**Director** Terry Gilliam**Cast** Jonathan Pryce, Michael Palin, Katherine Helmond**Plot** Orwellian look at the modern world, with Pryce as a dreamer intent on escaping his bureaucratic state-controlled hell, aided by De Niro the plumber
Classic line "Listen kid, we're all in it together"

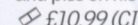
◇ £10.99

(Warner Home Video)

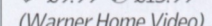
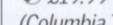
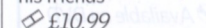
**The Mission** (1986)**Character** Mendoza**Director** Roland Joffe**Cast** Jeremy Irons, Ray McAnally, Aidan Quinn**Plot** A Jesuit missionary attempts to bring Christianity to the Brazilian jungle, comes under threat from colonialists and teams up with a mercenary (De Niro) who killed his own brother, in this lush historical drama

◇ £6.99

(Warner Home Video)

**Angel Heart** (1987)**Character** Louis Cyphre**Director** Alan Parker**Cast** Mickey Rourke, Lisa Bonet, Charlotte Rampling**Plot** Gothic noir thriller with private detective Mickey Rourke finding a trail of corpses behind him after being hired by De Niro to track down a missing singer**Classic line** "You know what they say about slugs. They always leave slime in their tracks"**Watch out for** De Niro's lengthy fingernails
◇ £5.99 (4Front)**The Untouchables** (1987)**Character** Al Capone**Director** Brian De Palma**Cast** Kevin Costner, Sean Connery, Andy Garcia**Plot** David Mamet's screenplay finds Eliot Ness in Chicago tackling the underworld, police corruption and De Niro's show-stealing Al Capone
Method madness De Niro hunted down Capone's original tailors and ordered identical outfits**Classic line** "I want this guy dead! I want his family dead! I want his house burned to the ground! I want to go there in the middle of the night and piss on his ashes!"
◇ £10.99 (CIC Video)**Midnight Run** (1988)**Character** Jack Walsh**Director** Martin Brest**Cast** Charles Grodin, Yaphet Kotto**Plot** Bounty hunter De Niro attempts to drag bail-jumper Grodin from New York to LA, chased by the FBI and the Mob
Classic line "If I hear any more shit outta you I'm gonna fuckin' bust your head, and I'm gonna put you back in that fuckin' hole, and I'ma stick your head in the fuckin' toilet hole and I'ma make it stay there"

◇ 4Front, £5.99

**We're No Angels** (1989)**Character** Ned**Director** Neil Jordan**Cast** Sean Penn, Demi Moore**Plot** Two convicts escape prison and impersonate priests, but have trouble leaving the monastery in this spiritual comedy
Deleted**Jacknife** (1989)**Character** Megs**Director** David Hugh Jones**Cast** Ed Harris**Plot** A Vietnam vet meets up with his alcoholic army buddy and forces him to face up to their experience
Classic line "Is that, like, a real question or are you just jerking my chain?"
◇ £5.99 (Independent)**GoodFellas** (1990)**Character** Jimmy Conway**Director** Martin Scorsese**Cast** Ray Liotta, Joe Pesci, Lorraine Bracco**Plot** Scorsese's glorious Mafia portrayal, following the life of gangster Henry Hill (Liotta) from the Fifties to the Eighties. A feast of violence, food, glamour, drugs and music
Watch out for De Niro repeating "What's the matter with you?" eight times**Classic line** "What did I tell you? What did I tell you? What did I tell you?"
◇ £9.99 ◇ £15.99 (Warner Home Video)**Awakenings** (1990)**Character** Leonard Lowe**Director** Penny Marshall**Cast** Robin Williams, Julie Kavner**Plot** Based on the true experiences of a research doctor, Williams revives comatose patient De Niro in a Bronx care ward**Method madness**De Niro and Williams spent quality time with Dr Oliver Sacks and his patients in hospital
◇ £19.99 (Columbia Tri-Star)**Stanley And Iris** (1990)**Character** Stanley Cox**Director** Martin Ritt**Cast** Jane Fonda, Martha Plimpton, Swoosie Kurtz**Plot** An illiterate loner cook is tutored by a widow after being fired in this low key working class romance
Deleted**Guilty By Suspicion** (1991)**Character** David Merrill**Director** Irwin Winkler**Cast** Annette Bening, George Wendt**Plot** In the early Fifties, director Merrill returns to Hollywood from Europe and finds himself in the thick of the McCarthy witch-hunt, but refuses to rat on his friends
◇ £10.99 (Warner Home Video)

Cape Fear (1991)

Character Max Cady
Director Martin Scorsese
Cast Nick Nolte, Jessica Lange, Juliette Lewis

Plot Scorsese's uninspiring but competent remake of the 1961 horror thriller. Psychotic beefcake rapist goes after his old attorney, finding time to seduce his daughter along the way
Method madness Had his teeth professionally damaged for the part
Classic line "Aaaah ha ha ha ha ha haaaaa!!"
 ⌘ £5.99 (4Front)

Backdraft (1991)

Character Donald Rimgale
Director Ron Howard
Cast Kurt Russell, William Baldwin

Plot Two brothers, both firemen, spend their time feuding whilst a serial arsonist causes widespread damage in Chicago. The fires steal the show as backdraft explosions wreak havoc
Classic line "Why don't you go find a corner to hide in"
 ⌘ £5.99 (4Front)
 ⌘ £19.99
 (Columbia Tri-Star)

Night And The City (1992)

Character Harry Fabian
Director Irwin Winkler
Cast Jessica Lange

Plot A New York lawyer/hustler has an affair and decides to promote a boxing match, making an enemy of one of the city's mobsters
Classic line "Why can't I have a piece? Why can't I be the man?"
 Deleted

Mistress (1992)

Character Evan Wright
Director Barry Primus
Cast Danny Aiello, Martin Landau, Robert Wuhl
Plot A desperate filmmaker meets an old producer who likes one of his scripts. However, his artistic integrity slips away when the film's financiers (De Niro et al) demand parts for their women
 Deleted

This Boy's Life (1993)

Character Dwight Hansen
Director Michael Caton-Jones

Cast Ellen Barkin, Leonardo DiCaprio
Plot In 1957, a divorcée in search of a good life for her son remarries, only to find her new husband (De Niro) is a violent bully. Gritty coming-of-age tale featuring DiCaprio's breakthrough role
Classic line "I know a thing or two about a thing or two"
 ⌘ £6.99
 (Warner Home Video)

Mad Dog And Glory (1993)

Character Wayne Dobie
Director John McNaughton

Cast Uma Thurman, Bill Murray
Plot De Niro plays a shy police photographer who saves a gangster's life, and is rewarded with Uma Thurman for a week. He faces a moral dilemma but falls for her seductive charms in this low-key comedy drama
 ⌘ £5.99 (4Front)

A Bronx Tale (1993)

Character Lorenzo
Director Robert De Niro
Cast Chazz Palminteri, Lillo Brancato

IN MARY SHELLEY'S FRANKENSTEIN, DE NIRO STUDIED STROKE VICTIMS TO ACHIEVE THE CREATURE'S VOICE

Plot A Brooklyn boy, captivated by the local Mob contingent, is brought in by them and finds a father-figure in the glamorous Sonny. Naturally, De Niro as his hard-working bus-driver dad objects and attempts to keep him on the straight and narrow
Historic moment De Niro's directorial debut
 ⌘ £5.99 (4Front)

Mary Shelley's

Frankenstein (1994)
Character the Creature
Director

Kenneth Branagh
Cast Kenneth Branagh, Helena Bonham Carter, Tom Hulce, Aidan Quinn
Plot Branagh's extravagant adaptation was produced by Coppola, slammed by its original screenwriter Frank Darabont and universally panned by critics and audiences. However, De Niro's soul-searching, vengeful monster provides the film with a twisted, tormented heart
Method madness Studied stroke victims to get a grip on the Creature's voice
 ⌘ £5.99; widescreen
 ⌘ £13.99 ⌘ £19.99
 (Columbia Tri-Star)

Casino (1995)

Character Sam "Ace" Rothstein
Director Martin Scorsese
Cast Sharon Stone, Joe Pesci, James Woods

Plot Scorsese treads familiar ground, throwing in all the *GoodFellas* winning ingredients (with the same writer and half the cast), but amplifies and relocates to the glitz of Las Vegas. Epic rise and fall, with violent set-pieces such as the eye-popping head-in-a-vice scene
Classic moment Pesci and De Niro's desert showdown
Classic line "Listen to me, listen to me, listen to me... listen, you fuckin' cunt"
 ⌘ £5.99 (4Front)
 ⌘ £19.99
 (Columbia Tri-Star)

Heat (1995)

Character Neil McCauley
Director Michael Mann
Cast Al Pacino, Val Kilmer, Jon Voight, Ashley Judd
Plot Pacino is the obsessive LA cop after an armed robbery crew led by his mirror image, De Niro, a master thief. Includes an epic bank heist shoot out
Historic moment De Niro and Pacino's first ever shared scene
Classic line "No matter what, you will not get in my way"
 ⌘ £14.99 ⌘ £15.99
 (Warner Home Video)

Les Cent Et Une Nuits (1995)

Character himself
Director Agnes Varda
Cast Michel Piccoli, Marcello Mastroianni
Plot A 100-year-old man asks a girl to tell him stories from films, and is visited by a plethora of movie stars including Harrison Ford, Martin Sheen and Leo DiCaprio
 Not available

The Fan (1996)

Character Gil Renard
Director Tony Scott
Cast Wesley Snipes, Ellen Barkin, John Leguizamo
Plot After being fired, a psychotic knife salesman (De Niro) decides to stalk his favourite baseball player, and attempts to revitalise his slumping career by killing his replacement. Then he goes completely off the rails...
Classic line "How about you get some kayaks and stick 'em up your fucking ass!"
 ⌘ £14.99 ⌘ £15.99
 (Entertainment In Video)

Sleepers (1996)

Character Father Bobby
Director Barry Levinson
Cast Jason Patric, Brad Pitt, Kevin Bacon
Plot Four boys who cause a fatal accident are put in a reform home, where they are abused by sadistic guards. They seek revenge years later
 ⌘ £5.99 (4Front)
 ⌘ £17.99 (Universal)

Marvin's Room (1996)

Character Dr Wally
Director Jerry Zaks
Cast Meryl Streep, Leonardo DiCaprio, Diane Keaton
Plot After caring for her bed-ridden father and aunt for years, Dr Wally has to tell a woman that she has leukemia. She then calls on other members of her dysfunctional family to support her
 ⌘ £5.99 (Video Collection)

Cop Land (1997)

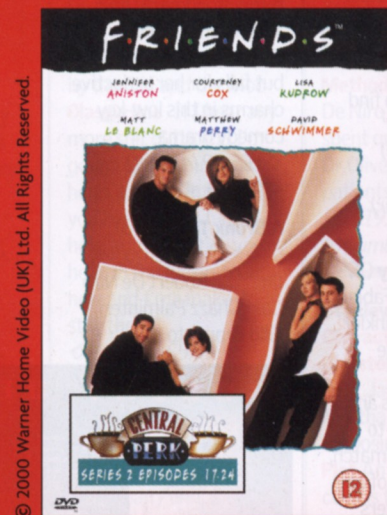
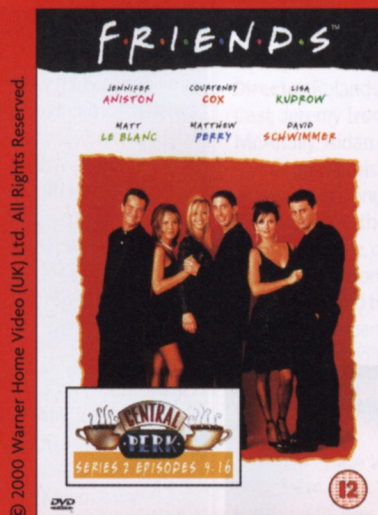
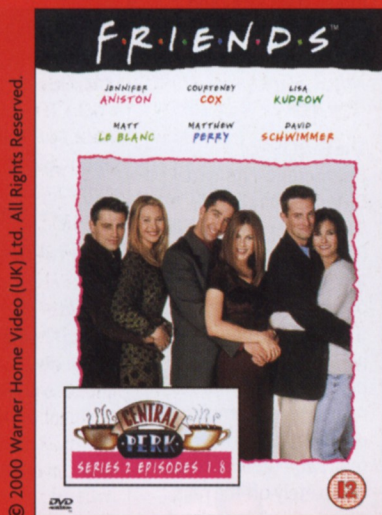
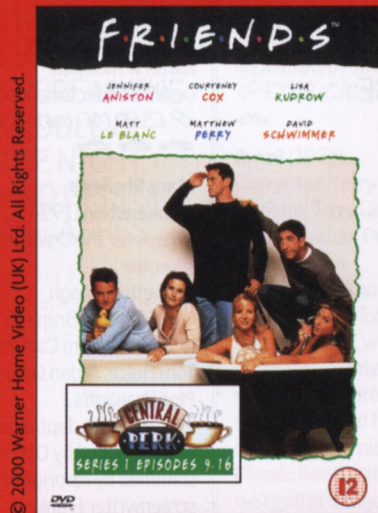
Character Moe Tilden
Director James Mangold
Cast Sylvester Stallone, Ray Liotta, Harvey Keitel
Plot De Niro is the Internal Affairs investigator who confronts Stallone, the fat, half-deaf sheriff with no control over a New Jersey town inhabited by corrupt cops. Great thriller with a cast to die for
Classic moment Keitel calling De Niro a "fuckin' rat"
Classic line "GO - TO - LUNCH!"
 ⌘ £14.99 ⌘ £15.99
 (Buena Vista Home Entertainment)

Wag The Dog (1997)

Character Conrad Brean
Director Barry Levinson
Cast Dustin Hoffman, Anne Heche
Plot David Mamet's political satire about a presidential sex scandal proved topical when it surfaced during the Monica Lewinsky controversy. To divert the public's attention, spin-doctor De Niro teams up with Hollywood producer Hoffman to create a fictional war, complete with fake refugees and freedom songs
Classic moment De Niro outsmarting CIA heavy William H Macy
Classic line "Of course there's a war, I'm watching it on television"
 ⌘ £14.99 ⌘ £19.99
 (Entertainment In Video)



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WOOLWORTHS

WELL WORTH IT

Subject to availability

Great Expectations (1998)
Character Lustig
Director Alfonso Cuarón
Cast Ethan Hawke,
 Gwyneth Paltrow,
 Anne Bancroft
Plot A young boy helps
 out De Niro's escaped
 prisoner, becomes an artist
 and gets his unrequited
 childhood love to model
 for him years later, in
 this contemporary
 adaptation focusing
 on desire, destiny etc
 £14.99
 (20th Century Fox Home
 Entertainment)

Analyze This (1999)
Character Paul Vitti
Director Harold Ramis
Cast Billy Crystal, Lisa Kudrow, Chazz Palminteri
Plot A psychiatrist assists a New York gangster (De Niro) suffering from anxiety attacks. Likeable Mafia parody which benefits from a great De Niro/Crystal partnership
Watch out for A rare De Niro commentary on DVD
Classic line "You! Youuuu!!!"
 Ⓢ £19.99
 (Warner Home Video)

PHOTODUPLICATIONS: KODAK COLLECTION



LIKE A VIRGINIE

From the Ms Ledoyen launch pad of French cinema, Hotdog proudly presents the next Euro stars hoping to 'take ze 'Ollywood by storm'

MONICA BELLUCCI

It's a hard life being a top model. As well as all that hair-washing, there's the inevitable transition from magazine to screen. Few make it. But then, few look (and act) like the luminous Monica Bellucci.

Since her debut in the 1996 comedy, *Come Mi Vuoi* (you must remember it!), *la bellissima* Bellucci has been steaming up the big continental screen with more career curves than an Alpine railway.

Now, following the hit, *L'Appartement*, which earned her a César nomination, the Italian siren is all set to loosen collars across the Atlantic where she'll star with Morgan Freeman and Gene Hackman in the thriller, *Under Suspicion*. And don't worry, there won't be subtitles – not that you'd even have noticed with Monica on screen.

WORDS: JONATHAN CARTER. PHOTOGRAPHS: RANKIN/CAMERAPRESS



DOLORÈS CHAPLIN

The beautiful granddaughter of Charlie "The Little Tramp" Chaplin was always going to make it, thanks mainly to the fact that she bears no physical resemblance to her grandfather.

Having been seen in various European films since 1991, including Wim Wenders' *Until The End Of The World*, the sultry actress also appeared on French TV and in the US series of *Highlander*. But it was the 1999 comedy, *La Patinoire*, that caught Hollywood's eye – and not just because of its gratuitous sexual content. Well... maybe a little bit.

Named after the Mexican actress, Dolores del Rio, her friends call her Dolly – which is a lot better than Little Tramp. ☐

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Heather Graham, Michelle Pfeiffer,
Pam Grier, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer,
Jennifer Lopez, Cybill Shepherd,
and, of course, Cameron Diaz

PLUS

On set with Chris Rock
In bed with Traci Lords
The making of *Carlito's Way*
And Jonathan Ross *is*
Jonathan Ross



'A free
magazine
of sexy
Hollywood
stars - you
can't say
Farrah
than that'



Go on... stick your oar in

On sale June 29



Marilyn Monroe's final roll

FINAL CUT

AS LOS ANGELES CORONER IT WAS THOMAS NOGUCHI'S DUTY TO PERFORM AUTOPSIES ON STARS SUCH AS MARILYN MONROE AND JOHN BELUSHI. BUT HIS FINDINGS WON HIM FEW FRIENDS IN THE ENTERTAINMENT INDUSTRY

STORY: NICK GRIFFITHS

- T**hings to do in Los Angeles when you're a dead pleb.
1. Make yourself conveniently portable, ring 1-800 BODYBAG.
 2. Experiment with drugs – have a friend inject you with heroin. What harm can it do now?
 3. Begin to smell.
 4. Sneer as rigor mortis sets in and pretend to be Elvis.
 5. Expel gases at inappropriate moments, with hilarious consequences.
 6. Get buried.
 7. Gain quiet satisfaction from the teary faces of friends at your graveside.
 8. Rot.

Something to do in Los Angeles when you're a dead celebrity: have yourself autopsied by a celebrity coroner. Thomas Noguchi, MD, was, according to the cover of his 1986 book, *Coroner To The Stars*, "America's most controversial Medical Examiner", and the man who examined the newly lifeless Marilyn Monroe, Robert F Kennedy, Natalie Wood, Sharon Tate, John Belushi and Janis Joplin. (Do retain a sense of perspective on the publisher's puff. Try, for instance, to name a second-most-controversial Medical Examiner. Quincy?) But Noguchi was certainly a character. He was outspoken, revealing details of celebrity deaths that prompted flurries of correspondence to the newspapers

and caused easy-listening crooner Frank Sinatra to complain.

Noguchi had a detached way of reporting death that non-coroners might have found jarring; and Hollywood, in particular, did not like its clean-living image tarnished. As Noguchi wrote of John Belushi's death: "Crouching again beside the body, I gripped Belushi's upper right arm with both of my hands, then squeezed. Nothing happened. Again I pressured the upper arm while everyone watched. Suddenly a tiny drop of blood appeared at the inner elbow. A murmur of approval went around the room. There had been a puncture in the skin..."

Twice, during his tenure as Los Angeles County's Chief Medical

Examiner, his Board of Supervisors tried to strip him of the title, succeeding on the second attempt in 1982. Among the charges levelled against him was this one: that he smiled amid mass disasters.

Since 1982, Noguchi taught and carried out autopsies for the Department of Health Services and, sadly for the aspirational deceased, retired early last year, aged 72. (On the upside he reportedly plans to continue teaching USC medical students, and to perform at least one autopsy each week). Not to worry: if Noguchi can't slot you in, the local County Coroner's Office isn't in the habit of turning people away.

Los Angeles is a very odd place. A tiny percentage of its population ➔

Noguchi allegedly danced in his office as Robert Kennedy was dying, gleeful that the case would cement his reputation

→ is able to lord it over the rest from up in the Hollywood Hills, purely because they are quite good at acting. Far from being resented, these "Look-I'm-a-tree!" types are fêted with handprint-style shrines, pavements made of stars, ceaseless press coverage and awards ceremonies.

Amid this city of exaggerations and surrealism is the County Coroner's Office, which has a gift shop. Two dollars will buy you a white fridge magnet with chalk-outlined-body logo, reminding you to "Stay Cool". Or the hilariously morbid might like to purchase the Coroner Toe-Tag Key Chain, which can be personalised: a great way, evidently, to remind people not to drink and drive. It is often said that professionals who deal with death develop a sense of humour that others might find disconcerting.

Thomas Noguchi arrived at Orange County General Hospital, California, from Japan in 1952, and moved to the Los Angeles Coroner's Office in 1960. He had developed a love affair with America during World War II. To Noguchi, the Americans were a friendly, laughing people, scientifically more advanced than the Japanese. And he adored his father, Wataru, who had broken with tradition, quitting the family farm to become an artist and later, aged 40, a doctor. The footstep-following was inevitable. Wataru, said his son, had "superachieved", and that is what Thomas wanted to do. He would take on forensic medicine, then in its infancy. If "superachieving" involves breaking boundaries and being noticed for it, there could be no better place to start than in Los Angeles.

In August 1962, Marilyn Monroe became Medical Examiner's Case No 81128 and Noguchi, then a mere deputy, was assigned to perform the autopsy. Clearly, someone was taking him seriously. In *Coroner To The Stars*, Noguchi recalls being asked how Monroe looked in death and notes that he could reply only by quoting the Italian poet Petrarch: "It's folly to shrink in fear, if this is dying. For death looked lovely in her lovely face."

During the examination on Table One, he found no needle marks, a fresh bruise on Monroe's hip that would never be explained, and no evidence of pills in her stomach or lower intestine (though a bottle of Nembutal, with 40 of the sleeping tablets missing, had been found beside her bed). The conclusion of the official report was "probable suicide". Noguchi's findings were necessarily controversial. Well, they would be: this was a woman rumoured to have been "seeing" US President John F Kennedy, and his brother, Robert. Her death would later be attributed to: Fidel Castro, trying to frame Bobby Kennedy in revenge for one too many CIA assassination attempts with an exploding cigar; to Bobby Kennedy himself, for fear of her exposing their alleged affair; and to FBI agent and mobsters, Dave, Tony and Phil, being the spirit names given to her murderers by Monroe herself, when contacted during a 1990 seance.

Noguchi adopted a fresh approach to forensic pathology. Just as Cadfael was a monk-detective when monking might have been rewarding enough, so Noguchi was a medical-detective. Forensic investigation is like movie-making, but in reverse, he explained to *Omni* magazine,

showbiz-analogy-style. "We arrive just after the last scene, after the cowboys have been surrounded by the American Indians. From the available evidence, we try to make [the final] frame, then the one before... We kind of roll the projector backwards, to the title."

TV's Quincy character is supposedly based on him, which seems unsurprising. Noguchi has some brilliant stories. About the time he autopsied a woman with a bullet hole in her skull, though there was no trace of a bullet. It was later, while passing a fashion boutique in downtown LA, that he realised a spike-heeled lady's shoe in the window could have caused the wound. This he proved and the LAPD, deciding that a woman would not have the strength to kill with footwear, went looking for a transvestite murderer.

On one occasion, Noguchi was called in when Albert Dekker, best known as horror-cinema's Dr Cyclops, was found hanging from a beam above his bathtub. Examining the scene and body, then employing a colleague to conduct a psychological autopsy, he concluded that this was his first case of autoerotic asphyxia. Another time, Noguchi was sent to a deserted Hollywood house in which there were bloodstained bathroom walls, but no body. Telltale yellow staining in the tub, coupled with an unpleasant smell, led him to request a search of the drains. Two teeth were discovered; the only remains of a man dissolved in sulphuric acid by his roommate. But these are a mere fraction of the lesser-known corpses among an otherwise high-profile career.

In June 1968, during Noguchi's probationary period as Los Angeles County's Chief Medical Examiner, Senator Robert F Kennedy was assassinated. Sirhan Sirhan was seen by several eyewitnesses shooting at Kennedy in the kitchen of LA's Hotel Ambassador, from a distance estimated between three to six feet. Noguchi found two bullet wounds by the senator's armpit, and a third beside his right ear. This fatal head wound was surrounded by soot, which could have come only from a close-range shot. The following day, Noguchi asked a lab technician for seven pigs' ears. He attached each one to a padded-muslin skull simulator, and had a Police Academy (not the film) marksman fire at them, from distances of zero to four inches. The powder tattoo of the three-inch shot perfectly matched Kennedy's. As with Monroe's death, conspiracy theories abound. Did the Palestinian Sirhan act as decoy for another assassin, unnoticed amid the confusion? Was he brainwashed to perform the atrocity?

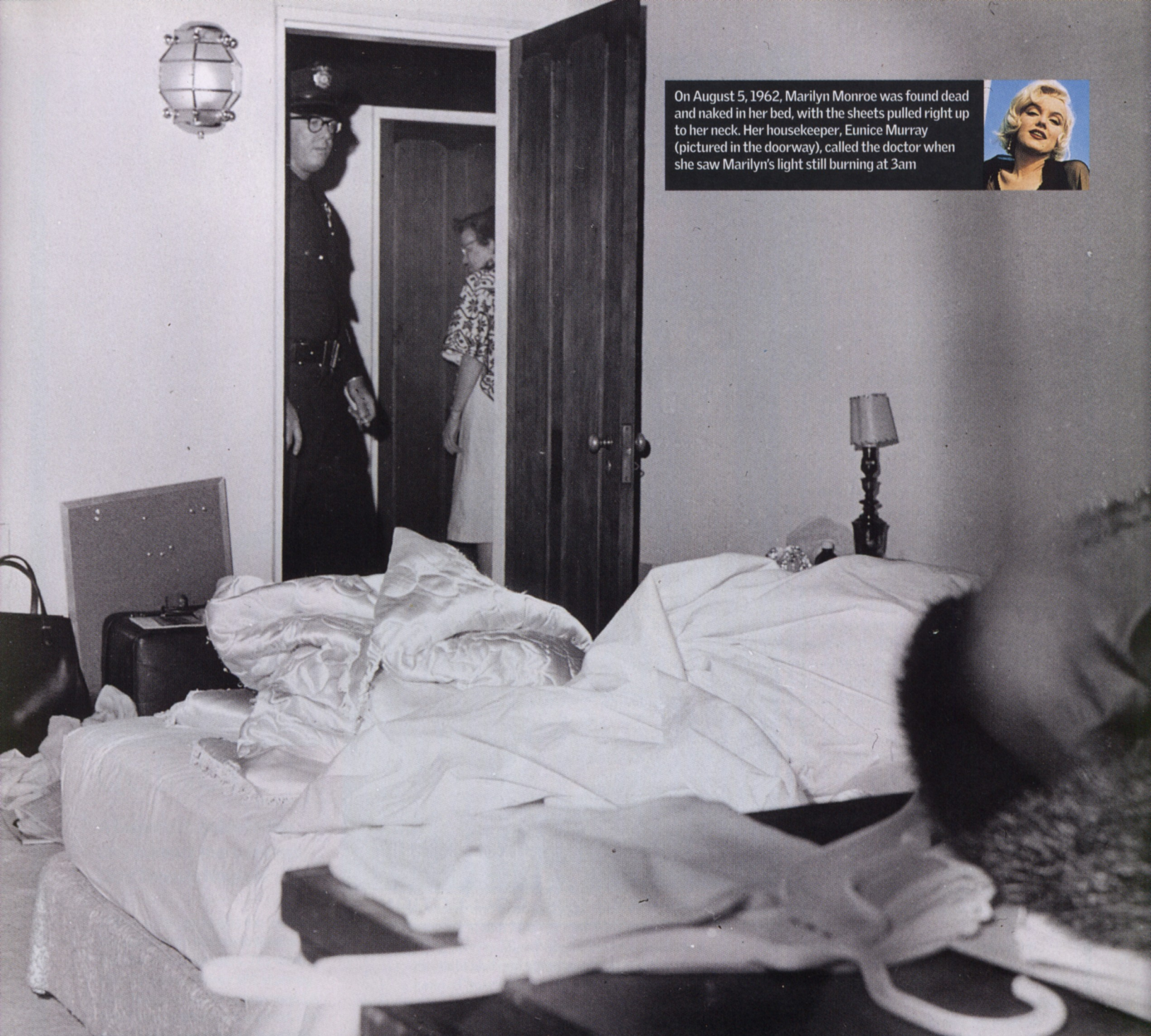
Noguchi was made permanent Chief Medical Examiner but shortly afterwards, following some bureaucratic shenanigans over budgets, was asked to resign. He refused and was fired. Noguchi took his case to the Civil Service Commission, which convened in May 1969. Television cameras witnessed the proceedings, such was the man's public profile. Among the 61 charges brought against him was that one about Noguchi smiling during mass disasters. Others →



Above: the LA living room where Sharon Tate (right) and friend, hair stylist Jay Sebring, were murdered by Charles Manson in August 1969. Their bodies were found in front of the sofa. Three more were found outside



John Belushi, who overdosed on March 5, 1982, aged 33

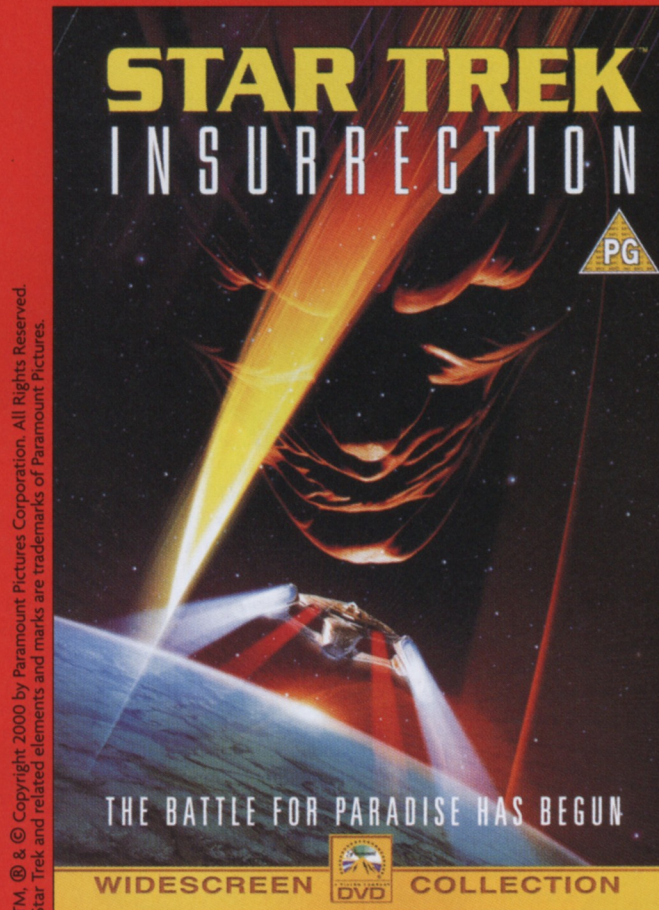


On August 5, 1962, Marilyn Monroe was found dead and naked in her bed, with the sheets pulled right up to her neck. Her housekeeper, Eunice Murray (pictured in the doorway), called the doctor when she saw Marilyn's light still burning at 3am



From far left: Natalie Wood, with husband Robert Wagner, in 1976; LA lifeguards find Wood's rubber dinghy after her death by drowning in 1981; Robert Wagner says his final goodbyes

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WOOLWORTHS

WELL WORTH IT

Subject to availability.

Noguchi believed LA's taxpayers had a right to know what caused people's deaths – taking a stand on that cost him his job



'Hey, let's go and cut up another dead person'

QUINCY

A beginner's guide to the only coroner more famous than Thomas Noguchi

If Thomas Noguchi was the 'coroner to the stars', then Raymond QuinCY was the star of the coroners. The weekly NBC TV series, *Quincy ME*, starring Jack Klugman as the eponymous LA Chief Deputy Medical Examiner, ran for 143 episodes, from 1976 to 1983. If the programme was to be believed, then no dead body is as it seems. There is always foul play at, er, play. And rather than cut up and shut up, the selfless Quincy chose to add to his workload by conducting his own investigations, often falling foul of his big-haired superior, Dr Astin. Although he managed the occasional visit to the marina bar – within easy staggering distance of the 60ft yacht he called home – the crusading coroner and his trusted assistant, Sam, were pretty well always *chezlab*, in their trademark blood-free smocks. They even made coffee on a Bunsen burner so they wouldn't have to leave – a sign of true devotion or appalling deviancy? You decide. Jonathan Carter

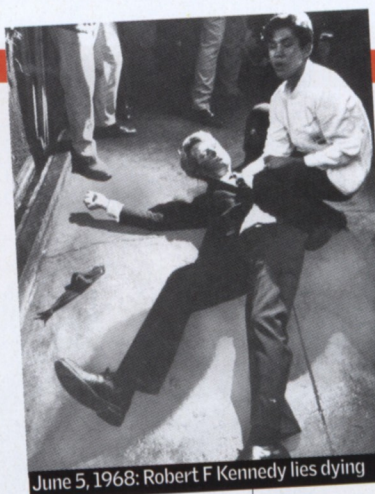
→ included him wanting 707 jets to crash so that he could perform the victims' autopsies and become famous, and his throwing a shoe at a black chauffeur. Noguchi was alleged to have danced in his office as Robert Kennedy was dying, gleeful that the case would cement his international reputation. One secretary testified that he told her to activate his bleeper during speeches, to make him look important. Not one charge was proven and Noguchi was reinstated. His own attorney, Godfrey Isaac, later suggested that the Japanese-born Medical Examiner had been a target of "plain, old-fashioned prejudice".

Thirteen years later, Noguchi would again be on trial. The previous November (1981), he had performed autopsies on two Hollywood stars: William Holden and Natalie Wood. Holden, an Oscar winner for his role in *Stalag 17*, had died alone in his apartment, his body remaining undiscovered for four days. He had fallen, struck his head on a table and, Noguchi concluded, bled to death having tried to staunch the wound with a succession of tissues.

Wood, a former child star and wife of Robert Wagner, was found floating in the sea some way from her yacht, *Splendour*, after dining with her husband and the actor Christopher Walken. Noguchi proposes that she fell into the water while trying to board the dinghy, was caught by the current and drowned in her heavy clothing. A suggestion that Wagner and Walken had been arguing prior to Wood's death became attributed to Noguchi and one newspaper accused the coroner of "juicing it up". In both cases, he stated that the deceased had been drinking.

This did not go down well amid the acting community. The *Los Angeles Times* ran a story, "Holden Died From Blood Loss", recounting Noguchi's graphic recreation of the actor's last moments. Frank Sinatra complained to the Coroner's Board of Supervisors, while the Screen Actors Guild similarly claimed invasion of privacy. One *LA Times* reader accused Noguchi of running for his "forensic personal publicity kit" with each unnatural celebrity passing. During the Seventies, Dr Noguchi appeared increasingly in the media, as an expert witness, propounding new theories, revealing details of his cases that some deemed improper. Journalists began referring to him as "Coroner to the stars", in an ironic way. He was accused of basking in the reflected limelight of Hollywood's starry types.

Noguchi has always believed in "telling it like it is", he said. And his style could be rather... forthright. Try this, from the book *Coroner To The Stars*: "On the morning of March 5,



June 5, 1968: Robert F Kennedy lies dying

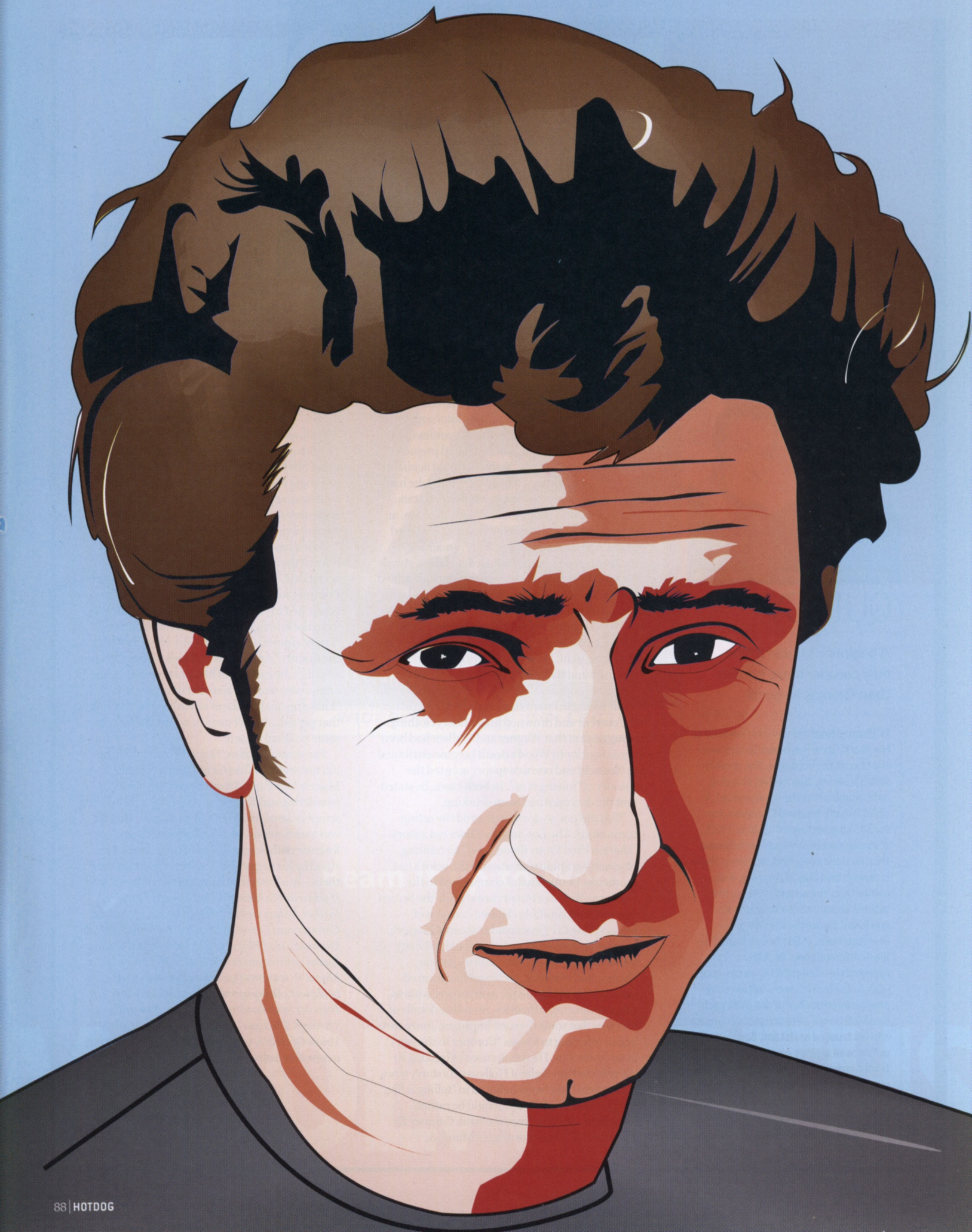
[John Belushi] was lying naked on white sheets in the bedroom of his bungalow, curled up on his right side. The room was hot, but he wasn't perspiring. Belushi, the loveable comic... was dead at 3.30."

Telling of the actor's death by drug-overdose was his way of warning the public off recreational chemicals. ("Chronic drug use causes a wasting of the gonads," he once noted, chillingly.) Stating that alcohol had played a part in William Holden's death followed the same principle. Noguchi believed that Los Angeles' taxpayers had a right to know what caused people's deaths – taking a stand on that cost him his job.

Following the Holden/Wood controversy, The *Los Angeles Times* launched into the Chief Medical Examiner: "Noguchi's Ego Seen As Single Flaw". The report contended a mismanagement of his office, and that police evidence and the deceased's property routinely went missing. Noguchi was demoted.

At his second Civil Service hearing, experts refuted the allegations. Again, Noguchi was reinstated. Thirteen days later, the Civil Service Commission overturned the decision. He continued to practise successfully, though away from the limelight. Upon retirement he said: "I have enjoyed every one of my 38 years with the County." And he has no plans to diet ("People who diet die early"). Of his controversial public announcements, he remains unrepentant: "I have no qualms about anything I said during that period... I don't need to adjust the facts for some political reason."

Fame came to him, Noguchi contended, he did not seek it. Which is not unlike joining Manchester United from Yeovil Town and wondering suddenly why your mug is all over the scrapbooks of small boys from Surrey. That he was a meticulous, sometimes pioneering, forensic pathologist can be in little doubt. He stood by his principles – however you may view them – in a town that is not vast on principles. **■** If you want to examine Dr Noguchi's career further, he has written several books, including *Coroner* and *Coroner At Large* (both with Joseph Dimona), and *Physical Evidence* (with Arthur Lyons) which you might find in the 'Slightly Macabre' section of your local second-hand bookstore. Autopsy videos, available on the Internet (www.autopsyvideo.com), include *Through The Eyes Of Death's Detectives*, and *Voices Of Death*, which sees Noguchi performing a complete autopsy. Or just stick with *Toy Story*.



Q&A

SEAN PENN

In his latest movie, *Sweet And Lowdown*, Sean Penn plays a uniquely gifted guitarist whose path to success is blocked only by his arrogance and antisocial behaviour. Sound familiar?

Hollywood really likes Sean Penn. The feeling is not mutual. No wonder he hit it off with Woody Allen.

Penn earned an Academy Award nomination for his portrayal of a brilliant but repugnant Thirties jazz guitarist, Emmet Ray, in fellow LA-phobe Allen's *Sweet And Lowdown*. It was the latest of numerous signs – like throwing bigger acting gigs his way, the louder he proclaims that he'd rather write and direct – that Tinseltown forgives its erstwhile son's transgressions, such as bad-mouthing colleagues and beating up photographers.

Maybe that's because, in film after film (*Fast Times At Ridgemont High*, *Casualties Of War*, *Dead Man Walking*, etc), Penn has displayed such a rare combination of acting perfection and searing screen presence. Maybe, contrary to his own belief, the industry does recognise quality when it sees it. Maybe they just think they'd better be nice or he might hurt them.

Or, just perhaps, they're onto what a smart, dedicated and witty guy he really is, and would just like to hang out with him more.

Congratulations on your Academy Award nomination. And further congratulations on not campaigning at all to win the Oscar. If there is anything disgusting in the movie business, it is the whoredom of my peers.

You have nothing but contempt for that whole awards process, don't you?

I don't know that I would want to demean a good movie by giving it that thing. I was sure that this year, *Pokémon: The First Movie*, was going to win Best Picture. But *American Beauty* is a beauty, isn't it?

Yes. And so was your performance in *Sweet And Lowdown*. You deserve an award – and I mean that in the best way – just for being the first male lead in a Woody Allen film who didn't act like Woody Allen.

Yeah, I just didn't hear him when I read it. Maybe if he wasn't an actor, I could see modelling something on him; I have done that before with directors and writers. But if that was the case with this, then he should play it.

You don't do your own music in the film, but you learnt the guitar to look authentic.

It was a nightmare. I'll never touch one again. I didn't have much time to learn it, so I had to do it in a concentrated period – and it's hard to work like that now. Of course, I don't want to look at myself in the mirror and not see somebody who works hard, either. The other choice was worse.

Did having a brother who's a musician help at all?

No. Michael gave me no help at all.

The film is about a great artist who is also a terrible human being. Ring a bell about anyone you've met?

I don't know that I get that surprised by human nature. Whatever extremes I've seen in others – or extremes in myself – haven't surprised me very much. Sadly, it's true that my basic response to people in general is disappointment, but that applies to me, too.

You seem more light-hearted than in recent years. Have you changed?

I don't think anybody changes all that much. Everybody talks about it and the ones that change the least pay a lot for somebody to change them. I don't think I ever was what people thought – none of us are.

But don't people still seem scared of you?

All of the time. I love that, 'cos you can eat in peace.


Speaking of peace, you moved to northern California a few years ago after spending your whole life in LA. Is life better there?

For me, LA is like 38 years of ghosts on every corner, out of ridiculous behaviour on my own part. So I've been glad to get up there and pretend that I have a head on my shoulders.

Some would question that, if only because you're still voicing your opinions about the business. It's considered career suicide to publicly criticise Hollywood dumbness and the individuals you feel sell out to it, such as your friend – or should that be former friend? – Nicolas Cage.

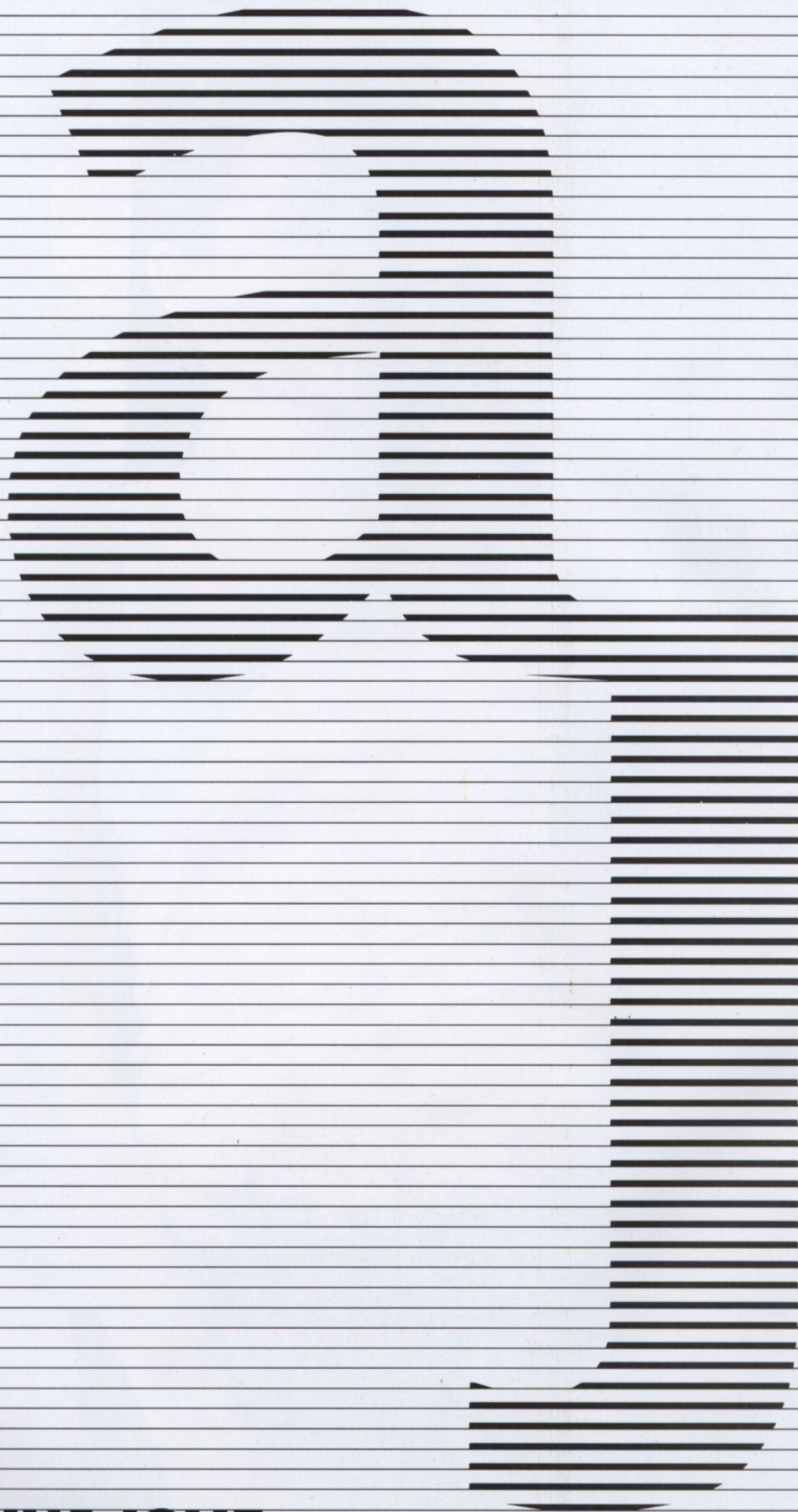
That wasn't necessarily a criticism; I was just making an observation on Nic, who I think is a wonderfully talented guy. But I would say that, as long as the stores have glass windows, I would be hard-pressed to do something that I don't believe in. Anybody who gets into the business to make money is going to do what they're going to do. We need them and they're going to have their sensibility no matter what. But you don't see a lot of people whose pools aren't heated playing the parts in those terrible movies. If a guy needs a job he should take the job, and more power to him. But other than that, movies are too important, in a sense. So if you're an artist who's in it just for the money, I would be against you. I'm expecting something more.

You appeared briefly in the movie *Being John Malkovich*. What would a film called *Being Sean Penn* be like?

That would be a horror movie. And it would involve nudity. **Bob Strauss**  *Sweet And Lowdown* is released nationwide on June 9

'I wouldn't want to demean a good movie by giving it an award. I was sure that this year *Pokémon: The First Movie* was going to win Best Picture'



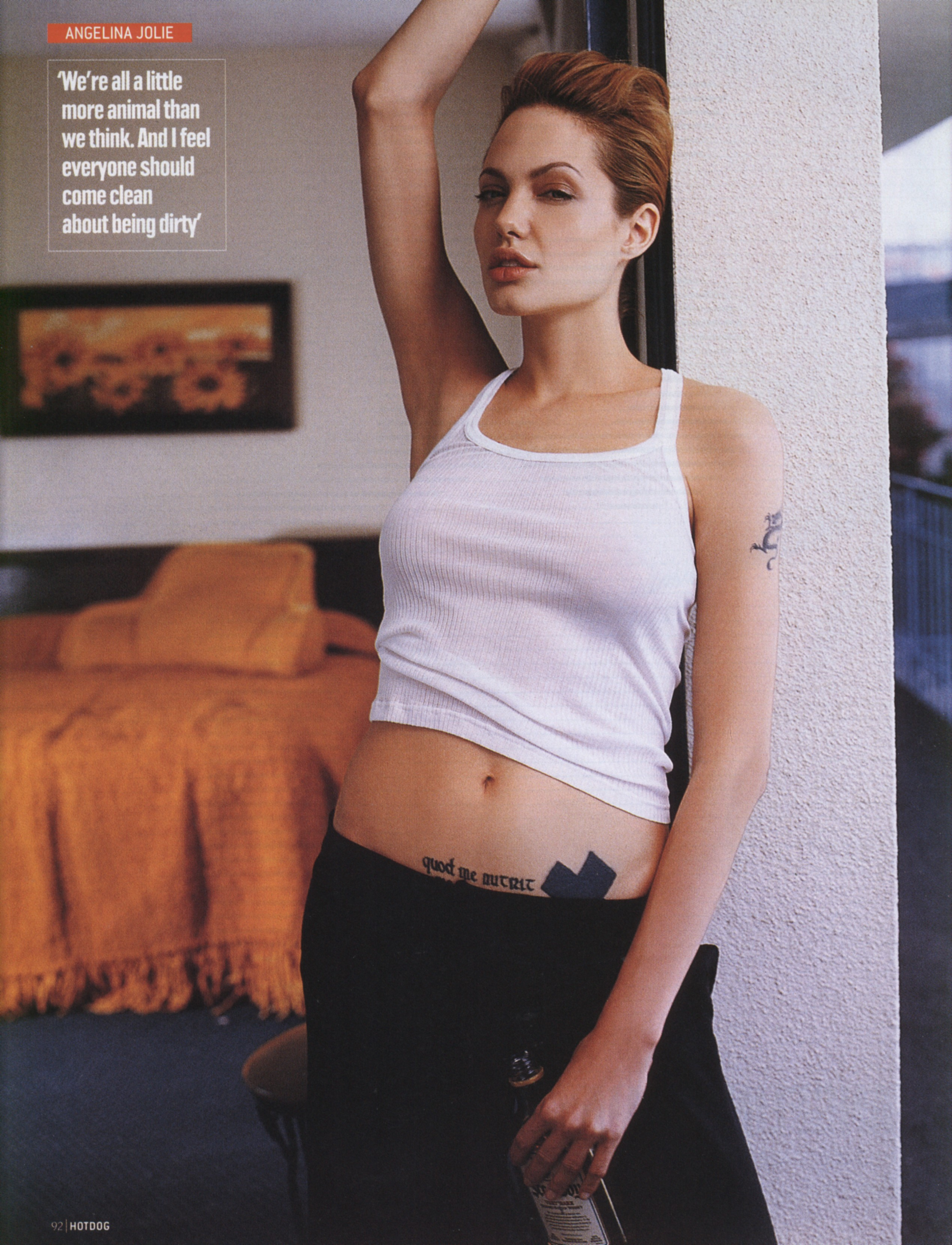


ANGELINA JOLIE

And the Oscar for best horny, tattooed, bisexual actress in a supporting role goes to...

PHOTOGRAPHS: MARK SELIGER. STORY: JONATHAN CARTER

'We're all a little more animal than we think. And I feel everyone should come clean about being dirty'





**'I find everyone
attractive. It's
about the person
and if that person
happens to be
a woman, then OK'**



'All the insane moments in my life have happened with English men'

Angels in the upcoming film. "The reasons to do it would have been to play a tough girl and I've already done that. Also, to be in a big, big movie, and that's not really what I'm looking for." She has, however, agreed to play Lara Croft in next year's *Tomb Raider*.

She is also about to be star in the remake of *Gone In 60 Seconds*, with Nicolas Cage and our very own Vinnie Jones. "All the insane moments in my life have happened with English men," she admits. You get the feeling that there have been plenty of them. Insane moments, that is. Not English men. When she married Jonny Lee Miller, she wrote his name across her shirt – in her own blood. Sadly, four years later, she had to get scrubbing with a Stain Devil. "People in the press want you to fall apart," she says, about the break-up. "There were articles saying: 'What the hell's wrong with Angelina?' I read them so I could find out. I'm still wondering. I think I'm just completely insane." There's that word again.

So she must have identified with the sociopathic Lisa in *Girl, Interrupted*. "Lisa is a woman with no filter. She has to go up to people and say: 'Be fucking honest with yourself.' I was completely free to spit on someone, to kiss them, to kick them... to do whatever I felt like doing. I found that I had this personality inside of me and it scared the shit out of me. I wish in life you could just run up to people and do whatever you feel like doing. But I guess you can't live that way. It's taken me a while to accept life after being Lisa."

Does she see herself as a very weird person then? "I'm the most normal person in the world," she affirms. "I'll try anything. That's the thing about me, people just never know whether to offer me something weird because I might just take them up on it. I don't want to censor myself," she says, not censoring herself.

"I think we're all a little more animal than we think. I feel everyone should come clean about being dirty. It makes me horny." Uh-huh. So, go on. "People have a lot of inhibitions. I think that even as an actor you can connect with somebody and look at somebody, and expose yourself in so many ways. You can have such a strange meeting with somebody on the street, that you might as well have fucked them."

Of her nude scenes in *Pushing Tin*, she said: "I don't see nudity as shocking, and I don't see my breasts as being that fucking stunning." To make up for this lack of shock-value, she's just finished shooting the thriller *Dancing In The Dark*, with Antonio Banderas. Any nude scenes in that? "Well, I think we're gonna have trouble with our rating because one of the sex scenes is about control and S&M." There we go again. So, do people come on to her all the time? "No! Unfortunately. I'm, like, right there. If they do come on to me then I might just take them up on it. I just find everyone attractive. It's about the person and if that person happens to be a woman, then OK."

Every interview with Angelina Jolie always ends up mentioning her bisexuality. Personally, we wouldn't dream of it. Then again, maybe we would. **A**
Gone In 60 Seconds is out in August

he Japanese symbol for death; the letter 'H'; a quote from Tennessee Williams... These aren't clues to buried treasure, they're three of Angelina Jolie's tattoos. Hmmm. So maybe they do lead to treasure after all. You see, the extremely *jolie* Angelina is more than just a beautiful actress who has won three Golden Globes and an Oscar. There's loads of other stuff, too. She's a girl, interpreted. Or rather misinterpreted.

For instance, there's her love of knives. She gave up modelling because she had too many scars: an 'X' on her arm, a line across her stomach, a cut on her neck – no wonder she has a huge following on the web's wilder shores. And then there's the tattoos. All seven of them. "My body is a totem pole of my life," she explains. OK. But what about the interest in forensic science? "People think that I carry a dark secret with me, or that I'm obsessed with death. The truth is that I'm the least morbid person you could meet. If I do think more about death than other people do, then it's probably because I love life more than they do."

It's difficult to see how the 24-year-old survives the shrill world of Hollywood. Perhaps it's got something to do with being the daughter of Jon Voight. That and being talented. And she's not bad-looking. So what does she think about her Oscar for *Girl, Interrupted*? "I don't think it's gonna change anything," she says. And it hasn't encouraged her to take up every high-profile, big bucks offer that comes along: she recently turned down the opportunity to play one of Charlie's



'Typical! Even the bridge self-destructs after five seconds'



MISSION: ACCOMPLISHED

So you want to be Tom Cruise, huh? Well, don't expect the impossible – we can't promise you a vast fortune, a night in with Nicole Kidman, or a rabid respect for the cock*. What we can give you is the lowdown on all the hot stuff he gets to play with in this year's summer blockbuster, M:I-2

REVIEWS: MORGAN REES



Oakley X-Metal Romeos

Not only offering 100 per cent UV protection, but also one of the few pairs of shades with built-in TV screen, video player and personalised retinal scan to stop anyone else accessing your private visual world. Ideal if you want to look cool, catch rays, stay safe and remain true to the Homerism that man's greatest love is his television. Also very useful for receiving politically sensitive information anywhere on the globe and helping to maintain world order. At £190 they're a bargain, but be careful – should you choose to accept them, they've been known to self-destruct after five seconds use. For stockist information, tel: 01462 475 400

* Before you call the lawyer, it's something to do with Magnolia


Porsche 911

With more curves than a *Playboy* bunny, a sleeker cockpit than an F-14 fighter plane and more pulling power than a Mack truck, the Porsche 911 is ideal for a super-spy, or for playing bumper cars with dusky maidens on dusty mountains as the sun goes down. A top speed of 190mph and 0-60 in 4.2 seconds justifies the £95,000 price tag (why not get two?), and the minimalist interior is as much macho as mechanism. Of course, crashing your German mean machine might seem like a bad idea, but if it gets you a few inches closer to Thandie Newton, well, so be it.

For stockist information, tel: 0345 911911



Triumph 595

People think that Britain and Bond cars are no longer synonymous. And they're right. However, in an effort to redress the balance, the IMF pick up where MI6 left off, utilising the massive 112bhp of the 955cc Triumph 595 for front-wheel wheelies, gun battles and head-on collisions. While the frame of the T595 is smaller than its counterparts, it compensates with more pace than Road Runner on MDMA, more sex appeal than Pamela Anderson Lee in PVC and more style than Armani dressed in... well, his own clothes. In fact, this is the Tom Cruise of motorcycles. And it's British. 

For stockist information, tel: 01455 251700

Mission: Impossible 2 is released nationwide on July 7



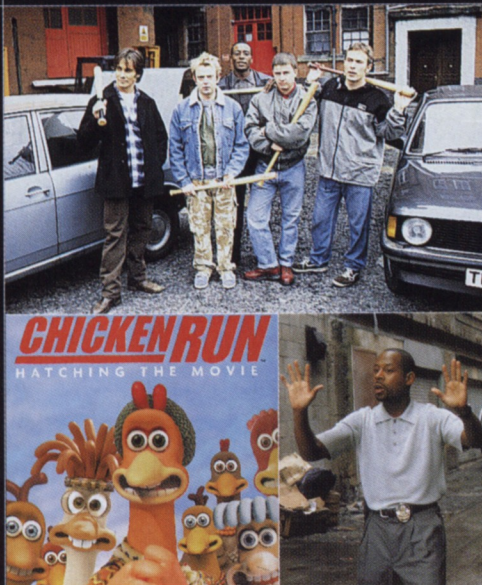
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25 PAGES OF THE BEST CINEMA, DVD, VIDEO, TECHNOLOGY & BOOKS



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John Naughton
Ben Olins
John Patterson
Morgan Rees
Michael Williams



- ★★★★★ GoodFellas
- ★★★★★ Heat
- ★★★★ Cape Fear
- ★★★ Analyze This
- ★ New York, New York
- ★ We're No Angels

U-571

Every submarine movie set piece is here: rivets popping at 300 metres, depth-charge attacks, collapsing bulkheads, the ping of the sonar and the sweaty claustrophobia



Director Jonathan Mostow

Cast Matthew McConaughey, Bill Paxton, Harvey Keitel
Certificate 12

Release date June 2

For years, American producers have been trying to figure out how they could remake *Das Boot* with an American cast, preferably without subtitles, Germans or below-decks drag queens. Since *Boot*'s helmsman, Wolfgang Petersen, has resisted all requests – though he'll soon be shivering our timbers with *The Perfect Storm* – *U-571* will have to settle for Jonathan Mostow, who made the clever Kurt Russell road thriller, *Breakdown*.

It's 1942, and the convoy war in the Atlantic is being lost by the Allies. Submariners Bill Paxton and Matthew McConaughey are ordered to sea on a secret mission to board a stranded U-boat and steal its Enigma encryption machine, which holds the key both to reading German signal traffic and winning the U-boat war. It's the usual crew of shipmates: stiff-necked captain (Paxton); a lieutenant passed over for promotion (McConaughey, very Aryan indeed) who must later shoulder the burden of command; German-speaking farmboy (Jack Noseworthy), nervous Naval Intelligence landlubber (David Keith); WWI veteran swabbie ("I'm an old sea dog – I need my salt" A-Har-Harvey Keitel), and miscellaneous mechanics, ratings and other torpedo-fodder including, of all people, Jon Bon Jovi.

The boarding is successful and everything goes swimmingly until the American sub is sunk with all hands (plus captured crew). This finally leaves McConaughey in a position to prove he's officer material by commandeering the knackered sub (dials and instruments in German), fixing it up, sinking his pursuers and getting his men home. It all sounds preposterous – because it is – but Mostow's script and direction are more than taut enough to cover the occasional lapse in credibility.

Every submarine movie set piece is here: rivets popping at 300 metres below, nightmarish depth-charge attacks, torpedo-dodging manoeuvres, collapsing bulkheads, the ping of the sonar, the sweaty claustrophobia, and more or less all the genre staples that date back to *The Cruel Sea* and *Run Silent, Run Deep*. *U-571* retreats them all, but on a grand scale. And if it isn't *Das Boot*, it still floats along nicely. **John Patterson** ★★★★★



Bank holiday picnics were always a disaster



'Holy Christ, we're sinking!' 'Sir, this is a submarine'

CO-STARRING

Seventies softcore legend **Robin Askwith** on his unlikely appearance in *U-571*...

What are you doing in a Hollywood blockbuster?

I got a call asking if I'd be interested in playing an American admiral. At the time I had long, blond hair and was very tanned, and I thought she must have the wrong bloke. And I said: "There's no point in me coming to see you because I don't look right." And she said: "But you're portly." And I said: "Well, no I'm not actually, if you don't mind." And they faxed through the script, and it was this portly old admiral, and she kept saying: "But you're 50."

Did she know who you were?

No, no idea at all. This was great – I'd never been offered anything like this. In England, you know, I'm just a trouser-dropping imbecile. So I went, and they said: "No, you're not an American admiral, but there is another part." So I read it, and I was offered the part of this merchant seaman who rows into shot, does a bit of dialogue and gets shot by the Germans. And that was it. But

I got the part because they didn't know who the hell I was. I don't even look like me in it – I'm covered in herpes and beard.

Does the *Confessions* legacy haunt you?

Well, it came back to haunt me again in the Eighties when the videos started to come out. You'd have six-year-old boys wandering down the street, giggling because they'd seen my bottom. And now, with the huge Seventies revival, I get even more mail than I got then. It never ends. **Alex Godfrey**
Confessions Of Robin Askwith (Ebury Press) is out now, £14.99

'I'm just a trouser-dropping imbecile'



Robin Askwith's stint as BBC political correspondent didn't last



Penn is outstanding as Emmet Ray, whose gift with the guitar is offset by the demons that drive him to drink, steal and shoot rats

Sweet And Lowdown

Director Woody Allen

Cast Sean Penn, Samantha Morton, Uma Thurman

Certificate PG

Release date June 9

Everyone knows that Woody Allen likes three things: making movies, jazz music and young, attractive Asian girls. Despite the title of his latest offering, *Sweet And Lowdown* only indulges in the first two.

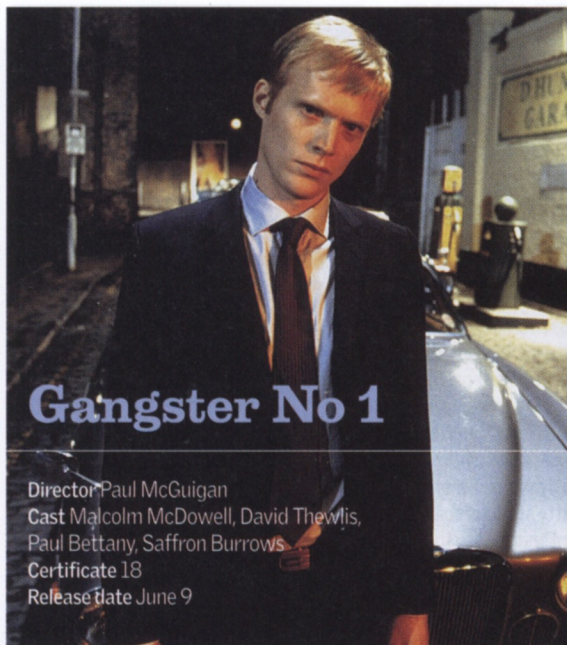
In a funny, touching biographical snapshot, Sean Penn plays the self-obsessed Emmet Ray, probably the best fictional Thirties jazz guitarist in the world – “probably” because the best is gypsy Django Reinhardt, the real-life legend and the only man who can move Ray to tears with his playing. A mix of Woody’s imagination and a composite of classic jazz characters, Penn puts in an outstanding performance as Ray, whose gift with the guitar

is offset by the demons that drive him to drink, steal and shoot rats at the dump. He’s also in the habit of loving and leaving every woman in his life, even his soul mate, a retarded mute, played brilliantly by Samantha Morton.

There are cameos from Uma Thurman, Anthony LaPaglia and John Waters, but the plaudits belongs to Penn and Morton. He brings a troubled, comic artistry to the role of Ray, while Morton, without a single line of dialogue, is a megaphone of physical emotion, ripping at the heart strings with the intensity of a Django Reinhardt guitar solo. And don’t even get me started on the soundtrack... **Paul Henderson ★★★★★**



‘No, it’s heart on your sleeve Mr Penn’



Gangster No 1

Director Paul McGuigan
Cast Malcolm McDowell, David Thewlis,
Paul Bettany, Saffron Burrows
Certificate 18
Release date June 9

After years in well-paid obscurity, Malcolm McDowell comes back to claim the title of Britain's Scariest Actor. As Gangster – no name, just Gangster – he narrates the film, recounting, with expletive-littered glee, his rise to infamy. The story begins, as they so often do, in a squalid London pub in 1968, when a vicious little thug is brought in to work as a heavy for London mobster Freddie Mays, a.k.a. The Butcher Of Mayfair (Thewlis). The thug's proclivity for violence, coupled with his naked ambition, sets him on a collision course with his mentor which culminates in a sickening act of treachery and violence.

As the young Gangster, Paul Bettany captures the intensity of McDowell coupled with the icy, blue-eyed menace of Michael Caine in *Get Carter*, a film which *Gangster* – alone in the current rash of British crime movies – is capable (just) of being bracketed with. The rest of the cast can't really compete: Thewlis looks awkward in suit and tie while Saffron Burrows is just another tough dolly bird with a heart of gold. But these are minor complaints, more than made up for by Bettany and McDowell, and by Paul McGuigan's audacious direction. **Ben Olins ★★ ★★**



Christmas comes early with Saffron Burrows

For Love Of The Game

Director Sam Raimi
Cast Kevin Costner, Kelly Preston,
John C Reilly
Certificate PG
Release date June 16

This is the baseball movie that Kevin Costner decided to sabotage on its US release by declaring it a dud. An unusual course of action considering he has the starring role; and probably not much fun either, for the film's embattled director Sam (*The Evil*



'The film's really bad you know'

Dead, A Simple Plan) Raimi, in his first outing on a studio picture.

Costner is household-name pitcher Billy Chapel, one of the all-time greats, stepping out for one last game on the day his team gets sold from under him. Throughout the game, he recalls his career in flashback, and his developing relationship with the irksome Kelly Preston who needs a regular guy, "Not the guy in the Old Spice commercial" ("Right Guard," he corrects her). All the ballpark clichés step up to the plate: old-time coach; former friends now traded to the opposition; discontent in the players' wives' stand; the simple country sidekick (John C Reilly, loafing); "The Zone"; and the zen of baseball.

Raimi gets into a conservative, elegiac groove and lets his soundtrack do the storytelling: "Reeling In The Years" – here comes the flashback;

"Paint It Black" – everything turns to shit, and so on. A film essentially about ageing and values, it lasts for ages, and makes you wonder – why did you do it, Kev? **JP ★★**

Battlefield Earth

Director Roger Christian
Cast John Travolta, Forest Whitaker,
Barry Pepper
Certificate TBC
Release date June 2

"It's like a *Pulp Fiction* for the year 3000." John Travolta has clearly got a lot of faith in his new film about a group of aliens that invade earth to strip it of all its natural resources, while simultaneously enslaving and/or killing all of humanity. Hardly the most original idea, this *Mars-Attacks-meets-Alien-Nation* is a hybrid most of us have not been waiting for. And, despite kind comparison with Vincent Vega, it

certainly doesn't show any obvious echoes of Tarantino's 1994 classic (not even a "And you will know my name is the Lord..." line). So where does the cool come from? Well, essentially, the aliens.

Being pitched somewhere between *Independence Day 2* and *Lost In Space*, *Battlefield Earth* will undoubtedly benefit from Travolta's name and the big budget, but will that guarantee a megabucks →



'Mr Whitaker, you look different...'

→ box-office bonanza? As the major sci-fi offering of the summer – the animated *Titan AE* with the voice of Matt Damon looks unlikely to rock the world, *Battlefield Earth* is definitely worth a look. The only question that remains is can the king of cool, the man responsible for smooth moves from *Saturday Night Fever* to *Staying Alive*, conquer the audience as quickly as he did the earth? We suspect he won't.

Morgan Rees ★★

Chill Factor

Director Hugh Johnson
Cast Cuba Gooding Jr, Skeet Ulrich
Certificate 15

Release date June 23

"Elvis has left the building," just not the Elvis you're thinking of. *Chill Factor's* Elvis is a grotesquely virulent chemical weapon formula, two droplets of which can strip flesh from the bone and raze cities. Now it's been stolen by disgruntled former Special Ops officer Peter Firth, who's still marked about being made scapegoat for a disastrous Elvis test ten years ago.

As you'd expect from this action-thriller-comedy, you get explosions, chases, a breather, then another dose of adrenaline

Cut to the chase, and the only remaining vials of this nouveau *Satan Bug* fall, rather improbably, into the hands of short-order chef Skeet Ulrich and ice-cream delivery man Cuba Gooding, neither of whom has any previous experience in the field of planet-saving. They have to get the shit to Fort Whatsit, despite the killers and redneck cops on their tails, and never let it reach 50°C – or a quarter of the US mainland will fry.

Chill Factor is as conventional as you'd expect the action-comedy-thriller hyphenate to be. Stilted Murphy/Nolte badinage from the leads (with Gooding making all the running – Ulrich's almost invisible),



'That's the last flame-grill I order'

followed by chases, explosions and heavy labour for the stunt crew. Then a breather (cue more duff interplay between the mismatched leads), then another dose of alleged adrenaline. *Chill Factor* is half right – it never really rises above tepidity. **JP ★★**

28 Days

Director Betty Thomas
Cast Sandra Bullock, Viggo Mortensen
Certificate 15

Release date June 16

Sandra Bullock stars as Gwen, a party girl of unspecified profession who arrives smashed at her sister's wedding and decides that the bridal limo should be likewise demolished. She's directed by the court to a bucolic rehab facility where, reluctantly at first and

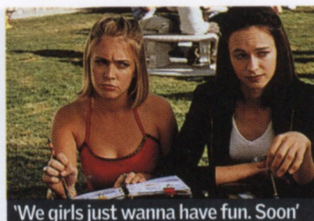


'Nice day for a... triple vodka'

wholeheartedly later, she confronts the task of changing her ways.

Directed by Betty Thomas, auteur behind Howard Stern's *Private Parts*, and written (sort of) by *Erin Brockovich* scripter Susannah Grant, *28 Days* is neither harrowing nor frivolous enough to be of much consequence. Gwen's rehab comrades include a teen-addict cutie, a gay new-wave German, an irascible doctor, and Viggo Mortensen, sorely ill-used as a sensitive pro baseball player. Meanwhile, Loudon Wainwright III, guitar in hand, pops up in the strangest places – the cafeteria, out among the trees – to offer musical commentary, à la the far superior *There's Something About Mary*. No one amounts to an actual, complex person, however, which leaves little else for Bullock to do but try charming her way through the proceedings. To her credit, she comes close to pulling it off, but if she keeps appearing in losers like *28 Days*, her reserves may run as dry as Gwen strives to be.

Hazel-Dawn Dumpert ★



'We girls just wanna have fun. Soon'

Drive Me Crazy

Director John Schultz
Cast Melissa Joan Hart, Adrian Grenier
Certificate 12

Release date June 9

What initially looks like a typical high-school romance (starring TV's *Sabrina, The Teenage Witch*) doubles surprisingly well for an intelligent and witty study of teen behaviour. A script that doesn't go for cheap laughs, a plot that fails to patronise and the odd example of subversion are like a healthy heart-attack in a genre usually defined by cliché and narrative conformity.

Of course you've got a few old familiars – the gay friend, the bulimia sufferer and the single parents are standard teen-movie fare – but, ultimately, the minority representation and the few misplaced one-liners can be forgiven. Why? Because there's a lot more fun here than in the standard swill usually associated with adolescent ardour. **AG ★★**

Eye Of The Beholder

Director Stephan Elliott
Cast Ewan McGregor, Ashley Judd
Certificate 18

Release date June 9

Ewan McGregor plays a nameless intelligence agent stalking a woman (Ashley Judd) suspected of blackmail across America. Armed with an array of hi-tech surveillance gizmos, he hides in shadows, behind bushes and up belltowers, steadily falling in love →



Judd puts the 'ash' back in Ashley



McGregor puts the 'smoking' back in jacket

Also released this month

Take the wife to...

Not One Less

Director Zhang Yimou
Cast Wei Minzhi, Zhang Huike
Certificate U

Release June 23

A 13-year-old girl is chosen to teach a class of kids. Promised more cash if she can keep them all in class for a month, she's forced to chase one of them when he legs it to the city.

Take tissues to...

An Intimate Affair

Director Frédéric Fonteyne
Cast Nathalie Baye, Sergi Lopez
Certificate 18

Release June 16

A couple begin a relationship after he puts an ad on the Internet requesting a partner for "a pornographic affair". When she wants more than sex, he wants out.

Take drugs to...

Broken Vessels

Director Scott Ziehl
Cast Jason London, Todd Field
Certificate 18

Release June 2

A hick new to LA becomes an ambulance driver. His partner shows him how to work the city and introduces him to heroin.

Take the Walkman to...

The Next Best Thing

Director John Schlesinger
Cast Madonna, Rupert Everett
Certificate 12

Release June 23

As gay as Rupert Everett may be, he's still unable to control himself when faced with alcohol and naked Madonna. Babies, court battles, and dodgy cover tunes ensue. **AG**

→ with this *femme fatale* who changes wigs as often as she kills unsuspecting men. Meanwhile, he's in emotional turmoil – the ghost of his daughter haunts him, turning up to sing and skip like something from a Freddy Krueger nightmare. Stephan Elliott, director of *Priscilla, Queen Of The Desert*, holds it all together with innovative stylistic devices and a tormented emotional core. **AG ★★**

Return To Me

Director Bonnie Hunt

Cast David Duchovny, Minnie Driver

Certificate PG

Release date June 9

Bob (Duchovny) goes into an Irish-Italian restaurant in Chicago, after hours. He's there to see waitress Grace (Driver), but he's greeted by her grandpa, (Carroll O'Connor, in blarney overdrive) who doesn't waste any time enquiring into Bob's marital status. Bob responds, saying that his wife has sadly passed away and – "Jesus, Mary and Joseph!" – grandpa goes and suggests a pint in her memory.



'That's not a six-pack, it's a Party Seven'

He leads Bob to the back of the joint where three ancients are playing poker. "This is Bob," says Grandpa. "His wife is dead." As one, the three men thrust their hands forward for a shake in solidarity.

This mildly humorous moment elicits the single, solitary laugh contained in writer-director Bonnie Hunt's *Return To Me* – a miserable romantic comedy that's neither funny nor romantic.

At the beginning of the film, Bob's wife dies in a car crash and Grace receives the wife's heart in a transplant. Unaware of their mutual history, the pair meet a year later and fall in love.

It's not an awful premise, but Hunt is an awful filmmaker, and her strenuous attempts at charm – a dance to Sinatra, a heart-to-heart with an Italian waiter, a nun riding a bicycle – bring the unmistakable stink of desperation to the whole affair. **HD ☆**

The Ninth Gate

Director Roman Polanski

Cast Johnny Depp, Frank Langella, Lena Olin

Certificate 15

Release date June 2

Like Kubrick's *Eyes Wide Shut*, Polanski's *The Ninth Gate* is a bewildering, dreamlike thriller that doesn't quite know what it wants to do with us. Johnny Depp plays an unscrupulous rare-book buyer who travels across Europe investigating the authenticity of a book supposedly written by Satan himself. He becomes increasingly obsessed with his quest before realising that he's out of his depth.

Depp never seems too comfortable with his character, creating an awkward distance between the audience and the film, giving the impression that the most enticing aspect of the script for him was the director's name at the top. Concerning itself with bizarre suicides, ancient engravings and hooded cults, the story is intriguing, but ultimately fails to frighten,

sometimes veering more towards *Murder She Wrote* than *The Omen*. Thankfully, Polanski's ideas are complemented by *Seven* cinematographer Darius Khondji's lush visuals, and *Dracula* composer Wojciech Kilar's spooky score, providing an entertaining, albeit unengaging, exercise in horror fantasy. **AG ★★★**

When The Sky Falls

Director John Mackenzie

Cast Joan Allen, Patrick Bergin

Certificate 18

Release date June 16

During the early Nineties, fearless reporter Veronica Guerin went head-to-head with the Dublin underworld, risking her life in the →



'Cheer up, the film's nearly over'



'It looks like paper, sounds like paper – I think it's paper'



Small Time Obsession

Director Piotr Szkopiak

Starring Alex King, Jason Merrells

Certificate 15

Release date June 16

Jason Merrells has appeared in the TV shows Casualty and Queer As Folk. He plays Chris...

Sum up the film?

He says "It's the story of a group of friends living in south London who are all of second-generation Polish descent. They're torn between the hard-working culture of their parents and dabbling in crime. They get involved with a big gangster called Geordie, and that gets them into a lot of trouble."

We say Something that would have made a good BBC drama, is overstretched into a "low budget British gangster thriller". It starts off as a comedy, stumbles into a semi-serious love story, then goes for a gritty, violent climax.

Is it any good?

He says "Yes. I think so."

We say Compared to other British gangster films, no, not really.

What's your role?

He says "Chris wants to be in the big league, so he's really happy when he meets a gangster called Geordie. His best friend Michael is the wary one, and the film centres on me trying to get him involved."

We say Merrells is the best thing in it. Chris is a bad boy who so wants to be a big-time player that he's prepared to ruin his friendships and relationship to do it.

What would you compare it to?

He says "It's got an element of *Lock, Stock* about it, purely in the sense that a lot of comedy comes from their criminal ineptness."

We say It wants to be *Lock, Stock* crossed with *State Of Grace*, but it isn't funny enough, romantic enough or violent enough to pull it off.

Why should we go and see it?

He says "Because it's funny, a good slice of London. It's not Americanised. It's honest."

We say An ambitious debut feature from a home-grown talent trying to keep it real from the seamy side of south London.

→ name of investigative journalism. This dramatisation of her story features an unsentimental, convincing performance by Joan Allen who portrays Guerin as a loving wife and mother who can't help "hurtling forward".

An honest, no-frills film which, although at times only slightly meatier than a TV drama, doesn't shy away from clinical violence, making for well conceived, powerful cinema. **AG ★ ★ ★**

Maybe Baby

Director Ben Elton

Cast Hugh Laurie, Joely Richardson
Certificate 15

Release date June 2

Written and directed by Ben Elton, it's hardly surprising that *Maybe Baby's* cast list is a minor who's who of Eighties and Nineties British comedy, with Hugh Laurie, Rowan Atkinson, Joanna Lumley and Dawn French all doing their respective things. Laurie's a BBC writer who can't write anything and has "slow" sperm, while his long-suffering wife Joely Richardson has fallen in love with the office hunk and gets her insides examined by Mr Bean.

Old Ben knows his comedy. He mixes lesbians, dogshit and masturbation with slapstick, gets his mates to do their star turns, and Atkinson excels as the obstetrician from hell. However, the standout performance belongs to Richardson, who provides the film with an emotional backbone and makes it all seem worthwhile. **MW ★ ★ ★**

Frequency

Director Gregory Hoblit

Cast Dennis Quaid, Jim Caviezel
Certificate 15

Release date June 16

Watching the first half-hour of *Frequency*, you'd be forgiven for suspecting Steven Spielberg's involvement. It's 1999, and John Sullivan (Caviezel) has dug up his

late father's (Quaid) old ham radio. There's an electrical storm... a touch of magic in the air... and before you can say "*Back To The Future*", father and son are chatting away, all thanks to a hole in time. Soon, people start disappearing from photographs, and objects hidden in 1969 miraculously appear a second later in the present. History is altered and, as John begins to develop two sets of memories, the moral seems to be: "Don't mess with physics". Fair enough, but the fun stops there.

At some point during proceedings, what began as an imaginative yarn about reconciliation descends into second-rate crime thriller territory, with the two united heroes racing against time to solve a murder mystery. The plot becomes increasingly ridiculous and any shred of narrative dignity the film once had is lost, replaced with some prime examples of sentimental Hollywood excess. **AG ★ ★**

Relative Values

Director Eric Styles

Cast Julie Andrews, Colin Firth, William Baldwin, Jeanne Tripplehorn, Stephen Fry, Sophie Thompson
Certificate PG

Release date June 9

Based on a Noël Coward stage

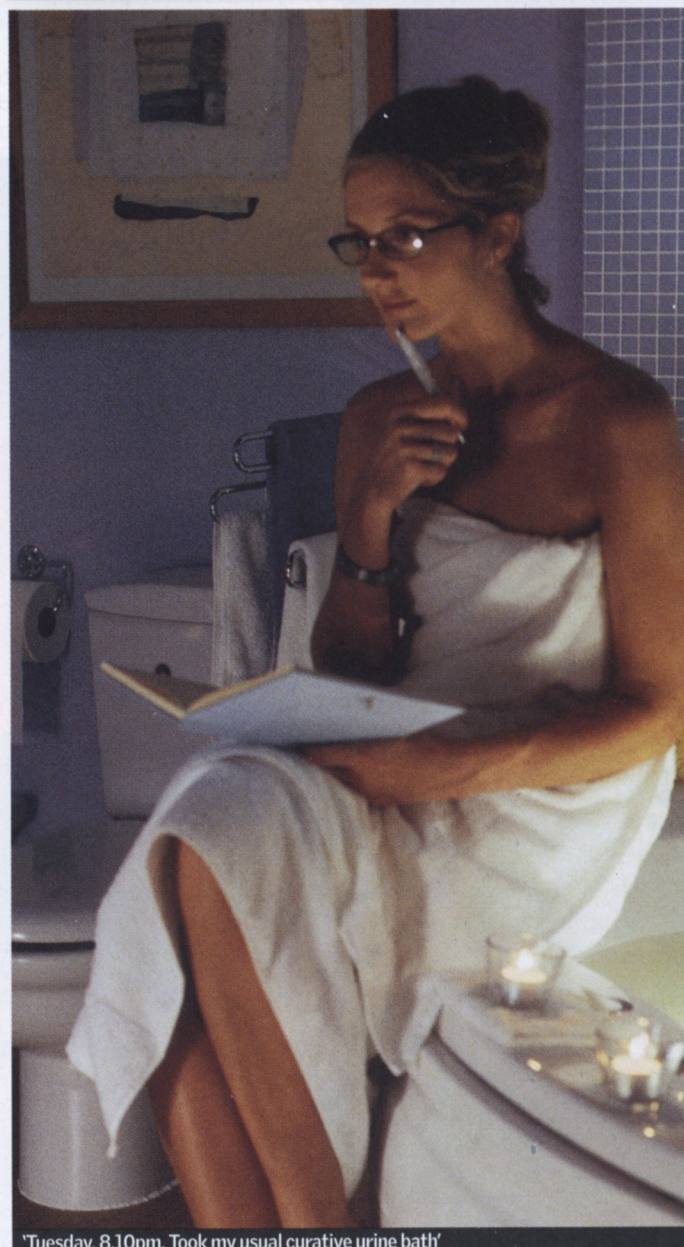
As Coward would say, the culture clash between Hollywood stars and the English aristocracy is 'a positive feast of hilarity'

play, *Relative Values* is a very British "comedy of manners" that may be deeply unfashionable, but benefits from perfect casting and great performances. Set in the Fifties, it plays on the class culture clash between two Hollywood stars and an uptight English aristocratic family, to create, as Coward would no doubt have put it, "a positive feast of hilarity".

Baldwin is superb as the big-screen boozehound Don Lucas, Julie Andrews' cool, calculating Countess is remarkable and Stephen Fry almost steals the show with his Jeeves-like butler. But it is Sophie Thompson's Moxie who blows them all away as the below-stairs maid pretending to be a newly monied Lady. It's no *American Pie*, but if you like your comedy stylish, sophisticated and as dry as a good Martini, look no further. **PH ★ ★ ★**



'Can you feel my finger in your ear?' 'Yes darling, and the rabbit in your pocket'



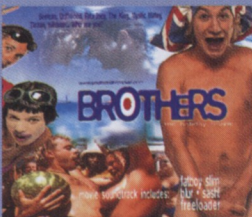
'Tuesday. 8.10pm. Took my usual curative urine bath'



The weirdest karaoke machine ever

WORLD OF MOUTH

The Film: Brothers



Director Martin Dunkerton
Certificate 15
Release date June 23
Brothers follows the fortunes of a group of lads on a week-long binge of drinking and shagging in the sun. But the fun wears thin as the boys realise there is more to life than hedonism. Is it any good? Don't ask us, see what our reader reviews panel has to say.



Name Steve Hobbs
Job Journalist
Favourite film Dog Day Afternoon



Name Mike
Job Graphic Designer
Favourite film The Eagle Has Landed



Name Christina
Job Marketing
Favourite film Dances With Wolves



Name Leyla Revelle
Job Public Relations
Favourite film Il Postino



'I must say, that's an especially fine melon you have there'

Mike It's a bit like *Five Go To Corfu* isn't it? The only thing that was missing was Timmy the dog.

Christina Did I miss the bit when they unmasked an international crime organisation, then?

Leyla No, it wasn't even that exciting. It was just constant build-ups and then nothing happens.
Steve It was a bit like *Human Traffic* on holiday. The same kind of nonsense. It tries to capture a moment when your gang is your whole life and appeal to how you felt then.

Mike But that's pointless, because whatever happens is only meaningful to the people involved. It's like watching a bunch of mates taking drunkenness in the pub for entertainment.

Leyla Or other people's wedding photos. Not good.

Christina The script was pretty dreadful. Like that bit when the guy is talking about the girl he got off with and says the oldest school joke in the world - "Smell my fingers." Then in the next scene they are talking about Schopenhauer. Ridiculous.
Mike I thought it was going to turn into a porn film at one point. I got quite

excited. But there was a flash of snatch and a bit of tit. Then it went nowhere. There was some girl-on-girl action, but that was only to keep your interest, as far as I could tell.

Steve Yes, I was pleased with the nipple count.

Christina It was more like *Greece: Uncovered*. A bunch of lads go to Greece to get drunk and shag.

Steve Except *Greece: Uncovered* is only on for 30 minutes. This went on for hours.

Leyla I couldn't work out who anyone was. I bet you can't name them all.

Mike Who was the one who broke down in the toilet?

Christina Tarzan.

Steve I didn't like that at all. Maybe there are fat people all over Greece having little breakdowns in club toilets with their trousers round their ankles, but I don't want to see it.

Leyla That was the philosophy bit. Everyone had a flaw and the Greek bloke's was anger. So they

have to learn from their mistakes. I think that's why the film kept stopping and was broken into little sections, like "betrayal", "brotherhood" and all that stuff. Very Greek tragedy.
Mike A load of old bollocks more like. The real question is how did they get Fatboy Slim and Sash to do the soundtrack?

Christina All those tracks were at the beginning,

though. By the end it was *Zorba The Greek* zither music.
Leyla And Rod Stewart.
Christina I went on one of those holidays once. I thought it would be a

good laugh, but when I got there it was full of fat, pasty English people shagging, drinking and lazing around by the pool. Everything happens at night on those holidays. In this film everything happened during the day.

Steve It wasn't realistic was it? If they were just a bunch of lads out on an alcoholiday, why did they keep talking about philosophy?

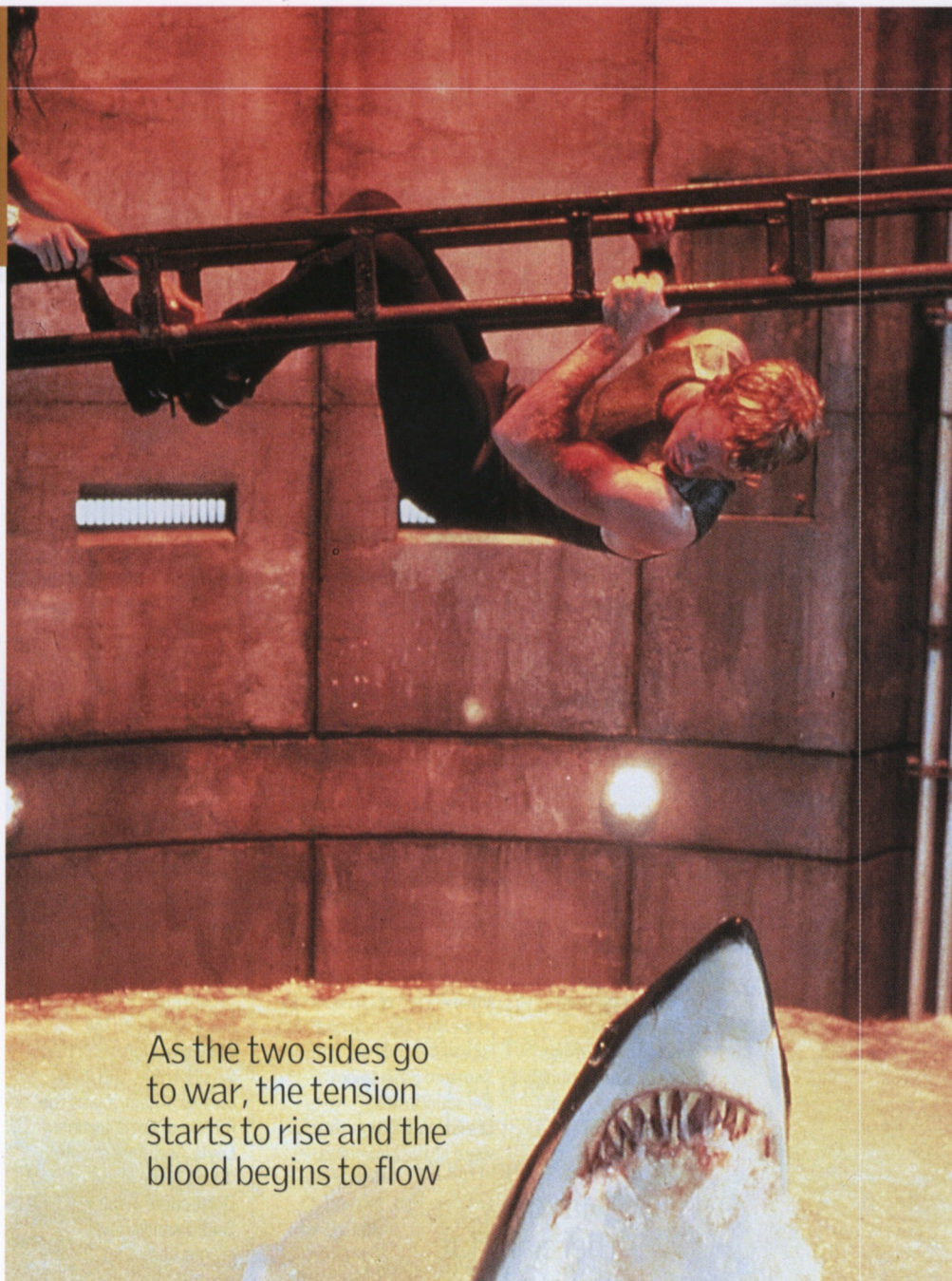
Mike The only thing that's going to stay in my mind was that horrible bit when he's shagging the prostitute. What's that about? You can't call anything real until you've had an ugly, cheap, prostitute? Doesn't sound like a holiday to me.

Christina Ooh, yeah that was horrible, and in the bushes. Again, it was the middle of the afternoon.

Leyla And she's shouting, "Don't come in me you pig! Don't come in me you pig!" God! I would never recommend that anyone see this film, but that scene will stay with me for ever.

Christina It was packed full of clichés too, wasn't it? One bloke discovers he's gay, two women become lesbians and everyone talks about how important it is to wear condoms. They even have an argument about nuclear weapons.

Steve Maybe they could use it as an educational information film for teenagers who are going on their first holiday without their parents. If you would like to be on a reader reviews panel, e-mail us: hotdog@ifg.uk.com. Or write to: Hotdog Panel, IFG, 37 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3JB



As the two sides go to war, the tension starts to rise and the blood begins to flow

Deep Blue Sea

Director Renny Harlin

Cast Samuel L. Jackson, Saffron Burrows, Thomas Jane

Certificate 15

Release date June 5

Price £19.99

Think *Jaws* meets *The Terminator*. In an offshore bio-lab, a series of steroid-crazed, genetically modified, *über*-intelligent mutated sharks go on the rampage in a fight to escape their captors and return to the deepest of the deep, where they can breed and raise potentially hazardous, genetically-modified, *über*-intelligent mutated babies. Fortunately for aquatic life everywhere, these ferocious fish hadn't counted on the West Side's finest, LL Cool J, teaming up with the gorgeously sultry Saffron Burrows and the handsome yet elusive Thomas Jane. Together,

they set about systematically reducing the sharks to a Chinese starter.

As the two sides go to war in the dimly-lit laboratory, the tension starts to rise, the blood begins to flow, the body count increases and the bite sequences become increasingly graphic (just ask Sam "look behind you" Jackson). The ever intrusive dorsal fin slowly rising from the water is enough to scare the shit out of everyone, cast and audience alike, but it's the speed of these piscine predators that'll really put the willies up you. *Jaws* may still be the master, but CGI means that this spin-off definitely has bigger teeth. **MR**

DVD extras Commentary from all the stars; a documentary on sharks in their natural habitat. Some top hip-hop from Lady's Love Cool James, and the ability to freeze-frame as various people get their heads bitten off. ★★ ★



Mystery Men

Director Kinka Usher

Cast Ben Stiller, William H. Macy, Paul Reubens, Janeane Garofalo, Geoffrey Rush

Certificate U

Release date June 26

Price £19.99

Superhero movies as a genre are always so close to self-parody that most spoofs fall flat by comparison. How do you mock a character who wears underwear over his

The *Mystery Men* can't fly or travel faster than a speeding bullet, but they can shovel, get angry and hurl cutlery

tights? Making their powers insignificant and putting them in mundane day jobs is a good start. The *Mystery Men* can't fly and they certainly can't travel faster than a speeding bullet, what they can do is shovel ("and shovel well"), get angry, and hurl cutlery. An undeserved box-office flop, this big-budget spoof is a better action movie than the last *Batman* and funnier than most recent comedies.

The return of Paul Reubens (the one-time Pee-wee Herman) as the The Spleen, zit-faced and gassed-up – his powers are his "silent but deadly" high velocity farts – is reason to watch alone, but add to that Ben Stiller's rage-filled Mr Furious, William H. Macy's hapless Shovel, and Hank Azaria's effete Blue Raja and you've got a guaranteed great time – despite what those critics said. **BO**

DVD extras Spotlight on location, commentary; deleted scenes; origin of *Mystery Men* comic book characters; trailer; DVD ROM featurette; production notes; filmographies. ★★ ★ ★



'You see, I told you my arm was longer than yours. And now...'

The Full Monty

Director Peter Cattaneo

Cast Robert Carlyle, Mark Addy, Tom Wilkinson

Certificate 15

Release date June 12

Price £19.99

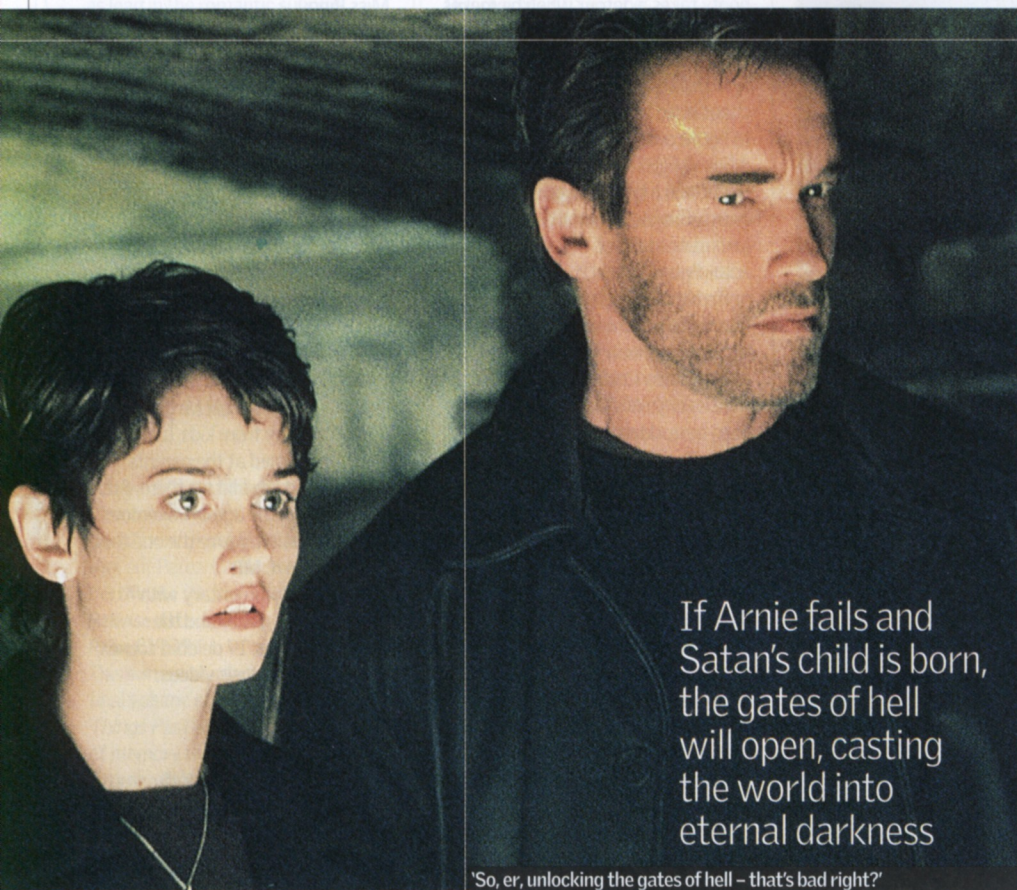
It's the natural progression really, unemployed steelworker to stripper. Undeniably one of the films responsible for the re-launch of the British film industry – and an affirmation of Robert Carlyle as a big-screen contender, not merely a lovable Scottish Bobby – *The Full Monty* is typical of the working-class comedy that's become a British trademark.

After noting the effect of The Chippendale's on the local lasses, Gaz (Carlyle) rounds up a group of potato-shaped Yorkshire lads and persuades them that getting it off is the best way to make it big. But then again, what incentive – other than a good laugh – can a group of ex-steelworkers offer the Sheffield massive? *The Full Monty*, of course. A tackle out, swinging in the wind display that guarantees a full house and expectant audience.

Managing to find the fine line between overindulgent sentimentality and the multitude

of penis gags, *The Full Monty* covers the spectrum of personal and social paranoia associated with unemployment and depression, as well as the obvious nudity related stress. Mark Addy comes across particularly well as the most "rotund" member of the group as he tries to come to terms with both body and personality consciousness, having neither the charisma of Gaz, nor the appendage of Horse. **MR**
DVD extras Trailer. ★★

What incentive, other than a good laugh, can a group of potato-shaped Yorkshire lads offer the Sheffield massive?



If Arnie fails and Satan's child is born, the gates of hell will open, casting the world into eternal darkness

'So, er, unlocking the gates of hell – that's bad right?'

End Of Days

Director Peter Hyams

Cast Arnold Schwarzenegger, Gabriel Byrne, Robin Tunney

Certificate 18

Release date June 19

Price £19.99

Subtlety and Schwarzenegger have never made sweet music together, and *End Of Days* is no exception. Arnie plays a burnt-out bodyguard protecting the prospective mother of Satan's child against conceiving the hell spawn. This is obviously important: if he fails and the child is born, the gates of hell will open, casting the world into eternal darkness. And that would be really bad.

Some interesting deaths (including one ceiling crucifixion), a subway maiming and alley fights provide the usual action sequences and carnage quota, and it quickly becomes clear that as a jaded widower Arnie makes one hell of a Marine. However, in attempting to find emotional depth, the Austrian's limitations become clear; from anguish through misery until we all finally reach despair, the suicidal tendencies and tenuous grip on faith that the plot necessitates vanishes in favour of a bad one-liner. Thankfully, Gabriel Byrne fits his satanic manifestation snugly, and it's worryingly easy to enjoy him sending kids to their doom, indulging in scandalous bedroom romps, and removing heads from necks. **AG**
DVD extras TBC ★★→



'Tonight, Matthew, I am going to be...'

Alien Legacy

Director Ridley Scott, James Cameron, David Fincher, Jean-Pierre Jeunet

Cast Sigourney Weaver, Tom Skerritt, John Hurt, Carrie Henn, Michael Biehn, Charles S Dutton, Charles Dance, Winona Ryder, Ron Perlman

Certificate 18

Release date May 15

Price £19.99 each, £69.99 box-set
Acidic, ugly, bulbous-headed queen bitch meets alien from another planet. *Alien* is essential for any film noir follower and is up there with *Jaws* and *Psycho*. *Alien* is one of the

most intelligent action movies you're ever likely to see. Fincher's *Alien 3* starts off pretty well, even if it does lose the plot halfway through. And *Alien: Resurrection*... well at least it's cheap this way. **MR**

DVD extras The Legacy box set comes with a free additional fifth disc of a feature-length documentary about the design and concept behind the Aliens incarnation, as well as offering you extra clarity to watch the blood and mucous-soaked entrails dangle from the stomach on the birth of a mini-monster. If purchased separately, all four movie discs are packed with trailers, featurettes, behind the scenes footage, and the like. But the original *Alien* DVD is the most exhaustive, throwing in deleted scenes, outtakes, the original score, photo galleries and a Ridley Scott commentary.

Alien ★★★★★

Aliens ★★★★★

Alien 3 ★★

Alien: Resurrection ★

Alien Legacy (box set) ★★★★★

Blue Streak

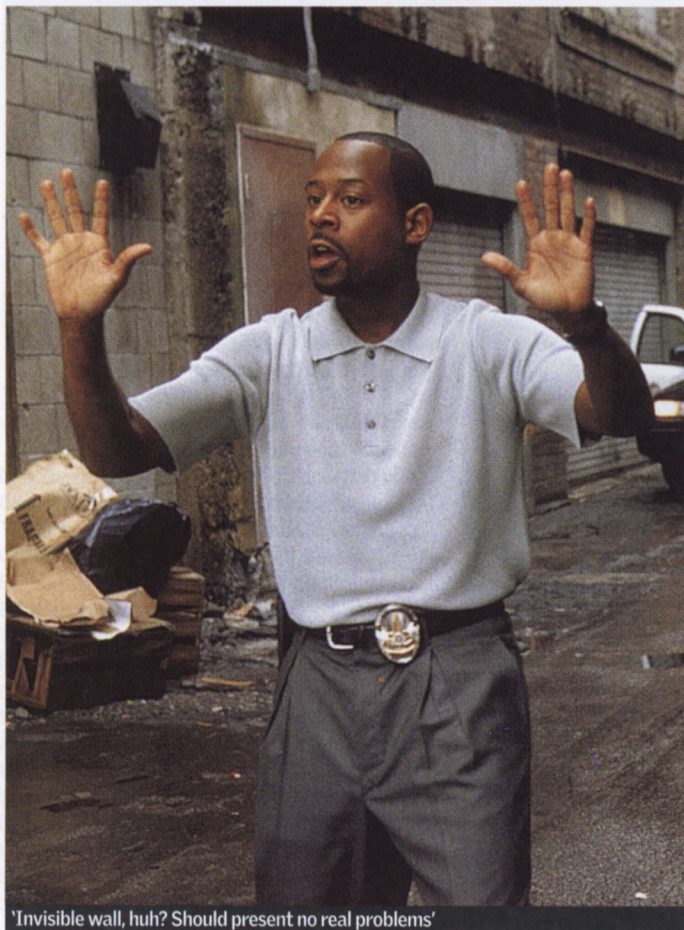
Director Les Mayfield

Cast Martin Lawrence, Luke Wilson, Peter Greene

Certificate 12

Release date June 26

Price £19.99



'Invisible wall, huh? Should present no real problems'



From left: Muppet, Muppet, Muppet, Muppet, Muppet and Muppet

This year's entry in the mixed-race buddy-buddy cop movie comedy-thriller stakes – or perhaps just this month's – doesn't deviate one inch from the blueprint drawn up by Walter Hill for *48Hrs* in 1982. This one features Miles Logan (Martin Lawrence in the Eddie Murphy role), a just-released jewel thief who finds that a new LAPD headquarters has been erected on the site where he hid a priceless diamond before he was apprehended. Since only robbery detectives are allowed in, Lawrence mocks up an ID and a personnel file and bluffs his way in. Teamed up with dim-bulb dick Luke Wilson and armed with a lifetime's knowledge of burglaries, his path to reclaiming his booty takes a detour when he makes two big busts and gets promoted to chief of detectives.

Thereafter the confusion and chaos build as his new partners try to figure out who he is – Internal Affairs? FBI? CIA? – and Logan finds out he has a knack for police work, even as his old criminal associates (including state-of-the-art weirdo actor Peter Greene) try to kill him or rip him off. This may well be Lawrence's funniest movie, which isn't saying much, but if you've already seen *Rush Hour* or any of the *Beverly Hills Cop* movies, you've been here, done this. **JP**

DVD extras Two featurettes; three music videos; trailer; filmographies. ★★

The Big Blue (version longue)

Director Luc Besson

Cast Jean-Marc Barr, Jean Reno, Rosanna Arquette

Certificate 15

Release date June 12

Price £19.99

Luc Besson's homage to the sea is a meditative epic, following a couple of free-divers as they plunge the depths of various Big Blues. Jean Reno is the obnoxious Enzo who provides the

comic relief, while Jean-Marc Barr is Jacques, a man more at home with dolphins than people. Kooky New Yorker Rosanna Arquette discovers Jacques and falls in love with him, but his all-consuming love for the ocean is, it seems, all encompassing. Besson takes his time with this gentle romance, and proves that before he fell in love with Hollywood he was capable of weaving far more graceful, subtle stories. **AG**
DVD extras The long version restores over half-an-hour of trimmed footage; also includes trailer. ★★★

Muppets From Space

Director Tim Hill

Cast Gonzo, Kermit, Fozzie, Miss Piggy

Certificate U

Release date June 26

Price £19.99

Far from a mop and not quite a puppet, Kermit, Miss Piggy and the rest of the Seventies hallucination-induced cloth characters set about helping Gonzo (the one with the hooked nose) find out exactly what he is. The usual spurious American drivel about belonging and friends being family is ever present, but oddly underplayed by a selection of pop-cult references and overtly retrospective gags that will get a laugh from kids, but is ultimately aimed at the parents who've hired the film for them. And let's face it, in the age of Pokémon and PlayStation, you're the one that wants to see it. **MR**

DVD extras Commentary with Kermit, Gonzo, Rizzo and the director; trailers; 19 deleted scenes, filmographies; music videos. ★★★

Waking Ned

Director Kirk Jones

Cast Ian Bannen, David Kelly

Certificate PG

Release date June 12

Price £19.99

Notorious for its soft-porn sequences



'Aaaarrghhh! Why can you never find that thing for getting the stones out of horses' hooves?'

of naked old men riding motorbikes through country roads, *Waking Ned* is a harmless comedy about scheming pensioners and lottery fraud. Mischievous Jackie and Michael attempt to pull off a scam by impersonating the recently dead Ned in pursuit of his winning numbers. A vicar is at hand to ponder the moral implications, and James Nesbitt fulfils his role as lead in the romantic subplot that involves farm animals. **AG**
DVD extras Trailer; cast and crew biographies. ***

Waking Ned is a harmless comedy about scheming pensioners, lottery fraud and naked old men riding motorcycles

Time Regained

Director Raul Ruiz
Cast Andre Engel, Emmanuelle Beart, Vincent Perez, Catherine Deneuve
Certificate 18
Release date June 12
Price £19.99
This surrealist adaptation of Proust's final volume of *Remembrance Of Things Past* is a disorientating study of memory that flits back and forth in time, often within the same shot. Told in flashback from his deathbed, *Time Regained* follows Proust from the 1880s to the 1920s as the writer observes the French aristocracy (to

which he reluctantly belongs) in their natural habitat. As befits the subject the pace is hardly lively, but there are compelling performances from Catherine Deneuve, Emmanuelle Beart and, in particular, John Malkovich playing a gay baron. **AG**
DVD extras Filmographies; trailer; production notes. ***

Onegin

Director Martha Fiennes
Cast Ralph Fiennes, Liv Tyler
Certificate 12
Release date June 5
Price £19.99
In this beautiful adaptation of Pushkin's epic verse novel, jaded aristocrat Eugene Onegin (Fiennes) meets the adoring Tatyana (Tyler) after inheriting a country estate from a dead uncle, but his harsh, cynical temperament won't allow room for her in his life. His rejection triggers off a tragic turn of events which can only come to no good. A devastating study of regret and obsession, with Ralph Fiennes portraying the tortured anti-hero with such conviction, it's actually exhilarating to wallow in his melancholia. **AG**
DVD extras TBC. ***

Extreme Measures

Director Michael Apted
Cast Hugh Grant, Gene Hackman, Sarah Jessica Parker
Certificate 15
Release date June 5
Price £15.99
Working in a New York hospital's emergency room, Hugh Grant discovers a private research project involving Gene Hackman and some dead homeless people. As the

foppish one risks his life and career investigating the scandal, this action thriller sinks its teeth into controversial medical ethics; playing God, Hackman argues that the future of humanity is worth a few minor sacrifices, whilst Grant runs around subways pondering the moral implications. Thanks to sturdy performances, the film doesn't need to resort to unnecessary showdowns, and much of the action comes from the dialogue. **MW**
DVD extras None. ***

Inspector Gadget

Director David Kellogg
Cast Matthew Broderick, Rupert Everett
Certificate U
Release date June 19
Price £19.99
Four words that normally spell

disaster for a movie: "based on a cartoon". Think *The Flintstones* and you'll know what I mean. Despite its best intentions, *Inspector Gadget* does not break this trend... unless you're aged seven or under, in which case you'll find this a hoot. Essentially *RoboCop* for kids, Gadget (Broderick) is a security guard who gets blown-up and is given a new body made up of stuff you'd keep in the attic; and a Swiss Army knife. The culprit is Dr Claw (Everett), a camp super villain (thanks to Dr Evil from *Austin Powers*, is there any other kind?) hellbent on, er, super villainy. But plot schmot, this is just a series of special effects slapstick and go-go visual gags for youngsters, with none of the *Toy Story*-style crossover humour that would appeal to adults. **PH**
DVD extras TBC. **

About Last Night

Director Edward Zwick
Cast Rob Lowe, Demi Moore, James Belushi
Certificate 18
Release date June 12
Price £19.99
After apparently throwing his career away with the help of a concealed video camera and a star-struck fan a few years ago, it would have been easy to label Rob Lowe the joker in the bratpack – that hotchpotch of young stars who made twentysomething slacker movies for apathetic Eighties Middle America. However, successful cameos in Mike Myers' *Wayne's World* and *Austin Powers* brought him back from the dead and gave Lowe the last laugh. 1986's *About Last Night* is the pack at, if not their best, certainly their most interesting. Danny (Lowe) meets, screws, sets up home, then splits up with Debbie (Demi Moore) much to the interest/entertainment/bewilderment of their respective best friends. What →



'Are you sure she's a hooker, Hugh?'



'I was in the bratpack once. Now look at me...'

→ sounds like a typical romantic comedy is painted black thanks to David Mamet who wrote the original stage play, *Sexual Perversity In Chicago*, and the result is far more sparky than the scenery suggests. **PH**
DVD extras Trailers; cast and crew filmographies. **★★★**

Mortal Thoughts

Director Alan Rudolph

Cast Demi Moore, Glenn Headly, Bruce Willis, Harvey Keitel

Certificate 18

Release date June 12

Price £19.99

Detective Harvey Keitel is interrogating Demi Moore. He just wants to know a couple of minor details, like how come her best friend's husband is dead, that sort of thing. Demi and her buddy have dark secrets, but they're clever, scheming girls and no copper's going to take them down without a fight. Besides, the dead guy (Willis) was a drug-abusing, wife-bashing, hard-drinking scumbag who didn't deserve to live anyway. A moody suspense thriller with fine performances from Hollywood's former golden couple, packed with violence, plot twists and multiple flashbacks. **MW**

DVD extras Trailers; cast and crew filmographies. **★★**

Bird On A Wire

Director John Badham

Cast Mel Gibson, Goldie Hawn, David Carradine

Certificate PG

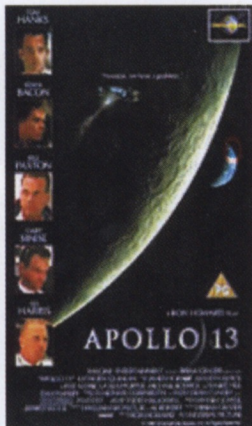
Release date June 12

Price £19.99

Goldie Hawn and Mel Gibson team up for this early Nineties screwball road movie from director John Badham (*Saturday Night Fever*, *Stakeout*). David Carradine is the demented drug-dealer pursuing them – far more threatening than he was in *Kung Fu*, ie he has a gun. Goldie gets to faint cross-eyed, Mel has a few winky one-liners and the stunts are spectacular (17 stuntmen worked on the film), so who cares about the dialogue and the plot? It all ends with a spectacular shoot-out in a zoo. **JC**
DVD extras Trailer. **★★**

David Carradine is the demented drug-dealer and he's far more threatening than he was in *Kung Fu* ie he has a gun

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St Elmo's Fire

Director Joel Schumacher
Cast Rob Lowe, Demi Moore, Andrew McCarthy, Judd Nelson

Certificate 15

Release date June 12

Price £19.99

Original bratpack line-up get together to contemplate how difficult life can be as a middle-class college suburbanite in America. Going to work, coming home, drinking in their favourite bar, trying to have sex with each other, sleeping, then trying to do it all again. Worth it as a cultural study of Eighties USA, to see how Andrew McCarthy, Rob Lowe and Judd Nelson looked in their original incarnations, or to see Demi Moore in exaggerated puffball skirts and wedges of green eyeliner. **MR**
DVD extras Production notes; cast and crew biographies. ★★

The Commitments

Director Alan Parker
Cast Robert Arkins, Andrew Strong, Colm Meaney

Certificate 15

Release date June 12

Price £19.99

Finding the balance between sweet southern Irish soul and a loving portrayal of working-class Dublin

The Commitments' Andrew Strong has such immense vocal cords that they even compensate for his disturbing facial contortions

where children spend their days throwing stones, Alan Parker's 1991 hit remains a classic. Singer Andrew Strong's immense vocal cords manage to compensate for his disturbing facial contortions, and Parker does a fantastic job of sitting back and letting us watch as the musicians squabble their way to stardom. As far as life-affirming musical romps go, it's flawless. **AG**
DVD extras Music video; four tracks from the album; an eight-minute featurette. ★★★★★

Police Academy

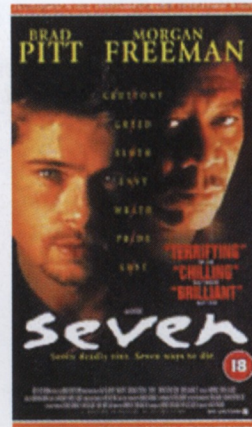
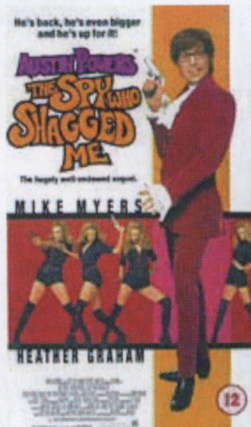
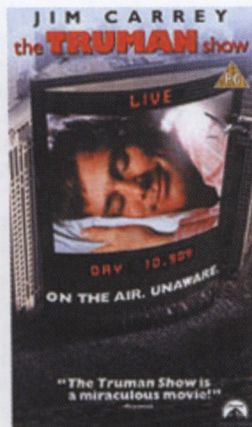
Director Hugh Wilson
Cast Steve Guttenberg, Kim Cattrall, GW Bailey, Bubba Smith, Donovan Scott, Michael Winslow

Certificate 15

Release date June 5

Price £15.99 →

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P007



'I suppose a jump's out of the question?'

Police Academy allowed the audience to laugh at authority, cheer for a bunch of goofballs and see ladies lose their tops

➔ Despite getting a big thumbs down from critics, this screwball comedy was a roaring box-office success, helped no doubt by its original release around Spring Break of 1984. In a time when people shamelessly left their morals at home on their way to the movies, a story that would allow the audience to laugh at authority, cheer for a bunch of goofballs and see ladies lose their tops delivered what the masses wanted – silly, senseless fun. With tits. A bunch of misfits join a police academy after its entrance requirements are lowered to raise enrolment, against the wishes of instructor Lieutenant Harris (GW Bailey), who deems the applicants forever unworthy of the badge. Smart-ass Carey Mahoney (Guttenberg) leads the cadets and in no time he and his troops are running wild in the streets, making time to party on the beach, hit a gay bar, and cause Harris to get his head stuck up a horse's butt.

The hilarious group includes American football giant Bubba Smith as sensitive florist Moses Hightower, Michael Winslow as the human sound-effect Larvell Jones – one of the enduring stars of Eighties comedy – and *Porky's* veteran (and now *Sex And The City* hussy) Kim

Cattrall, who keeps the bacon sizzlin' as curvy Karen Thompson. The joke ran downhill for another six sequels, a TV show and a cartoon series, but this original became a cable staple that kept many a guy merrily slouched on the couch with one hand in the waistband and the other gripping a six-pack. Get it and relive the good times. **Teri Grenert**
DVD extras None. ★★☆☆

Drop Zone

Director John Badham
Cast Wesley Snipes, Gary Busey
Certificate 15
Release date June 5
Price £19.99
Straight-to-video king Gary Busey enjoyed *Point Break* so much he decided to do it all again three years later. They replaced FBI agent Keanu with US Marshal Wesley, and paddled out of the surf and took to the skies. Snipes goes through the obligatory rigorous skydiving training routine and begins to appear on a plethora of unsuspecting roofs, hot on the heels of Busey's thieving bad boys. Inevitably the plot gets lost somewhere among the stunts, but if you like to see grown men falling from the heavens before beating each other up you're onto a winner. **MW**
DVD extras Trailer. ★★

Star Trek: Insurrection

Director Jonathan Frakes
Cast Patrick Stewart, Brent Spiner, Jonathan Frakes
Certificate PG
Release date June 5
Price £19.99
It's a long time since Kirk and Spock were having trouble with their Klingons (joke © J Tarbuck, 1972), but for today's Trekkers, the Starship Enterprise space franchise is as ➔



'D'ya know what guys? I think we could make about six really funny sequels'

THE CHEQUE'S IN THE POST NEW REGION 1 DVDS TO BUY

① American Movie

RRP \$27.95 **Released** May 23
Extras Separate commentaries by director Chris Smith and stars Mark Borchardt and Mike Schank; production notes; trailers; Coven, a short film by Mark Borchardt; deleted scenes; weblink; full-screen format

② Being John Malkovich

RRP \$24.95 **Released** May 2
Extras Theatrical trailers; documentaries; interviews; photo gallery; widescreen

③ Fight Club

RRP \$34.98 **Released** June 6
Extras Separate commentaries by Brad Pitt, Helena Bonham Carter and director David Fincher; production notes; theatrical trailers; deleted scenes and outtakes; stills gallery; behind the scenes clips; Making Of Fight Club; widescreen

④ Galaxy Quest

RRP \$26.99 **Released** May 2
Extras Theatrical trailers; mockumentary; Making Of Galaxy Quest; widescreen

⑤ Girl, Interrupted

RRP \$24.95 **Released** June 6
Extras Commentary by director James Mangold; production notes; theatrical trailers; Making Of Girl, Interrupted; deleted scenes; widescreen

⑥ The Green Mile

RRP \$24.98 **Released** June 13
Extras Theatrical trailer; behind the scenes documentary, Walking The Mile; widescreen

⑦ Man On The Moon

RRP \$24.98 **Released** May 30
Extras Production notes; theatrical trailers; documentary, The Andy Kaufman Story; behind-the-scenes footage and interviews; deleted scenes; widescreen

⑧ Pee-Wee's Big Adventure

RRP \$24.98 **Released** May 2
Extras Commentary by Paul Reubens and director Tim Burton; production notes; theatrical trailers; MTV premier party footage; Pee-Wee Herman live in Chicago; widescreen

⑨ The Talented Mr Ripley

RRP \$29.99 **Released** June 27
Extras Behind-the-scenes feature; cast and crew interviews; commentary with director Anthony Minghella; widescreen

⑩ The World Is Not Enough

RRP \$34.98 **Released** May 16
Extras Separate commentaries by director Michael Apted, production designer, second unit director and composer; production notes; theatrical trailers; Making of The World Is Not Enough; The Secrets of 007; still gallery; A tribute to Q actor Desmond Llewelyn

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIAL

a night in with Jim Shelley

War is of course a man's thing, and so, as many filmmakers have noted, are war movies. Saturday nights can rarely be so special as when you're staying in and watching a triple bill of macho camaraderie, gratuitous gunfire, and buckets of blood and homoerotic male bonding, er, inspiring patriotic fervour.

Sadly, many of the classics haven't made it to DVD yet, but there is still enough quality viewing to enable you to strap on your tin helmet, fix bayonets and bunker down for the evening with your own high-action, war-torn triple bill.

The Great Escape, directed by John Sturges and released in 1963, still makes for exemplary early evening viewing but, to be honest, if the Trade Descriptions Act came into things, you can't help thinking they would have had to call it *The Not-That-Great Escape* instead. Practically everyone gets caught and almost all the central characters get killed. The best thing about the film is, of course, the music: the greatest theme tune Roger Whitaker never whistled.

Watching it properly (without the usual distractions of too much Christmas pudding and whipping Auntie Edna's ass at Monopoly), the first thing you notice is that despite being 2hrs 45mins long, McQueen, McCallum, Coburn and the others can't wait to get started, trying three different escape attempts within the first five minutes.

Both the original American trailer and the "in-depth" documentary that come with the DVD portray the film as "this incredible, true, story", trumpeting the fact that: "These men plotted. These men dared. These men lived... the Great Escape."

But the basic premise of the whole movie makes you wonder. Would the Germans really have let their POWs do so much gardening? Whatever happened to the concept of hard labour? Why didn't the Nazis just lock them up all day? Or shoot them? (Hadr't they ever heard of that fine tradition at the heart of British law and order, "resisting arrest"?)

You can't help thinking our heroes are also somewhat implausible. The crew's chief tunneller

(Charles Bronson) suffers from chronic claustrophobia and their forger (Donald Pleasence) goes blind – handicaps that perhaps only the British could overcome. James Coburn's Australian accent, meanwhile, would not even win him a walk-on part in *Neighbours*.

Their supplies of items such as briefcases, cameras, and quality marmalade seem to be never-ending. Most hazardous of all, the civilian clothes the team's tailor knocks up for them to wear on the outside (using blankets and prison pyjamas) are so atrocious that not even Germans would consider wearing them... The DVD extras reveal – predictably – that McQueen himself *didn't* do the film's most famous motorbike stunt (hopping over the barbed wire fence), although curiously he did play some of the German motorbike riders you see chasing him.

The film's outstanding line comes from the camp leader (or rather the leader of the camp), lecturing Richard Attenborough with the unpleasant promise: "Squadron Leader Bartlett. If you escape again, you will be shat." (Nasty.)

Just like *The Not-That-Great Escape*, it seems unlikely any studio would these days attempt to make the same director's 1976 epic **The Eagle Has Landed**.

The plot is regarded, even by its own protagonists, as "a joke – an insane joke... The sort of operation that could make the Charge Of The Light Brigade look like a sensible military exercise."

"The only time this plan makes any sense to me," smiles Donald Sutherland merrily, "is when I'm drunk." Quite.

At the height of World War II, Nazi officer Michael Caine and exiled IRA agitator, Donald Sutherland, parachute into the English countryside to kidnap Winston Churchill from the nearest village. (As you do.)

The audacious contradiction at the heart of the film is that Caine and, in particular, mad Oirishman, Sutherland, are so charismatic that viewers can't help finding themselves secretly willing them on. They are the film's heroes.

'The only time this plan makes any sense to me,' smiles Donald Sutherland merrily, 'is when I'm drunk.' Quite



Accent-wise, it turns out rather conveniently that Michael Caine's character was "educated in England", according to his goose-stepping eye-patch-wearing boss (Donald Pleasence) – "he speaks the language perfectly without any accent" – except, of course, Caine's got a cab driver Cockney accent: "I stood opposite Adolf once."

The absolute highlight, though, is an improbably violent showdown between Jean Marsh (Rose from *Upstairs Downstairs*) and inept American officer, Larry Hagman. Terrific stuff.

Terrence Malick's 1998 World War II movie, **The Thin Red Line**, is probably the quietest war movie ever made – like *Apocalypse Now* on morphine – and the perfect war movie for two in the morning: hypnotic and trippy, brutal and beautiful, sombrely moving. The pace is so still and peaceful that, when the violence comes, it hits you even more fiercely.

The star of the show among a host of cameos is Nick Nolte's mad buzzard of a colonel (in the Robert Duvall "I love the smell of napalm in the morning" mould) – even more

impressive considering that, despite coming over like a definite Vietnam vet, Nolte has never been to war and was in fact a conscientious objector.

On the other end of the scale, John Travolta obviously believes growing a comedy moustache makes him a character actor. Despite the bombardment of heavy artillery and hand grenades, Sean Penn's hair, like his performance, remains, as always, immaculate.

Like Malick's *Badlands*, *The Thin Red Line* becomes a virtual masterclass in the art of macho movie mumbling which Penn inevitably dominates.

You can never have enough war movies, especially when they're directed by filmmakers of this calibre. In Malick's hands war is not, as Boy George suggested, so stupid after all. *The Great Escape*, £19.99 (MGM Home Entertainment). *The Eagle Has Landed*, £9.99 (Carlton Home Entertainment). *The Thin Red Line*, £19.99 (20th Century Fox Home Entertainment)



Led Zeppelin used drugs? Preposterous allegation

John Paul Jones thinks he's a highwayman, Robert Plant a Celtic warrior, and Jimmy Page a mystic who can turn back time with his lightsabre

→ strong as ever. The latest instalment sees Captain Picard, Worf, Data, etc. boldly going up against the Federation they have nobly served for so long, to defend the rights of a population being forcefully evicted from their planet. As you'd expect this is typical sci-fi fare with only F Murray Abraham offering any inspiration as the wrinkly arse-faced Ru'afo. It really is uncanny just how many great actors have played *Star Trek* baddies (Malcolm McDowell, Christopher Plummer, David Warner, Ricardo Montalban). And guess what? They always lose. **PH**
DVD extras Two trailers and a featurette. ★★

Gremlins

Director Joe Dante
Cast Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates
Certificate 15
Release date June 5
Price £15.99
 Furball horror? It was an idea so crazy it had to work. Fuzzy little fellas ("mogwais") turn into ferocious, fanged monsters that are slimy enough to give you the creeps and devilish enough to get up to the kind of no-good that makes you feel good. Billy (Galligan) receives a strange but cute pet for Christmas from dad, which becomes a replicating nightmare when the teen breaks a couple of golden rules on its care tag: do not get wet, do not feed after midnight. As soon as the once

sweet, gurgling Gizmo get splashed, he multiplies into evermore mischievous "gremlins" who develop an insatiable appetite for destruction after a late-night snack. With the help of his girlfriend (Phoebe Cates), Billy must save his small town by breaking the final mogwai rule – expose them to bright lights and fry their nasty asses sunny-side up.

The creatures' relentless urge to kill while getting cheap thrills is downright entertaining. These monsters like beer, breakdancing, flashing victims, singing along with *Snow White's* seven dwarves and blowing each other up in microwaves. And bizarre story lines (Phoebe's dad fell down a chimney to his death while playing Santa) and good gags – the favourite old joke, "What's red and green and goes round and round at 100mph? A frog in a blender", clearly inspired the gremlin-slushee scene – add to the

already brimming barrel of laughs. Fun for the entire, twisted family. **TG**
DVD extras None. ★★ ★★

Led Zeppelin: The Song Remains The Same

Directors Peter Clifton, Joe Massot
Cast Led Zeppelin, Peter Grant
Certificate 15

Release date June 5

Price £15.99

Led Zeppelin in concert at Madison Square Garden back in the days when the band flew first class in their own plane modestly dubbed the Starliner. You think Barclays is big?

Check out the Zep egos in the "fantasy sequences" that replace live footage in the extended noodling of the four members' signature tunes. Bassist John Paul Jones thinks he's a highwayman, singer Robert Plant a Celtic warrior-cum-love-god, and guitarist Jimmy Page a mystic who can turn back time at one swish of his lightsabre. Full marks to late, great drummer John Bonham for mixing farm duties with haring around the countryside in a souped-up Ford. Best not to mention manager Peter Grant's Mafia fixation that opens the film. **Neil Jeffries**

DVD extras None. ★★ ★★

The Larry Sanders Show

Cast Garry Shandling, Rip Torn, Jeffrey Tambor

Certificate 15

Release date June 19

Price £19.99

Garry Shandling's spoof late-night talk show was no ordinary sitcom, but with a cast that included



'You hide the 'tache, I'll hide my chin'

Rip Torn – a man who once punched out Dennis Hopper – and guest stars including Sharon Stone and Roseanne, how could it be? As the weak, vain and paranoid host, Shandling is shockingly believable, never more so than in one of the episodes on this set, "Montana", in which he agrees to publicly confess to a non-existent prescription drug addiction just so he can get back on the network after walking out during pay negotiations months earlier.

Add to that Hank's "Sex Tape" in which the Rob Lowe-style shenanigans of Larry's hapless sidekick are discovered and circulated by one of the show's writers, and a further four episodes featuring guest appearances from Courteney Cox, Billy Crystal, Dana Carvey and Alec Baldwin, and this *Best Of* has just one flaw. Where are the other 83 episodes? **BO**
DVD extras Trailer. ★★ ★★



'How was it for you?'



Where's the Shark Repellent Bat Spray when you need it?

Jaws

Director Steven Spielberg
Cast Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, Richard Dreyfuss
Certificate PG
Release date June 19



Twenty-five years ago this month a huge, mechanical fish called Bruce changed the way Hollywood made films. When *Jaws* was released in

June 1975, it smashed all box-office records and made a star of its young director.

Unlike its Seventies contemporaries (*Airport*, *The Poseidon Adventure*, *The Towering Inferno*), *Jaws* has hardly dated at all. You still jump like an Olympic medallist when Ben Gardner's disembodied head floats through the bite-sized hole in the bottom of an abandoned boat, and the scene when Quint (Shaw) and Hooper (Dreyfuss) compare scars remains the archetype for every macho-bullshit bar conversation you've ever heard.

But it is a film that almost never got made. When filming started in the spring of 1974, *Jaws* had a shooting schedule of ten weeks and a budget of \$3.5m. Fifty-five weeks later and 300 per cent over budget it was still not finished. Bruce (named after Spielberg's lawyer), it turned out, could not swim. On the third day of shooting one of the three mechanical sharks built for the film sank to the bottom of the ocean,

When one of the three mechanical sharks built for the film sank, the crew renamed the production 'Flaws'

prompting the crew to rename the production "Flaws".

Ironically, it was the technical problems with Bruce that made the film so successful. Days of cancelled filming gave the film's stars time to improve on the original script, which Shaw described as, "a story written by committee – a piece of shit."

Nonetheless, Bruce provided the blueprint for special effects that elevated the B-movie to blockbuster status. Films such as *Star Wars* and *Alien* followed quickly in *Jaws*' wake, and a film's "scream factor" became the key to its success. Spielberg summed up the new Hollywood criterion when he described how, at a *Jaws* screening, he saw one man run from the theatre to vomit in the foyer before returning to his seat. Conclusive proof, were any needed, of how careful you have to be with seafood.

Twenty-five years on, *Jaws* probably doesn't have the impact that it had on a generation reared on musicals and westerns, but it retains a wit and style that its contemporaries never came close to. Just don't watch it on bath night.

Steve Hobbs ★★★★★

Rambo Trilogy (Box Set)

Directors Ted Kotcheff, Peter MacDonald, George P Cosmatos
Cast Sylvester Stallone, Richard Crenna
Certificate 18; 15; 18
Release date May 29



It's some kind of twisted tribute to Stallone that only his own *Rocky IV* can rival the *Rambo Trilogy* for sheer chest-beating, God-Bless-America jingoism. The films

follow his corpse-strewn path from the dark *First Blood*, in which ill-fated police officers try to dissuade Johnny from staying in their town, to the ill-conceived *Rambo III* where the government that originally shafted him decides to call on his services to save other victims of war. Stallone's depiction of a troubled Vietnam vet becomes the flip side of De Niro's Travis Bickle, forgiving of policy and willing to die for American honour.

Undeniably the launch pad for Stallone to become one of the Eighties' musclebound, kill-at-will set, along with Bruce and Jean-Claude, and endemic of American war films from an entire decade, it follows Johnny's clear development from victim to hero. It's worth it both as an exercise in ill-advised screen violence, and to see a man stitch-up his own arm with a needle and thread. Cool. **MR** ★★★★★

WAR FILMS**The Dirty Dozen (1967)**

Director Robert Aldrich
Cast Lee Marvin, Telly Savalas, Charles Bronson
 A staple of the TV schedules, *The DD* has a big problem at its core – how can you care for the 12 villains reprieved from death row to be sent on a WWII suicide mission? Simple. You don't. Instead, director Aldrich plays everything for ultra-cynical laughs and ladles on the violence with unrestrained glee. ★★★★★

The Green Berets (1968)

Directors John Wayne & Ray Kellogg
Cast John Wayne
 The Duke's sabre-rattling, gook-wasting 'Nam propaganda film, is worth watching again to see if it really merited the protests which greeted its 1968 release. In truth, it's a monument to one

To borrow a phrase from *Gladiator*: 'For those about to die, we salute you'

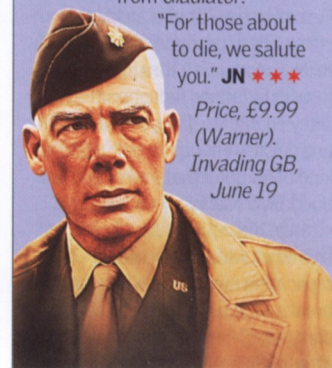
man's hawkish stupidity, full of gung ho sentiment and leaden light relief. It makes *Rambo* look pink by comparison. ★★★★★

Memphis Belle (1990)

Director Michael Catton-Jones
Cast Matthew Modine, Eric Stoltz, Billy Zane
 There's a deliberately old-fashioned appeal to *Memphis Belle*, owing to the fact that the story of a B-17 bomber about to undertake its record 25th daylight bombing raid was true. It also captures the claustrophobic fear that is the hallmark of all good airborne or submarine dramas. To borrow and amend a phrase from *Gladiator*:

"For those about to die, we salute you." **JN** ★★★★★

Price, £9.99 (Warner). Invading GB, June 19



10 Things I Hate About You

Director Gil Junger

Cast Heath Ledger, Julia Stiles

Certificate 12

Release date June 12



The trend for updating Shakespeare continues as *The Taming Of The Shrew* gets the 20th century American treatment. Stiles plays the sultry shrew dissed by, like, the cutest guy in school, and Ledger plays the semi-Australian bad boy who sets about, like, totally winning her over, you know? Joseph Gordon-Levitt from *Third Rock From The Sun* plays a minor conspiratorial role in what is a mildly ineffectual, though entirely harmless, adaptation. Nothing compared with the sense of full-on teenage sexuality you get from *American Pie* – and, let's face it, a guy shagging a pie sets a wonderfully low standard for any teen flick to beat. **MR ★★**

Ratcatcher

Director Lynne Ramsay

Cast William Eadie, Tommy Flanagan, Mandy Matthews

Certificate 15

Release date June 12



POWERFUL... LUCID... MOVING... MESMERISING

Haunted by a tragic accident in a polluted canal, 12-year-old James spends his days looking for a way out of his squalid existence in working-class Glasgow. The dustmen are on strike, rubbish is piled high on the pavements, and the city is infested with rats. Stir in a dysfunctional family and you have one seriously alienated kid. In amongst the misery, James searches for some semblance of humanity and sets about redressing the wrongs fate has dealt him. If you're after some biting social realism, and the need for introspection, this is ideal. If you're looking for a few laughs, though, it might be best to try elsewhere. **MW ★★★**

The Van Boys

Director John McCormack

Cast Scot Williams, Paul Usher

Certificate 15

Rental release date June 5



Heard the one about the Englishman, the Scotsman and the Irishman? Well, here it is again. *The Van Boys* deals with death, relationships and dodgy paving

stones; it's a morality tale about swapping money and smashing up Thermos flasks. When pavement-stealer Stu (Paul Usher) dies at the hands of small-time gangsters, his mate Chris (Scot Williams) is determined to get revenge. Writer and director John McCormack reaches for Tarantino with *Northern Soul*, but finds *Trainspotting* crossed with *Brookside* – a kind of *Brainspotting*, with a cheap, eclectic soundtrack. It's a lot like porn, although the only hardcore is on the building sites. **JC ★**

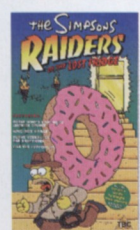
The Simpsons: Raiders Of The Lost Fridge

Cast Homer J Simpson,

Monty Burns, Paul McCartney

Certificate PG

Release date June 5



In the immortal words of Krusty The Clown: "You'd think the quality would dip after 12 years". But anyone who's had enough of *The Simpsons* should think long and hard about engaging their suicide chip. All the fridge humour, fat jokes and American satire that upset a vice President and insulted most of the US nation is present and correct, as is Homer's previously unseen "Guide to Weight Management". There are only four episodes here with a total running time of 88 minutes, and with 250 currently on the run it's going to take you a long time to get the complete collection – but never mind the length, just feel the quality. **MR ★★★★★**

Buffy The Vampire Slayer (Season 3)

Cast Sarah Michelle Gellar, Alyson Hannigan, Seth Green, Charisma Carpenter

Certificate 15

Release date June 12

Praise the Lord, SMG dons the flimsiest dresses ever conceived to



How ironic... Buffy's got wood



'Did you say "minkey"?'

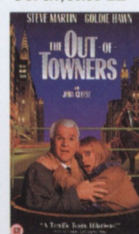
back-flip and somersault her way around Sunnydale killing the undead at night, while raising both academic standards and trousers during the day. The entire third season could be yours, providing enough tissue-tugging material for months. Concludes with the heart-wrenching tale of Angel and Buffy finally consummating their love and doing the wild thing, which, ironically, turns Angel back into a wild thing. One night with Ms Gellar for a lifetime of bloodsucking, darkness and violence? No competition. **MR ★★★★★**

The Out Of Towners

Director Sam Weisman

Cast Steve Martin, Goldie Hawn, John Cleese

Certificate 12



Rental release date June 19

Where did it all go wrong? Steve Martin was a genius. *The Man With Two Brains*; *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*; *Planes, Trains And Automobiles*; *Roxanne*. Oh, it hurts to go on. I loved that man, loved him like the father I never had that went to Hollywood and, for a while, became the funniest man alive. I even liked *Housesitter* – the chemistry between him and Goldie Hawn really worked. Unlike *this*. It's unoriginal, it's unfunny and worst of all it makes John Cleese do a sad imitation of a cross-dressing Basil Fawlty. A bad day at the office for all concerned... especially me for having to watch it. Do yourself a favour, instead of this get a copy of Martin's *The Jerk*, Hawn's *Private Benjamin*, or any set of *Fawlty Towers*, and forget *The Out Of Towners* ever happened. **PH ★**

The Waterboy

Director Frank Coraci

Starring Adam Sandler, Kathy Bates, Henry Winkler

Certificate 12

Release date June 12



What a surprise, Adam Sandler plays a complete idiot. Loveable fool Bobby Boucher is the small-town simpleton who, no thanks to overly protective and mildly psychotic mother Kathy Bates, finds that his talent for American football is not limited to just serving the players' water. *The Waterboy* is typical Adam Sandler: it takes no effort to watch and appeals to the base humour that lurks within us all... no matter how much you want to suppress it. **MR ★★★★★**

Monkey! (Vol 4)

Cast Masaaki Sakai, Toshiyuki

Nishida, Shiro Kishibe

Certificate 12

Release date June 5



Anybody who was anybody in the early Eighties knew that the best place to be at 6pm on a Tuesday night was in front of the telly. For 45 minutes, we worshipped *Monkey!* He had magic powers, he did that funny thing with his fingers, he flew on a cloud... He beat the crap out of monsters, minor gods and other unworldly creatures, armed only with a stick. He even had friends: Piggy liked a drink and fancied the ladies, Sandy was a mischievous little fish spirit. Oh, and don't forget the beautiful Buddhist priestess Tripitaka, who was allegedly a man. Well, now all that *Monkey Magic* is on video. 'Nuff said. **AG ★★★★★**

PSSST... WANNA BUY A DVD PLAYER?

Of course you do, it's the technology that's changing the way we watch movies. And it's coming to a living room near you

PHOTOGRAPHS: JULIA HEMBER

Denon DVD-5000

£1,500

Tel: 01753 888447

The daddy of all DVD players. Synonymous with high quality hi-fi, the up-market technology powerhouse has produced the perfect player for the DVD market. The aesthetic is all important for Denon – as it should be for the price of a second-hand 1990 Ford Fiesta – but the minimalist controls are backed up with maximum gizmos to create an exceptionally sharp picture and sound quality that is arguably the best you'll find outside of a £30,000 home cinema setup. The box looks as pretty as a picture, and the picture looks even prettier on the box – the best example of form and function on the market today

FEATURES

Dolby Digital Datastream
Optical/Coaxial Digital Inputs
Region 2

Buy it because: for £1,500 you've got
a home cinema experience





Meridian 800 series

£8,900

Tel: 01480 52144

You might be asking yourself if a good picture and better sound is worth the price of a down payment on a house, but that's only because you haven't heard or seen the Meridian 800. This is the future of home entertainment. Computer compatible so that you can make minute alterations to pixel and audio streams for personal preference, the sound quality is superb, giving you something close to standard THX quality, and it's entirely compatible with projecting units, so you can create your own cinema at home. The software package means that it's instantly upgradable with any changes in digitally compatible data. This really is the best by far – and it'll make you the envy of all your mates

FEATURES

Computer compatibility

Multi-region playing ability

Buy it because: you'll never have to buy another

YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT

The future's bright, the future's pixelated. It also has better sound and a host of 'extras'. And no, it isn't Orange. It's DVD

REPORT: MORGAN REES

Have you booked your holiday this year? Two weeks in the Algarve with the wife, the kids and the rest of Britain? If you haven't, then forget it – for the same price you can have enough sordid sex, beautiful sunsets and tequila-fuelled benders to last you all year. And all from the comfort of your own front room.

DVDs have become a massive growth market. There are currently over 1,100 Region 2 (UK) titles on sale in the UK and, with 1,900 more set to be released this year, the second-fastest black goods market in the world looks set to continue its titanic rate of growth. Players are now a must-have item, as diverse in shape, size and value as the people who buy them.

There was a dark time in the history of home entertainment, known commonly as "the laser disc years", when album-shaped film formats ruled. Picture quality was undeniably better than video, but with a price-per-disc that rivalled the cost of an actual VCR, it was a luxury that few could afford. Johnny Punter settled for video and it quickly became the home movie

medium of choice – we may not have been entirely happy with the way it looked, but it did the job and demanded very little attention.

Soon, though, development companies set about creating an alternative to the monopoly of the celluloid giant. →

There was once a dark time in home entertainment history, more commonly known as 'the laser disc years'.



Pioneer PDV-LC10

£1,000

Tel: 01753 789500

More versatile than your loved one and less prone to nagging on long journeys, the LC10 is currently the best portable DVD on the market. Weighing in at less than a kilogram and offering a whopping 2,800 pixels on its seven-inch screen (two inches bigger than its nearest rival), travelling with this portable is like going first class all the way. Oddly for a hand-held player, the LC10 comes with a wafer-thin remote control. The sound is superb and you can plug it into your TV for the bigger screen experience. A thousand quid makes it an expensive travel companion, but at least you don't have to buy it a seat, and you get to turn it off and on when you want to

FEATURES

Dolby Digital
DTS Datastream
Region 2

Buy it because: it's the only travel partner you'll ever need

→ The growth of CDs in the music market demonstrated how "digital compression" could create enough space using just one side of a disc. How, in theory, digitally storing visual as well as audio playback was possible. The dawning of the digital age meant the pursuit of cinema quality was back on.

Quick to capitalise on this technological change, companies recognised the potential (for product and profit improvement) and put enough money behind the development of these digital versatile discs (DVDs) to equal Third World debt. And so, for just a few dollars more than a normal video, the armchair king could now have a picture that compressed more and more pixels into the same amount of space. The result was a clarity of vision usually only associated with the recovering alcoholic or the born-again Christian.

The new format was an instant improvement on its predecessor, not only in quality but also in the add-ons and efficiency. Just as CDs made the rewind button so very, very Eighties, the DVD allowed frame-by-frame selection. All of a sudden, freeze-frame became exactly that, a still frame – not to be confused with the random, blurry, epileptic-fit-inducing video version. You could choose what screen format you wanted to watch your film in, and the cast interviews, obligatory artwork and additional scenes provided enough pub trivia to bore for England. After years of tedious Man United-like supremacy, there was a new boss on the block – the fat lady was warbling like a trooper for VHS.

What we now have in DVD, with the right equipment, is the closest thing to home cinema

DVD is the closest thing you'll find to home cinema without moving into a mini-multiplex

without moving into a mini-multiplex. We want, nay crave, passive interaction, and our finest hour will soon be upon us. But, like all superheroes ready to usher in the dawn of a new, fairer age, the DVD has one major weakness: its market has thus far

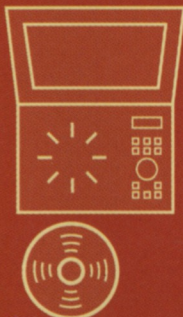
been limited to playback only, and an initial need to cover development costs has meant that the price for players has been artificially high. Now, though, the effects of market evolution are being felt and, like Levi's jeans and Calvin's underwear, DVDs can be found far from the overindulgent specialist consumer entertainment market. Even Tesco has its own brand DVD, the *Wharfedale*, retailing at a bargain £180.

Pioneer is set to launch the first recordable player later this year, and disc prices, although still higher than video, are decreasing steadily (check out the Internet for serious bargains, especially on imported discs). Video shops (how long will that name last?) have started stocking DVDs and the trend is certain to continue.

In the home entertainment battle, video still holds the upper hand, but DVD will win the war. Make no mistake, the revolution is well under way, but be thankful – at least it's televised.



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DETAILS

The world's smallest portable DVD player* - from Panasonic. 7" widescreen gives brilliantly crisp pictures. Sits in the palm of your hand and goes walkies or hooks up to your home system. Surround-sounds come courtesy of built-in dts and Dolby Digital decoders. For a right little handful, call 08705 357 357 or drop in on www.panasonic.co.uk

BUILT-IN DECODERS

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dts
SURROUND

DOLBY
DIGITAL

DVD
VIDEO

PRODUCT CODE

LV75

Panasonic

*By volume, with built-in screen, as at May 1st 2000. Dolby and the double-D symbol are trademarks of Dolby Laboratories. dts is a registered trademark of Digital Theatre System inc.

Bush DVD-2000**£200****Tel: 020-8787 3111**

The blagger's choice. The silver finish looks as though it should compete in the £500+ market, but retails for a mere £200. Why so cheap? No DTS Datastream so you're limited to Dolby sound, and it can't handle CD-R discs, but that's not so unusual.

On the upside it will make you look like you've spent a shed load of money when in fact you've been looking in the bargain basement. The Bush 200 excels in sound quality, though only as a DVD player. If you're after doubling-up as a good quality CD player you'd be better off elsewhere

FEATURES**Dolby Digital 5.1****Scart Sockets****Region 2****Buy it because: £200 means the end of tracking control forever***** ***

GLOSSARY

What they say Dolby Digital 5.1 audio signal

What they mean A plug in the back of the player that facilitates surround sound (helping to replicate cinema sound). Should be standard on most players. If it isn't, then look elsewhere

What they say Built-in Dolby Digital Decoding

What they mean Carries decoded audio signals for each speaker into the Dolby Digital processor for even cleaner sound. Only really beneficial when run with a Pro-Logic surround sound amp, so it may be a superfluous expense

What they say DTS

What they mean A rival sound system to Dolby Digital. Does exactly the same thing as Dolby, just make sure your player has one of them. Early players didn't and the result was either silence or a high-pitched whine like you were standing on a dog's tail

What they say CD-R Compatible

What they mean Important for the future of DVDs. Essentially, it enables the player to offer a recordable facility via a different laser-reader. Rare at the moment, but has the potential to become very useful

What they say RGB compliant

What they mean Stands for Red Green and Blue, the colour dividers used when connecting a TV via a Scart socket. Very good for smooth colours and tones. Check that your TV is compatible, older models have no Scart capability, rendering an RGB socket about as useful as a chocolate teapot

What they say Multi-Region

What they mean Sadly, like their accursed video cousin, American discs are useless on most UK DVDs because of a coding system that divides the world into regions (USA is 1, UK 2, etc). However, the good news is that there's a way round it: the more expensive players often have "multi-region" chips which allow discs from all regions to be read. If you have a cheaper player, look into having it "chipped".

Sony DVP-S725

£550

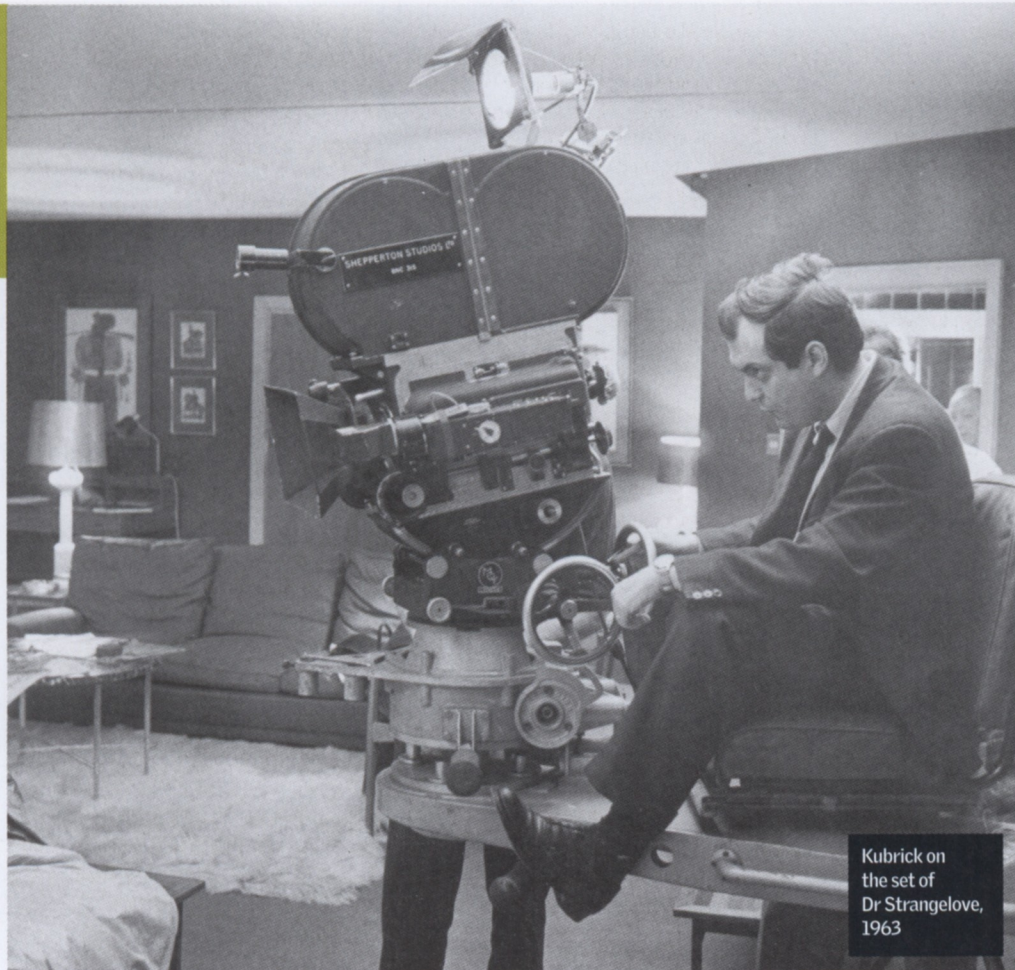
Tel: 0990 111999

Don't believe the façade. Behind the smooth, black velvet exterior there's more hidden gadgets than Matthew Broderick's got in his oversized Pac-a-mac. Picture quality is great and sound quality supreme, but more than that, the S725 offers you the capacity to freeze-frame a moment from your favourite movie and use it as a screensaver for your TV. Picture and sound can also be manipulated to preference, allowing you to focus your attention on any bit of anatomy, physiognomy or biology you choose

FEATURES

Dolby Digital
Graphics interface
Region 2

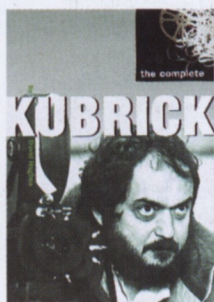
Buy it because: it has more gadgets than James Bond's Q



Kubrick on the set of *Dr Strangelove*, 1963

The Complete Kubrick

Author David Hughes
Publisher Virgin Publishing
Release date June 6
Price £14.99



When he died on March 7, 1999, Stanley Kubrick, whose career spanned nearly 40 years, had become a paradox that would have been worthy of inclusion in any of his films.

Although he died an old man, his name had become surrounded by the levels of intrigue and infamy usually associated with an icon who

had been cut down in their youth.

Kubrick helped to define film making and shape it into the art form that it is today, so it's not surprising that his death prompted a wave of media interest in his work. But with that came the realisation that next to nothing was known about the man who created some of the most memorable moments in cinema history.

It's fairly safe to say that most new books will uncover more about Kubrick than was previously known – he was famous for not talking about his life and choosing, instead, to let his films talk for him – but this book definitely raises the game. Rifling through the archives, David Hughes examines all 13 studio films in detail, as well as looking at the director's various unfinished projects. However, where *The Complete Kubrick* really scores is in offering the reader the same

perspective as Kubrick himself offered to Hughes, thus giving us a chance to view the director's world via his influences at the time.

Kubrick's philosophy that "the meaninglessness of life forces man to create his own meaning" was echoed in many of his ambiguous endings and is illustrated in the reports of how his films came into existence. These range from filmography notes – including castings, quotes and news reviews – to the documented controversy that inevitably surrounded each film.

The spectrum of Kubrick's influences are left open to interpretation, from his own choice to remove *A Clockwork Orange* from general release – he remains one of the very few film-makers to have voluntarily withdrawn one of his own films – to the Catholic Church decrying the watching of his 1962 version of *Lolita* as a sin against the Church.

Essentially an extensive and detailed filmography, *The Complete Kubrick* offers the reader more than the

sum of its parts, helping to build an awareness of Kubrick's own social perspective and the people and events that influenced it. From prospective name changes to popular culture references, anyone with an interest in film making is offered a definitive insight into the thinking behind some celluloid magic, and the man widely regarded as an iconoclastic, and gifted auteur. **MR ★★★★★**

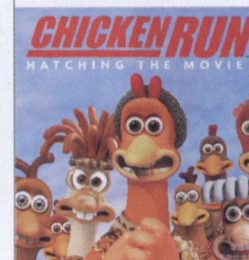
His death prompted the realisation that next to nothing was known about the man



Movie Locations: A Guide To Britain And Ireland

Author Mark Adams
Publisher Boxtree
Release date June 23
Price £12.99

Anyone who's been to Hollywood knows that as soon as you get off the bus and fight your way through the pimps, pushers, players, flakes and phoneys you'll come across one thing: someone selling you a map to the houses of the stars. While these guides are usually only slightly less reliable than a testimonial from Bill Clinton, Boxtree have outdone our American allies and produced a definitive guide to all the movie locations used in Britain and Ireland in the latter half of the last century. From the obvious Notting Hill, to the lesser known settings of *The Mummy* and *A Man For All Seasons*, it's worth a read for the obscure scene references, and to realise how much money a front door and a floppy-haired fop can make for an area of London. You think Hollywood's superficial? Anything they can do, we can do better. **MR ★★★★★**

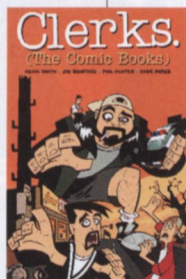


Chicken Run: Hatching The Movie

Author Brian Sibley
Publisher Boxtree
Release date June 23
Price £20

What do you get if you cross 120 man hours with a Plasticine chicken and the voice of Mad Max? Either the title "prince pervert" and a criminal record, or the biggest animation coup since Freddie and Daphne decided they'd check out the closet. Wallace and Gromit may be a Nineties phenomenon, but Nick Park's chicken fetish is set to continue with *Chicken Run*, a Fifties-set animated movie about a pair of

chickens who decide to flee the farm where certain death awaits them. In addition to Mel Gibson, the "voice talent" includes Phil Daniels, Miranda Richardson and Timothy Spall. And for fans who can't wait, there's this "making of" book. Core readership may be younger than your average Manga nut, but for fans of animation and the tongue-in-cheek humour of Nick Park (the man behind *Robbie the Reindeer* and the *Creature Comforts* adverts), *Chicken Run* follows the entire creative process from storyboards and modelling, through to frame settings and scriptwriting. It also shows exactly how one man turned endless patience and a steady hand into an Oscar – and millions and millions of dollars. Now that's comedy. **MR *****



Clerks

Authors Kevin Smith & Jim Mahfood
Publisher Titan Books
Release date June 23
Price £7.99

On an ever-ready quest to further indulge slack culture, nerdism and the *Star Wars* legacy, the *Clerks* return

(again in black and white) as a more than graphic novel. As well as getting thrown out of a funeral parlour for touching up a corpse, Jay, Randal and Silent Bob are still on their eternal

search for cash that sees them prepared to "blow" the 17-year-old *Star Wars* figure stocker at the local shopping mall. Clearly comic books are key to Kevin Smith – having sold his

collection to raise funds for *Clerks*, then being unable to buy them back from the people he sold them to – and the passion translates perfectly for a Generation X comic book that complements the iconic status of his stars. If puerile humour offends it's probably best avoided, but for a well-

scripted study of drop-out culture, or a chance to laugh at some quality "gash" jokes, it's pure genius. **MR *****



Absolutely... Goldie

Author Christopher Wilson
Publisher HarperCollins
Release date June 23
Price £17.99

It's sad really, with a career spanning 27 films and 33 years, but in Britain at least, Goldie is still most famous for her 1978 role as *Private Benjamin*. Responsible for transforming the ditsy bloneness

into scatty sexual energy, the pre-Meg Ryan, Eighties pin-up documents everything that's happened to her, from eating disorders and a nervous breakdown, to slanging matches with Demi Moore and Kirstie Alley.

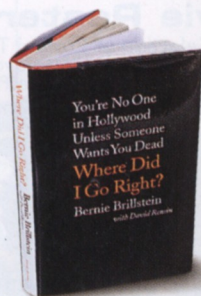
Schmaltzy in places and rose-tinted in others, *Absolutely... Goldie* reads like the plots of one of her famed light-hearted comedies: triumph overcomes adversity, hard work overcomes hardship, and happy resolution is found at the end.

Failing to provide any real inside information on how Hollywood, despite being a "hard town", has influenced her perception of cinema and the movie-making process, it's really only worth the money if you're a big fan – though it still may not tell you anything you don't already know.

It also completely fails to mention her junglist DJ career. **MR ***

POWER READING

The books currently on the bedside tables of Hollywood's movers and shakers



■ Where Did I Go Right? You're No One in Hollywood Unless Someone Wants You Dead

Bernie Brillstein with David Rensin
Little Brown & Co
\$24.95
Brillstein managed John Belushi, most of the *Saturday Night Live* cast, and got *Larry Sanders* and *The Sopranos* onto TV screens. "My wink is binding", is his catch phrase, and he admits to loving "gambling, and high-class call girls." Candid and fun, then.

■ Which Lie Did I Tell? More Adventures in The Screen Trade

William Goldman
Pantheon
\$28.95
After Goldman (screenwriter of *Butch Cassidy* and *All The President's Men*) wrote the first instalment of *Screen Trade* in 1983, he became a Hollywood pariah. This second volume picks up with Goldman as an outcast, following through to his re-establishment as an in-demand writer. Easy reading, but lesser shock waves will ensue.

■ The Kid Stays In The Picture

Robert Evans
Dove (audio book)
\$24.95
Evans (producer of *Marathon Man* and *Chinatown* among others) has worked with some mega-egos (Dustin Hoffman; Jack Nicholson; Roman Polanski), so his autobiography was greeted with glee when first published in 1994. Reading, however, takes time. And time is money in the City of Angels. So this version leaves the listener "hands free" for "multi-tasking".

■ Showrunners: A Season Inside The Billion-Dollar, Death-Defying, Madcap World Of Television's Real Stars

David Wild
HarperCollins
\$25
In Hollywood there's a never-wavering bottom line: success. Everyone wants to shorten the odds and get on the route to it, so Wild's book (taking an inside line on what it takes to be in TV) was always going to be a dead cert on the bestsellers list.

■ Zagatsurvey 2000: Los Angeles And Southern California's Restaurants

Merrill Shindler (editor)
Zagat
\$10.95
Eating out in Hollywood is not so much a question of refuelling, as of human product placement: a canapé in an "out" eatery could signal a career downturn. "In" restaurants can become "out" in days: Zagat helps any greenhorns avoid dining faux pas. **Ben Raworth** □



Far left: Bernie Brillstein, Mrs Brillstein, John Belushi and Belushi family members



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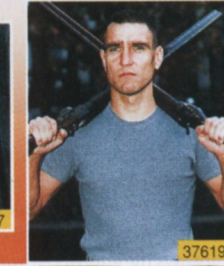
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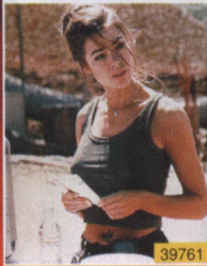
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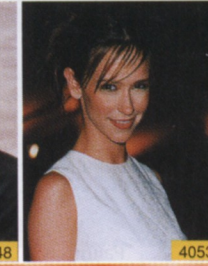
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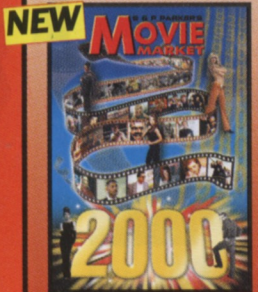


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HOTDOG QUIZ

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Here are the actors, name the creatures:

1. Bruce Lee was happy to 'Enter The _____'

2. Paul Hogan was '_____ Dundee'

3. Kurt Russell was '_____ Plissken'

4. Richard Harris was 'A Man Called _____'

5. Ned Beatty 'squealed like a _____'

E-mail your answers to: hotdog@ifg.uk.com

Or stick them on a postcard to:

Hotdog DVD Competition,
37 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3JB

Do you really watch too many movies? Find out by answering Hotdog's big-screen brain-teaser. Remember, it's only for fun – you're playing for pride, not prizes... We'll publish the answers in the next issue

1. What sport is Caddyshack about?

2. Who played Begbie in Trainspotting?

3. Midnight Cowboy. Mission: Impossible. Angelina Jolie. What's the connection?

4. Who played the lawyer in Carlito's Way?

5. Who directed Psycho?

6. And who directed the recent remake?

7. Which actor dies first in Shallow Grave?

8. Who dubbed the voice-over in the restored Laurence Olivier scene in Spartacus?

9. Match the Bond to the Bond girl?

10. Which liquid spills over the town square in Three Kings?

11. Who did Martin Sheen replace in the lead role in Apocalypse Now?

12. Who is directing Kubrick's last film?

13. Who wrote Scarface?

14. Who plays Joe Pesci's mother in GoodFellas?

15. True or false: 'John Candy' is John Candy's real name?



16. Who is missing from The Usual Suspects line-up?

17. In which film does Keanu Reeves play Ortiz the Dog Boy?

18. What do the initials 'DVD' stand for?

19. Who was originally cast to play Indiana Jones, but was unable to get out of a contract to play a TV private investigator?

20. What film was Oliver Reed making at the time of his death?

21. Who drove the last of the V8 Interceptor's?

22. 'Jaws in a lake' describes which recent film?

23. He's a doctor in the film and a gay dog in the series – name the South Park special guest?

24. Which pop stars shouldn't be allowed to act again? (Optional)

25. 'Murderers come with smiles' is the tagline to which movie?

26. Del: 'You play with your balls a lot.' Neal: 'Oh really? Do you know what I'd like?'

Del: 'A couple more hands and an extra set of balls?' Name both the film and the actors?

27. Who starred in Rebel Without A Cause, Cool Hand Luke and True Grit?

28. Who played Johnny Smith, Vincent Coccotti and Hessian Horseman?

29. Which actress fell in love with James Bond, Batman and Bruce Willis?

30. Which four actors make up this Photofit face? ☐



9



VITAL STATISTICS

Box office records, all-time greats, celebrities' favourites and the top ten submarine movies that didn't sink without trace

US BOX OFFICE



Chart position This month	Last	Title	US gross earnings (to date)
01	-	 U-571	\$19,533,310
02	-	Love And Basketball	\$8,139,180
03	01	Rules Of Engagement	\$43,050,371
04	02	28 Days	\$22,036,686
05	03	Keeping The Faith	\$18,635,886
06	04	 Erin Brockovich	\$107,386,500
07	05	The Road To El Dorado	\$41,916,784
08	06	Return To Me	\$21,199,903
09	09	Final Destination	\$42,598,890
10	08	The Skulls	\$30,334,925

UK BOX OFFICE



01	Pokémon: The First Movie
02	Erin Brockovich
03	Mission To Mars
04	The Tigger Movie
05	American Beauty
06	Lake Placid
07	Love, Honour And Obey
08	Toy Story 2
09	The Green Mile
10	The Hurricane

U-571: 10 GREAT SUBMARINE MOVIES

01	Das Boot (1981) The ultimate Hun-der-water classic
02	Yellow Submarine (1968) Das Boot on LSD
03	Fantastic Voyage (1966) They inject the sub!
04	The Cruel Sea (1953) All duffel coats and binoculars
05	Hunt For Red October (1990) It was in the sea
06	Crimson Tide (1995) Tarantino's Silver Surfer scene
07	20,000 Leagues Under The Sea (1954) Deep
08	Batman (1966) Adam West's Shark Repellent Bat Spray
09	Spy Who Loved Me (1987) Boat eats the sub
10	Submarine X (1968) Not as hot as Submarine XXX



INDUSTRY/PUNTER

TOP FIVES

Insider: Martijn Veltman (grip), Los Angeles, California
Reader: Stuart Watson, Dorking, Surrey

THE INDUSTRY INSIDER

01	Pat Garrett And Billy The Kid
02	Dr Strangelove
03	Two-Lane Blacktop
04	Apocalypse Now
05	The Graduate

THE READER

01	Taxi Driver
02	Animal House
03	Fight Club
04	Hellraiser
05	The Deer Hunter

TOP TEN GROSSING MOVIES OF ALL TIME

01	Titanic	\$1,835.3m
02	The Phantom Menace	\$923.0m
03	Jurassic Park	\$919.7m
04	Independence Day	\$810.4m
05	Star Wars	\$780.0m
06	The Lion King	\$766.7m
07	ET: The Extra-Terrestrial	\$704.8m
08	Forrest Gump	\$679.4m
09	The Sixth Sense	\$660.6m
10	The Lost World	\$614.4m

CELEBRITY

TOP FIVES

What the stars are staying in to watch - especially the ones called Paul

JAMIE OLIVER



01	Stand By Me
02	Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels
03	Dirty Harry
04	Boys N The Hood
05	Aliens

VIC REEVES



01	Alien
02	L'Age D'Or
03	Sinbad And The Eye Of The Tiger
04	Mon Oncle
05	A Room For Romeo Brass

NORMAN COOK



01	The Big Lebowski
02	Buffalo 66
03	One From The Heart
04	Being John Malkovich
05	What's Up, Doc?

JON BON JOVI



01	The Godfather
02	The Godfather Part II
03	The Magnificent Seven
04	How The West Was Won
05	GoodFellas

PAUL WELLER



01	A Clockwork Orange
02	Twin Town
03	Casino
04	Villain
05	The Wicker Man

PAUL SMITH



01	Withnail & I
02	American Beauty
03	Eraserhead
04	My Beautiful Laundrette
05	Kagemusha

PAUL MERSON



01	One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest
02	Once Upon A Time In America
03	Best Seller
04	GoodFellas
05	The Usual Suspects

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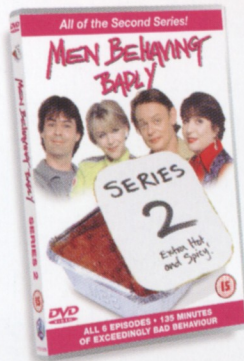
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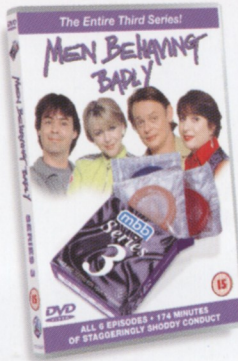
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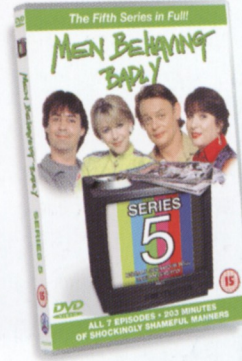
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